THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning

Rich Man, Poor Man—By Maximilian Foster

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RICH MAN, POOR MAN

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

PROMPTLY at six every week-day evening in the year Mr. Mapleson came down the stairs of the "L" road station on the corner and trudged up the side street toward his home. He lived at Mrs. Tilney's, the last house but one in the block; but though for more than sixteen years Mr. Mapleson had boarded there, none of the landlady's other patrons—or the landlady either, for that matter—knew much about their fellow guest. Frankly, he was a good deal of a puzzle. The others thought him queer in his ways besides. They were right perhaps.

He was a little man, round-shouldered, elderly and spare, with an air of alert, bustling energy quite birdlike in its abruptness. Uppish you might have judged him, and self-important too; yet in his tired eyes as well as in the droop of his small sensitive mouth there was something that belied the vanity of a pompous, confident man. Nor was his briskness so very convincing, once you had closely scanned him, for beneath it all was a secret, furtive nervousness that bordered at times on the panicky. He was, in short, shy—shy to the last degree; a self-conscious, timorous man that on every occasion shrank mistrustfully from the busy world about him. A castaway marooned on a desert island could scarcely have been more solitary, only in Mr. Mapleson's case, of course, the solitude was New York.

There are many such. No quarter of the city, indeed, is without its Mr. Maplesons. They are to be seen caged behind the grilles of every bank and countingroom; they infest, as well, the hivelike offices of the big insurance companies; soft-footed, faithful, meek, they burrow dustily among the musty, dusty back rooms and libraries of the law. Mere cogs in the machine, their reward is existence, nothing else. Then when the cog is broken, its usefulness at an end, it is cast carelessly on the scrapheap, while the machine goes grinding on. *O tempora! O mores!* Mr. Mapleson was a clerk in a Pine Street real-estate office. His salary was twenty-eight dollars a week, and his employers thought it high!

But enough! To-night it was Christmas Eve; and as Mr. Mapleson descended from the "L" road station and trudged westward on his way, a smile as secret, as furtive as himself quivered radiantly on his lips. Overhead, through a rift in the fleecy, racing clouds, a host of stars blazed down like the lights of an anchored argosy; and when he looked up and saw them there the little man's eyes blinked and twinkled back at them. Then a gust of the night's raw wind swooped along the street, and the little man had bent his head to it and was hurrying when a fleck of snow like a knife point stung him on the cheek.

"Hah!" cried Mr. Mapleson, his face beaming. "A white Christmas, eh?" And with a quick look upward, as if to assure himself, he critically examined the sky.

Afterward he chuckled, a silvery tinkle, and tightly clutching the bundles in his arms Mr. Mapleson hurried on, his slender feet padding the pavement like a bunny cottontail's. A little agitated you would have thought him, a little feverish perhaps; and yet, after all, why not? Remember, Christmas comes but once a year; and as the slight figure passed swiftly under a street lamp standing near his door there was a glow in the gray, furrowed face that one would have wagered sprang from a heart filled only with kindliness, with the night's spirit of good-will.

Still smiling, Mr. Mapleson opened the door with his latchkey and stepped into Mrs. Tilney's hall. Then a curious thing occurred. Closing the door, Mr. Mapleson for a moment stood poised in an attitude of acute attention. It was not only furtive, but a little crafty too. Then his eyes, roaming about him, fled down the dingy hall to where in the dim light of the single gas jet a stair was to be seen. Obviously it led to the kitchen floor below, for there arose from it not only a potent scent of cooking but the sound of a shrill, flustered voice, a woman's. Evidently its owner reigned in an advisory capacity over the kitchen's busy doings. At any rate the voice lifting itself in shriller complaint, the words became intelligible.

"Do You Know, I've Never Been at a Dance!"

"Is everything on earth going to ruin? Mary Mangin, don't you hear me? Do as I tell you now!"

"I'm a-doin' ut, ain't I?" an aggrieved voice returned.

Then came an interlude. The kitchen door was slammed, while from elsewhere belowstairs arose yet a third voice, a girl's.

She sang, lilting like a lark:

"One shoe off and one shoe on,
Deedle deedle dumpling, my son John."

That was all. It ended in a little laugh, a burst of merriment that rippled musically up the stairwell.

Mr. Mapleson abruptly moved. Tiptoeing to the stairhead he descended stealthily halfway to the foot. Here he turned, and, laying down his parcels on a stair, he removed his hat, which he placed on top of them. Afterward the little man hurriedly unbuttoned his coat, removing from the recesses of its inner pocket a newspaper. This he opened in the middle. Then with a painstaking precision, scrupulous with care, Mr. Mapleson compactly folded the newspaper so as to display one particular column among its advertisements.

Its heading, a single word printed in full-faced type, was significant:

"PERSONAL"

When he had replaced the paper in his pocket Mr. Mapleson picked up his hat and bundles and on tiptoe crept down the remainder of the stairs. A board partition inclosed the stairway, and on reaching the bottom the little man peered cautiously past the woodwork. The glance revealed to him Mrs. Tilney's dining room, its lights lighted, its table set for dinner. In a few minutes now the bell would ring, the dozen guests come trooping to their meal. However, as if assured the room was vacant, Mr. Mapleson was just creeping into the basement hall when with a catch of his breath he shrank back suddenly.

On the hearthrug in front of the fireplace stood a girl. She was a young girl. In age she was nineteen perhaps, or it may have been a little more. But whatever her age, or whether you would or would not call her beautiful, there was one thing about her that was not to be mistaken: it was the allurement of her smile, a merriment that danced and rippled in her eyes like the sheen on sunlit silk. At the moment it happened that a young man in evening clothes stood before her, and with her arms uplifted, her slender form close to his, the girl was intently tying his necktie. All her attention was centered on the task as with deft fingers she molded the white lawn into a bow; but with the young man it was different. His face, so far from wearing the vacuous, bored expression seen on the faces of those that must have their neckties tied, seemed interested to an extreme. With parted lips, his eyes smiling, he was gazing down at the face now so near to his.

Mr. Mapleson peeped. Presently he saw the girl's quick, slender fingers twist the tie into a bow, then give it a finishing pat; and as if yet fearful he should be seen, he was effacing himself, when the young man moved and he heard him draw a little breath.

"Thanks," said the young man briefly.

The girl's eyes leisurely lifted themselves. Briefly they dwelt on his, then their gray depths lighted suddenly. A moment later a tinkling ripple of merriment left her and she turned away.

"You're welcome!" she laughed; and she and the young man moving out of view, Mr. Mapleson made the best of his opportunity.

Gliding down the hallway he quietly opened the door at the other end. Then stepping inside, he as quietly closed it behind him. He was in Mrs. Tilney's kitchen, a sanctuary tabooed usually to Mrs. Tilney's guests. Across the floor the lady herself stood near the range shrilly exhorting her cook, a red-faced person of astonishing girth and—notably—impenetrable calmness.

"Mary Mangin, my stars!" Mrs. Tilney addressed her. "D'you wish to be the death of me? Enough's happening without your burning the soup! Take off that kettle at once, d'you hear me?" Quaking as she moved, the behemoth emerged momentarily out of the vapors surrounding the cookstove.

Barbara Paused, Staring at the Strangers in the Hall Below

"Be aisy, will ye!" admonished Mary Mangin. "What wit' y'r carryin' ons th' day 'twill be a wonder we're not worse an' all!"

It was at this moment that Mr. Mapleson spoke.

"Mrs. Tilney," he said.

The landlady turned. She was a small woman with sharp, inquiring features and shrewd, not unkindly eyes. Now, having peered at Mr. Mapleson from behind her steel-rimmed spectacles, Mrs. Tilney began to blink exactly like a small, startled barn owl. Obviously she had suddenly become agitated.

"Well?" she breathed.

Laying down his bundles, Mr. Mapleson removed his hat, after which he produced from his pocket the folded newspaper.

Silently he pointed to the column headed "Personal," and as silently Mrs. Tilney read:

BENEDICT. A liberal reward will be paid for information concerning the present whereabouts, living or dead, of the person known variously as Randolph Benedict, Benedict Ames or Ames Randolph, who, when last heard of in January, 1897, was about to embark from New York City presumably for some port in South America. All communications will be regarded as entirely confidential. Address Hill, Hamilton, Durand & Hill, Wall Street, New York.

A little gasp escaped Mrs. Tilney. She was still gaping at the paper when Mr. Mapleson took it from her and, turning the page, indicated a news item in another column:

BEESTON'S CONDITION CRITICAL
FAMILY SUMMONED TO THE
GREAT FINANCIER'S
BEDSIDE

There was a pause. Then with a jerk of his thumb Mr. Mapleson indicated the adjoining dining room, where again the girl's voice arose, tinkling with merriment.

"All hers," he said, and as he spoke his voice cracked thinly—"millions!"

Again Mrs. Tilney caught swiftly at her breath.

"Bab's?" she whispered—"my little Babbie Wynne?"

Mr. Mapleson slowly nodded.

"It's true," he said; "I phoned them, and it's as true as the Holy Writ! The lawyers are coming here at eight!"

II

SIX o'clock had just struck when Bab, after a brief look at herself in the glass, opened the door of her bedroom and hurried out into the hall. Every evening it was her duty to see that the dining-room table was set properly, and to-night she had been delayed. In spite of her hurry, however, her pace perceptibly slackened as she neared the head of the stairs. The room there was Mr. Varick's; and behind the door she could hear him briskly moving about, humming to himself a lively little air as he dressed:

La Donna è mobile.

She smiled at his cheerfulness. How pleasant it always was to hear him!

Frankly Bab's interest in the young man was a bit deeper than the feeling she usually displayed toward the boarders at Mrs. Tilney's. The house, though comfortable enough in its homely way, was still not what one would call enlivening; nor were its patrons any the more inspiriting. They were, for the most part, clerks, breadwinners like Mr. Mapleson, with an occasional stenographer or saleswoman to lend variety. To these, however, Varick had proved the exception—notably so, in fact; and this Bab had been quick to see.

One ordinarily does not look to find a Varick in a boarding house. Indeed, until the day he arrived at Mrs. Tilney's, Varick had never so much as put his nose in one. He was, in short, what Miss Hultz, the occupant of Mrs. Tilney's third-floor front, so aptly termed a "swell." And when she said swell Miss Hultz meant swell; there was no doubt of that. Being in the hat and feather department at Bimberg's—the Fifth Avenue Bim's of course—she consequently knew.

But then that Varick was a Varick, therefore of the elect, would probably have been evident even without Miss Hultz's authoritative say-so.

He was a slender, tall, gray-eyed fellow with a narrow, high-bred head and quiet, pleasant manners. Newcomers were not many at Mrs. Tilney's, for the house, if modest, was well kept, so that its guests remained on indefinitely. However, the instant Varick for the first time had entered its dining room he was looked at with interest, the others divining instantly that he was a somebody. Moreover, Mr. Jessup, at the head of the table, instantly had confirmed this.

With his wife, a plump, kindly little woman, Mr. Jessup tenanted Mrs. Tilney's second-floor back. Briefly he was a bookkeeper in the National Guaranty's R to Z Department; and looking up from his soup as Varick entered, Mr. Jessup had stared.

"Phew!" he had whistled, whereat Mrs. J. had nudged him with her elbow. "Don't blow in your soup, Joe!" she had admonished. "It isn't manners!"

A lot he cared! Months before, when Varick's father had died, Jessup had been called in to help untangle the old man's bank accounts. That they had been as involved as all this, though, he had not even dreamed. A Varick in a boarding house! Again Mr. Jessup had whistled. However, not even this vicissitude seemed to have crushed the young man. A quick smile lit up his face when the bookkeeper ventured to address him.

"Of course I remember you!" he exclaimed. Then he had turned to the bookkeeper's chubby lady in the same frank, friendly way. "Delighted to meet you, Mrs. Jessup!"

Thus it was that, impressed, a little awed perhaps, Mrs. Tilney's other guests learned they had a Varick among them. Not that Varick had tried either to awe or to impress. Like Jessup he, too, was merely an employee in a bank now, and he made no bones of saying so.

The bank was the Borough National. It was in Broad Street and it paid him twelve dollars a week. That was another reason why Varick was at Mrs. Tilney's.

But not even this—the fact, that is, of the twelve dollars and its contingent relation to his presence in the boarding house—seemed in the least to have marred his cheerfulness. Bab felt heartily she had never met anyone so responsive, so entertaining. As she went on down the stairs, hurrying to her task in the dining room, she was still smiling, humming softly to herself the while the air she had heard him singing.

A few minutes later, while she was arranging the last knives and forks, the dining-room door opened and Varick himself stood there. His face lit instantly as he saw her.

"Hello, Bab!" he greeted. "I thought I heard you come down!"

He was in evening dress, his attire spick and span save for the one particular of his necktie. This, with its two ends askew, clung to his collar in a rumpled knot.

"Busy?" he inquired.

Bab laughed.

"You want your tie tied, I suppose!" she returned, warned by former experience. "I thought the last time I gave you a lesson!"

Varick nodded.

"I know. What I need, though, is not lessons—it's less thumbs. Now be a good fellow, won't you?"

Bab laughed again; and laying down the knives and forks in her hands, she reached up and began pulling and patting the soft lawn into shape. Finally she had it to her satisfaction.

"There!" she murmured.

Varick did not move away. Instead he stood looking down at her, his gray eyes dwelling on hers, and in them was a gleam of interest she had seen there more than once of late. It was as if recently Varick had found in her face something he had not found there before. That something, too, seemed to inspire in him a growing look of reflection.

Bab, in spite of her good looks, was not vain. At the same time, though, neither was she blind. She gazed at Varick curiously.

"Well?" she inquired presently.

Varick seemed suddenly to recollect.

"Thanks!" he said; and in turn she laughed back: "You're welcome!"

She had just spoken when out in the dimly lighted hall Bab saw Mr. Mapleson emerge suddenly from the stairway, and on stealthy tiptoes dart out of view toward the kitchen. A muffled exclamation escaped her, and as he heard it Varick looked at her vaguely.

"I beg pardon?" he inquired.

"Nothing—it was just someone in the hall," Bab evasively answered; and, her face thoughtful now, she finished arranging the table. Planted on the hearthrug, Varick watched her. However, though she was quite conscious of this, she gave little heed to it. Her brow puckered itself still more in thought.

"You're not going to be home to-night, are you?" she inquired presently. When Varick said no, that he'd be out all the evening, Bab perched herself on the serving table in the corner and sat swinging her shapely, slender heels. "I suppose you're going to a party, aren't you?" she suggested.

Again he smiled.

"Why, yes, Bab—why?"

"Oh, I don't know," she murmured as aimlessly. Then her eyes growing vague, she drew a little breath.

"There'll be a tree, I suppose?" Varick nodded. Yes, there would be a tree. "And you'll dance besides, I shouldn't wonder?" added Bab, drawing in her breath again, a pensive sigh. "I imagine, too, there'll be a lot of girls there—pretty girls?"

She could see him stare, curious at her tone, her questioning; but now she hardly cared. There was something Bab meant to ask him presently, though how she was to do it she still was not quite sure.

"Funny," she murmured, her tone as if she mused; "do you know, I've never been at a dance!"

Varick stared anew. "Really?"

"Honor bright!" said Bab, aware of

Bab Was Gone, Bab Was No Longer Here

his astonishment. She had a way, when others amused her, of drolly twisting up one corner of her mouth; and then as her smile broadened, rippling over her face, Bab's small nose would wrinkle up like a rabbit's, obscuring temporarily the freckles on each side of it. "Give you my word!" she avowed.

Leaning back, then, she sat clicking her heels together, her eyes roving toward the ceiling.

"Don't laugh," she murmured; "but often I've wondered what a dance was like—a real dance I mean. You see, ever since I was a kid everyone round me has been too busy or too tired to think of things like that. Sometimes they've been too worried too; so the only dances I've ever been at have been just dream dances—make-believes. You know how it is, don't you, when you have no other children to play with? I'd make believe I was in a huge ballroom, I all alone, and then somewhere music would begin to play! Oh, I can hear it yet—Strauss, the Blue Danube!" Bab's look was misty, rapt; and then with a slender hand upraised she began to beat time to the sensuous measure of the melody drifting in her mind. "Lights, music, that huge ballroom," she laughed at the memory; "music, the Blue Danube. Yes—and then I'd dance all alone, all by myself! Can't you see me—I in my pigtails and pinafore, dancing! Funny, wasn't it?"

"Funny?" repeated Varick, and she saw his face was grave. "I don't think so. Why?"

But Bab did not heed. Her face rapt, she still sat smiling at the ceiling.

Strangers often wondered about Bab. It was not only her face, however, that roused, that held their interest. They marveled, too, that in the dim and dingy surroundings of the boarding house the landlady's little ward had acquired an air, a manner so manifestly above her surroundings. But Bab's history, vague as it was, gave a hint of the reason. Her mother, a woman who had died years before at Mrs. Tilney's, leaving her child in Mrs. Tilney's hands, manifestly had been a woman of refinement. In other words, despite environment Bab's blood had told; and that it had was evidenced by Varick's interest in her. During his months at Mrs. Tilney's he had, in fact, managed to see a good deal of his landlady's pretty ward.

However, not even this interest, the pleasure he had found in her company, had obscured in the least Bab's perception of the facts. She knew thoroughly her own position. She knew, too, his—that and the gulf it put between them. Young, attractive, a man; the fact that he now was poor had not much altered his social standing. It would remain as it was, too, until he married. Then when he did, his position would be rated by the wealth—that or the lack of it—of the woman who became his wife.

So, though Varick single might exist with propriety in a boarding house, there was a vast difference between that and a Varick married—a Varick setting up for life, say, in a four-room Harlem flat. And Bab, too, don't forget, was a boarding-house keeper's nameless ward.

"Tell me something," she said.

Slipping from her perch, she drew up a chair and, seating herself, bent forward with her chin on her hands.

"You've heard of the Beestons, haven't you—that family uptown? By any chance do you know them?"

"The Beestons!"

She saw him frown, his air amazed. However, though she wondered at the moment at his air, her interest was entirely in what he would answer.

"Why do you ask?" he inquired.

"I wanted to know," Bab returned slowly. "I wanted to find out something. Do they ever give parties—dances like the one you're going to to-night? And do you ever go to them?"

Varick's look grew all the more amazed. He not only knew the Beestons, but had often been in the huge house they occupied in one of the uptown side streets off the Avenue. But though that was true, for some reason the fact did not seem to afford him any great satisfaction. His face had suddenly grown hard.

"Who told you about them?" he demanded.

Bab smiled vaguely.

"There's a boy, isn't there?" she parried—"old Mr. Beeston's grandson?" The look of wonder in his face grew.

"Who? David Lloyd, you mean? How did you know him?" he questioned.

"Don't You Know I Love Her? You Don't Think They'd Let Me Have Her Now, Do You?"

"I don't," said Bab, smiling at his vehemence; "I've only heard about him. He's a cripple, isn't he—a hopeless cripple?"

It proved that all his life Varick had known the boy—the man rather—that she meant.

"Look here, Bab," he directed, puzzled, "why do you ask me about those people? I'd like to know that! Will you tell me?"

She deliberated for a moment.

"It was something I heard," she said then, hesitating.

"Here? In this house?" he questioned, all the more amazed; and Bab nodded.

"I heard Mr. Mapy say it," she returned.

Varick in turn gazed at her, his face a picture.

"Mr. Mapy," he knew, meant Mr. Mapleson. He knew, too, like the other boarders, Bab's interest in the quaint, gray-faced little man, his next-door neighbor upstairs. True Bab often laughed blithely at Mr. Mapleson, teasing him endlessly for his idiosyncrasies; but otherwise, as also Varick knew, her heart held for the queer, curious little man a deep well of tenderness, of love and gentle understanding. However, that was not the point. What had Mapleson to do with David Lloyd? What had a musty, antiquated Pine Street clerk to do with any of the Beestons?

Now that he thought of it, there was something else, too, that Varick would have liked to know.

For the past ten days—for a fortnight, in fact—he had felt indefinably that something queer was going on in that room next to his. Night after night, long after Mrs. Tilney's other guests had sought their rest, he had heard Mr. Mapleson softly stirring about. Again and again, too, he could hear him whispering, mumbling to himself. What is more, Varick was not the only one who had been disturbed. A few nights before, quite late, too, he heard a hand rap abruptly at Mr. Mapleson's door. Startled, a moment later he had heard someone speak. It was Jessup!

"Mapleson," Jessup had demanded, "what are you up to, man?"

Varick had not caught the reply; for, after a startled exclamation, Mr. Mapleson had dropped his voice to a whisper. But Varick had heard enough. What, indeed, was Mr. Mapleson up to?

Bab's eyes grew vague. Then she laughed. The laugh, though, was a little strained, a little less free than usual. Then her eyes fell and a faint tide of color crept up into her face and neck.

"Honest Injun now," she again laughed, awkwardly, "don't you know what's happening?"

Varick shook his head, and Bab, her eyes on his, bit her lip reflectively. That question she longed to ask him hovered on her lips now, and with it there had come into her face an air of wistfulness. Her blue eyes clouded faintly.

"Tell me," she said, and hesitated—"tell me something. If at the dance to-night—the dance you're going to—if—if things were changed; and I—you——"

Varick nodded quietly.

"Yes," he prompted, "if I——"

"If I were there," said Bab; "if things were changed and I——"

Again she paused. Her eyes, too, fell suddenly. Then she caught her lip between her teeth.

"Yes, Bab," encouraged Varick; "if what were changed?"

But Bab did not reply. Of a sudden, as she raised her eyes to his, a great wave of color rushed into her face, mantling her to the eyes. Of a sudden, too, the eyes fell, dropping before his look. Her confusion was furious, and with an abrupt movement, swift and unexpected to him, she slipped from her chair and darted into the half-lit hall. Then the next instant she was gone, and Varick, his own face a study, stood gazing after her dumfounded.

"Good Lord!" he murmured to himself.

For he was no fool, neither was he a coxcomb; and what Bab had let him read in her face had been a revelation.

III

MEANWHILE, her cheeks aflame, furiously self-conscious at what she had revealed, Barbara Wynne had gone flying up the stairway to her room. There, half an hour later, tapping softly at her door, Mr. Mapleson found her lying in the dark, her face buried among the pillows of her bed.

"Why, Babbie!" he whispered—"Babbie Wynne!"

The boarders at Mrs. Tilney's, and especially those who had heard the story of Barbara Wynne, often commented on Mr. Mapleson's devotion to the landlady's little ward. The fact is the two long had lived together in the boarding house; for the year that Mr. Mapleson came to Mrs. Tilney's was the year Barbara Wynne had come there too. However, that was but a coincidence. The two were in no way related. Mr. Mapleson, it seemed, had come first.

That night, now nearly seventeen years ago, nine o'clock had just struck when Mrs. Tilney's doorbell sounded. As the day happened to be Sunday, and therefore the upstairs girl's evening out, Mrs. Tilney herself had answered.

The night was withering. It was the evening of an August dog day, ghastly betwixt the horrors of its heat and its stagnant, glaring sunshine, yet the man she found in the vestibule was clad in a winter suit not only sizes too large for him but suffocating in its armorlike thickness. Dust powdered him from head to foot. It powdered also the cheap suitcase he had set down beside him.

"Well?" Mrs. Tilney had inquired sharply.

A perfect convulsion of embarrassment had for a moment kept the slight, pallid man from replying. "I—why, your

sign outside," he'd faltered then; "if you could let me have a room."

"You have references?" Mrs. Tilney had demanded.

The little man shook his head. Mrs. Tilney was about to shut the door when abruptly he threw out both his hands. The gesture was as timid as a girl's.

"I am from the country," he appealed. "I've come a great ways. I am very tired."

Then he smiled up at her, and somehow, by the wan wistfulness of his look, the sharp, distrustful woman had been placated.

"Oh, well," she grumbled and, standing aside, she waved for him to enter.

It had taken Mrs. Tilney weeks, not to say months, to grasp the real nature of her queer, retiring guest. Summer went, the autumn drew on. A new flock of winter "steadies" replaced summer's birds of passage, and she wondered when he, too, would be gone. But Mr. Mapleson showed no disposition to depart. There were, in fact, signs that he meant to remain indefinitely. At any rate, on entering his room one morning Mrs. Tilney found upon the wall three cheap little color prints, each neatly framed in fumed oak. Also in a cigar box and tomato can on the window sill Mr. Mapleson had laid out for himself the beginnings of a window garden. A geranium and a Chinese bulb comprised the horticultural display.

However, it was not until Thanksgiving Day, some weeks later, that Mrs. Tilney's suspicions of her guest were effectively set at rest. The circumstance arose over the departure, somewhat abrupt, of one of the other boarders, a Mr. Agramonte. The gentleman, the manager of a vaudeville booking agency, having let his board bill run three weeks, decamped abruptly in the middle of the night. This was the day before Thanksgiving. At noon then of the fête day in question Mr. Mapleson appeared suddenly at Mrs. Tilney's kitchen door. In his arms he bore a small potted plant. The plant was in full bloom and Mr. Mapleson was beaming shyly.

"I have brought you a flower," he said.

"Me?" had gasped Mrs. Tilney.

"Yes, it's a begonia," Mr. Mapleson was saying, when to his wonder, his alarm as well, Mrs. Tilney emitted a laugh, or rather it was a croak, then burst abruptly into tears, the first in years.

Never, never before, as she protested, had one of her boarders shown her such consideration. At the thought Mrs. Tilney wept anew.

However, to proceed: It was exactly one month after this that Barbara Wynne, the ward of Mrs. Tilney, had come there to the boarding house. The day, like the day of Mr. Mapleson's advent, was one to be remembered. A raw wind from the eastward had risen with the morning, and well on in the afternoon rain began. Presently, as if to show what a December storm really can do in New York, it settled itself into a soaking downpour—a flood that changed before long to cutting sleet, then to wet snow.

Toward night Mrs. Tilney's upstairs girl entered the kitchen where Mrs. Tilney waged diurnal warfare with her cook.

"There's a lady in the parlor, mum," she announced.

The term was too often vulgarly misused in Mrs. Tilney's cosmos to excite anticipation.

"A lady? How do you know?" demanded Mrs. Tilney.

"Sure, mum," replied the girl with convincing frankness, "she do look different f'm yer boarders!"

It proved, moreover, to be the truth. Upstairs in the parlor Mrs. Tilney found a slender, wan-faced woman, to whose dripping skirts clung an equally rain-soaked child; and that they were persons of distinction not even their appearance could dispute. The visitor's voice, when she spoke, was low. It rang like the undertone of a bell.

"I am looking for rooms—a room," she corrected.

A shudder accompanied the words, and with a gesture of uncontrollable languor she held her hands to the coals glowing on the hearth.

The landlady debated. Transients of this sort were as little to her liking as they were rare. However, after some misgivings she showed her visitor the one vacancy. It was a top-floor bedroom just down the hall from Mr. Mapleson's. Board included, the rent would be sixteen dollars.

"Thanks," said the visitor. "I'll have my trunk sent in at once."

Her tone Mrs. Tilney had thought hasty, overeager. Before the landlady, however, could utter that shibboleth of her calling, "You have references?" the child spoke. Clinging to her mother's skirts, she had been staring at Mrs. Tilney. "Babbie Wynne's hungry," she said.

With a start and a swift contraction of her mouth the mother leaned down to her.

"Hush! Yes, dear, in just a little while now!"

Mrs. Tilney did not ask to have her pay in advance. A certitude, subconscious but still confident, told her the visitor hadn't it. And to turn that woman and her child outdoors on a night like this needed more courage than Mrs. Tilney had.

"Can we stay, mother?" asked the child earnestly.

There Mrs. Tilney had grimly interposed.

"You're married, ain't you?" she demanded with a directness as designed as it was blunt.

A startled look leaped into the visitor's eyes. Then with a quiet dignity she slipped off her glove, displaying on her finger a narrow gold band.

"I am a widow," she said.

Mrs. Tilney had asked no more.

"While you get your trunk," she directed, "you leave that child with me. To-night's no night for her to be traipsing the street! I'll see she has her supper too. What's she eat?"

(Continued on Page 28)

COMMUTATION: $9.17

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MR. WHITTIER J. SMALL wasn't popular, either at Crosshampton Harbor, where he haughtily had a restricted suburban residence, or at Woodley & Duncan's, where he was office manager. Yet neither was he disagreeable enough to be notorious. Wait! That wasn't his fault; he was as mean-minded as he knew how to be; but he hadn't much imagination. He was able to annoy his neighbors and the office force only by the ordinary old-fashioned methods which everyone knows and doesn't mind.

He did all he could. He would talk about efficiency to a five-dollar-a-week addressing girl; and in the mind of Mr. Small efficiency had nothing to do with increasing profits or saving time. It meant making clerks unhappy. He crawled at the girls whenever they stopped to take a drink of water and interrupted the work they should have loved so well, such as copying a form letter six hundred times or hunting hours for a letter that was on Mr. Small's desk all the while. He had the generous habit of discovering at four-fifty-five almost every day that there was some work which simply had to be done that evening—if it was quite convenient could Miss Rosenbaum stay and finish it?

He also did his modest best at Crosshampton Harbor. He kept a guinea hen that gave an imitation of a sawmill at three, five and six-thirty A. M. daily. But the poor man never became famous as a professional irritator until that glorious combat of which the suburbs still speak on stormy nights, when families gather round the hot-air register and father tells his real opinion of the neighbors.

The curious thing about Mr. Whittier J. Small—if it was the poet Whittier his parents meant when they christened him, then they must have been thinking of Snow-Bound—was that he had a passion for popularity. He didn't know that he was mean. He resented meanness. He spoke as feelingly of other people's howling dogs as did they of his guinea hen. Or, take his office girls: Why did they try to put things over on his trusting kindness? He thirsted for local fame. He wanted to be asked to join the Harbor Yacht Club. He wanted people to call him up in the evening and invite him to come over for a game of five hundred. His life was one of rectitude and baths. He read the proper newspaper and wore the proper clothes. He spoke harshly of sports shirts and hats with puggrees; he never offended people by such eccentricities. He wore pyjamas and smoked ten-cent cigars, and hated office boys who snapped their fingers. He was a normal and solid citizen.

Yet Crosshampton Harbor was far less interested in him than in the iceman, who, if courted and flattered and asked about his offspring's educational progress, could sometimes be persuaded to bring the ice before the meat spoiled.

If you have ever come into the city on the seven-fifty-four you have undoubtedly seen Mr. Small—only you

Mr. Small Sat in an Easy-Chair and Acquired Culture by the Page

probably did not notice him. He was neither meek and meeching nor tall and pompous. He was neither young nor old, bearded nor clean-shaved. Even other commuters remarked that he looked like a commuter. Everyone who was introduced to him said confusedly: "I think we've met before." He wore clothes—oh, clothes of a gray that was rather brown, and he had a mustache—you could never remember whether it was brown or black, or colored like hairbrush bristles. His face was medium looking. He was medium sized. He was medium.

Except in meanness. Whittier J. Small had potentialities of meanness that had never been discovered.

He had recently moved away from Cosmos Villas because the benighted people paid no attention to him. They had spoken to him pleasantly, and even borrowed his lawn mower, at Cosmos Villas; but he had never met with any social recognition except election to the Matthew Arnold Culture Circle at a time when the circle had to get some new members or go under. For this lack of recognition he blamed Mrs. Small—a worthy woman who was always to be found in the parlor, gently sighing and knitting something that never got beyond the stage of resembling an earmuff. But mostly he blamed Cosmos Villas itself, and after five years he decided to move to Crosshampton Harbor.

Mr. Small started out brilliantly in Crosshampton Harbor—or the Harbor, as its inhabitants called it in their jolly fashion. Mr. Litchfeld, the real-estate man who leased him a house, was such a breezy, lovable chap. He assured Mr. Small that the Harbor needed just such a substantial citizen and would make him welcome to their neighborly social life; so Mr. Small applied for membership in the Harbor Yacht Club. The membership committee once invited him to a club smoker and once called on him. He gave them cigars and homemade root beer that he guaranteed equal to vintage champagne for exhilaration and cod-liver oil for benefit. He entertained them in the sunniest manner with stories about the unfriendliness of his former neighbors in Cosmos Villas, and the cleverness of his two children, and the incompetence of his wife, and the inefficiency of the girls who worked under him and the chief who worked over him, and the complete undesirability of a mysterious phonograph that disturbed his slumber—the phonograph belonged to one of the committee. He pressed them to call again, and spent several days in expecting not only to be elected to the club but to run for commodore on an opposition ticket. He rehearsed an inauguration speech. After four weeks he received a courteous note from the committee informing him that the club membership list was full for the year and that they must regretfully request him to go to the devil!

Mr. Small was not hurt. He spoke of plots. There were those on the membership committee, he said, who were afraid to admit a man who would be so formidable a rival in club politics. He said it a great many times to his wife, who listened patiently and replied, "Yes, Whittier; that's so!" in a voice like that of a toy terrier with influenza.

Then it was that Mr. Small remembered with wistful unhappiness the evenings he had spent at the Cosmos Villas Matthew Arnold Culture Circle, getting all sorts of thrilling encyclopedia information about Java and fish glue, and carburetors and Henry VIII, and Felicia Hemans and the technic of writing essays. He decided to show his

lavish public spirit and start in this pitiable Crosshampton Harbor another Matthew Arnold Culture Circle.

On the street he met Mr. Litchfeld, the real-estate man, who promised to herd his acquaintances to Mr. Small's the coming Thursday for the formation of a Culture Circle.

An amazing epidemic of assorted ills struck Crosshampton Harbor that week. Some Harborites had colds and some had headaches, and some were just sick; so only six people gathered at Mr. Small's residence on Thursday evening. Mr. Small's residence wasn't really a residence. It was simply a house; about as houselike a house as ever was first carpentered and then architected. It had a low turret and a couple of bay windows precariously pasted on one side. It was made of shingles and clapboards and rubblestone and scrollwork in patterns like the lace paper in a candy box. Even the chimneys had little tin inverted pants. The exterior hinted of furnace heat and semi-hardwood floors and one servant. A swing couch, a perambulator and a doormat, strangely lettered EMOCLEW, bedecked the porch.

In the parlor Mr. Small frequently sat in a red-plush easy-chair with dragon-carved arms and acquired culture by the page. Most of the culture he dug from a set of books two feet and seven inches in combined width, containing nine books of selections from Persian poetry, three books of Greek orations, one of Early Victorian geology, and one of the history of Spanish literature. There were fifty-six hundred and thirty-two pages in the set; and by reading—as he incredibly did—two pages every evening, Mr. Small would be a gentleman of learning in seven years and two hundred and sixty-one days.

In this refined abode, facing the determined volumes, the six applicants for wisdom gathered. There were Mr. Litchfeld, his wife, his daughter with the repressed teeth, his stenographer, and two unclaimed ladies with riprapped false fronts. Mrs. Small deprecatingly joined them.

Mr. Small stood before them—that's all he did at first—just stood before them like a district attorney, or Billy Sunday, or General Joffre reviewing troops. When he had awed them to such perfect silence that they wanted to yelp and run, he began:

"To show you how interesting and valuable Mrs. Small and I found the Matthew Arnold Culture Circle at Cosmos Villas, I will read you a paper on the Humor of Mark Twain which I read at the circle. I trust you will find it worth some serious attention."

It was obvious that he hoped no one would take his composition on humor lightly. They didn't. He paused to permit them to express pleased gratification, which they did not express, and announced:

"Now we will proceed to the adoption of a constitution and a program, and finally to the election of officers. The following is the constitution."

He had the constitution already made out. Possibly the Harbor never realized it, but he was a wonder at constitutions. He could easily have created a Mexican constitution that would have united all parties; though what the parties would have done to him after they had united the historian does not presume to know. When he was but a studious lad of eighteen he had drafted the whole of the constitution for the Young Men's Friendly Society of Ogden Center.

The Culture Circle constitution provided for every contingency and invented a number of new contingencies for which to provide.

No member of the circle was to have a single evening free for anything but culture. When they weren't preparing papers they would be reading up for debates or watching the Trend of Affairs as revealed in Current Events, which last seemed to be a study of the tariff schedules on phosphates plus chess news and a close examination of the census returns from Peru. The constitution sounded like Mr. Small's office rules.

The program was still more definitive. There were to be sixteen meetings for the remainder of the year: three evenings were to be devoted to Persian poetry, two to Greek orations, one to geology, one to the history of Spanish literature, and the rest to short-story writing, movie-scenario writing, American industries, and a grand finale with an amateur play by the least intelligible Swedish dramatist who could be discovered.

Mr. Small astounded them by promising to let them try to elect officers all by themselves. Incredulously, as though he might withdraw the privilege at any moment, they distributed ballots to one another while Mr. Small sat in a corner and looked pleased with himself.

"No; I Won't Show My Ticket! Go On! Put Me Off! I Dare You To!"

As president of the C. H. M. A. C. C. he would be a prominent figure in the most select sets of the Harbor. Dear old Harbor! Here, at last, they did appreciate him as the middle-class lowbrows of Cosmos Villas had never done. . . . The real-estate man's stenographer was whispering violently to the others—except Mrs. Small. In response they grinned and filled out their ballots.

Mr. Small collected the ragged slips that were to elevate him to fame. For an instant he held them in his fat white hand—a hand like veal—and beamed on the friends and neighbors who were forcing this honor on him. Then he counted the vote. His smile skidded and turned turtle. Hastily:

"Eight present and voting. For president—Mr. Litchfeld, six; Mr. Small, two. Vice president—Mrs. Litchfeld, six; Mr. Litchfeld, two. Secretary and treasurer—Miss Zenia Litchfeld, eight votes—unanimous. Constitution and program adopted unanimously."

Mr. Small stopped. Triumph overspread his face.

"We shall, therefore, meet here each Thursday evening and carry on the program as arranged. Miss Litchfeld, you will please read us a paper on Omar Khayyam a week from to-night, and Mr. Litchfeld will give us the week's Current Events. Motion t' 'journ 'n order."

He glared at the real-estate man. He was challenging Mr. Litchfeld to reverse this order, whether or not he had by some election fraud obtained the presidency. Mr. Small resembled a motion picture of the Honest Young Reformer Defying the Boss. Evidently he impressed Mr. Litchfeld, who rose and said:

"Move t' 'journ. . . . We've had a vurry, vurry pleasan' evenin', Brother Small. Come, my dear; we must be going."

Mr. Litchfeld stopped to give Mr. Small a chance to surprise them with refreshments, as one who from afar scents the chocolate wafers; but Mr. Small had no desire to surprise them, either with refreshments or with anything else. Refreshments were all very well, but they didn't bring him any four per cent in the savings bank. Besides, what had he got out of it the time he'd simply crammed the Harbor Club membership committee with the choicest of refreshments? No, no! This evening, he had decided, should be devoted to culture, pure and unrefreshed. So he said nothing but "S' sorry y'ave go'e; while Mrs. Small echoed, "Sorry y'ave go!" And Mr. Litchfeld and Mrs. Litchfeld and Miss Zenia Litchfeld and Mr. Litchfeld's stenographer and Mr. Litchfeld's two maiden-lady neighbors chorused: "Sush pleasan' even'!" and filed abjectly into the entrance hall.

After all, Mr. Small grimly decided, as he lay awake and worried—while Mrs. Small made indelicate sounds of slumber—he had shown that fool Litchfeld just who was really running the Culture Circle; and when Mr. Litchfeld resigned we'd see what we'd see! Then, as President Small of the C. H. M. A. C. C. at last, he would come into his rightful rank.

The two maiden ladies separately telephoned their tearful but resolute regrets at being unable to attend the next meeting of the Culture Circle; but Mr. Litchfeld's flock didn't take so much trouble—they merely did not come. There were no more meetings of the circle.

Mr. Whittier J. Small sank into a social position in the Harbor which resembled that of a highly respected caterpillar in an extensive forest. He could not understand it. He blamed the girls at his office for having worried their good, kind manager. He blamed Mrs. Small for not having cultivated the right people. He blamed Mr. Litchfeld for not having introduced him to the right people. He blamed the right people for being right. But he never blamed Mr. Whittier J. Small.

He sat whole evenings through, paying no attention to his wife's jerky efforts to entertain him and trying to ascertain why the Harbor did not value a man of his caliber. He gave it up.

He was left with but one acquaintance in the Harbor—Mr. Percy Weather, a neighbor who was also a social error, and who gratefully shared Mr. Small's seat in the smoker of the commuters' train and listened to his discourses on politics, baseball, shoes, the disgraceful way in which modern parents bring up their children, and Mrs. Small's incurable vice of not always having dinner at seven P. M. on the dot. Mr. Weather was not, like Mr. Small, a man you thought you had met before. He was a man you could never remember having met.

Mr. Small and he became as companionable as a sophomore and a pipe. To everybody he met Mr. Small defiantly piped:

"Percy Weather is a fine fellow, sir—a fine fellow! It's a pity this fool town hasn't got enough sense to appreciate a fine, quiet, sensible fellow like him, when some fellows —— Now take that fellow Litchfeld—he's always blowing his own horn. Percy Weather isn't that kind, let me tell you! . . ." Though to Mrs. Small he sometimes remarked that, while Weather wasn't a bad sort, it was a pity the man didn't have a little backbone. He, Whittier J. Small, would never have climbed to office managership if he hadn't ever shown any more gumption than Percy Weather.

"Yes, Whittier, that's so!" said Mrs. Small in a manner which betrayed the fact that she was thinking of the maid's indecent treatment of the white sauce.

Then —— At a time when peace and social inactivity seemed to brood on the land, the world turned upside down, to the enormous astonishment of any number of people.

Splendid was the beginning of the Great Commutation Ticket Row! It flashed into full-armed magnificence. The railroad changed the seven-fifty-four from an express to a local. To Crosshampton Harbor, whose whole religion and philosophy were the seven-fifty-four, the heavens were darkened. Committees of Crosshampton Harborites and overdressed contingents from Crosshampton Gardens and East Northwest went to protest to the general manager, the general traffic manager, the general passenger agent, the division superintendent, the auditor, the auditor's office boy, the gateman at the city station, the bootblack-stand proprietor, and Mike Kolowski, who swept the city station steps—all of whom assured the committees that they would see what could be done—and then did not do it.

The seven minutes' increase in the trip was not the only grievance. Now that the train stopped at several stations

between Westborough Junction and the city, the passengers had to show their commutations twice—once when the tickets were punched and once between the junction and the city. The tumult and the shouting rose. What! Dared the railroad demand that twice on one trip they reach into their waistcoat pockets and hoist the weighty tickets a full inch in air?

The task would take them ten seconds at least. So the commuters spent ten minutes daily for each man in arguing with the conductor. The favorite termination of the argument was to shout:

"No; I won't show my ticket! And, what's more, you can't put me off the train neither. Go ahead; try it—try to put me off! Maybe you think I won't sue the railroad!"

Meantime everybody knew perfectly well that the conductors had no power to put them off; and day after day the more valiant souls, the free and adventurous spirits who played tennis at the Harbor Club, defied the trainmen.

The conductor on the seven-fifty-four who collected the tickets in the forward two cars was old Barton, twenty-three years in the service, large and kindly, with the diplomacy of a fashionable physician and the memory of a club hallman and a mustache like a white-fox muff. He never lost his temper; he discussed the question patiently; and he spent in peaceful gardening the five-day lay-offs the office was known to impose on him when he did not insist that the passengers reëxhibit their tickets. Conductor Barton was accustomed to simultaneous abuse by passengers who believed he owned and mismanaged the railroad, and superintendents who believed he owned and mismanaged the passengers.

Like the other Harborites, Whittier J. Small was accustomed to cheating the railroad when he could. He rather enjoyed slipping his commutation ticket to Percy Weather when Percy had left his own at home in that other suit; and he expected return courtesies. Therefore, he felt a peculiarly sacred wrath at the railroad and was granted his inspiration.

The morning of the inspiration seemed outwardly like any other morning. Mr. Small had finished his paper, including the obituaries and personal ads, and was conversing agreeably with Mr. Weather, Mr. Small himself doing most of the talking part of the conversing. Said he:

"Well, sir—funny thing this morning! I always take just one cuppa coffee—say, Weather, have you tried this new brand they're advertising in the cars?—but somehow this morning I said to my wife: 'Emma,' I said, 'it's funny but I feel just like taking another cuppa coffee this morning,' I said; and she said to me: 'Why,' she said, 'you don't ever take but one!' You know it takes a woman to not understand a business man; she can't understand that if he's going to go on slaving and wearing himself out providing luxuries for her he's gotta have what he wants when he wants it. And then, here's these old hens—they wouldn't do it if they were married—all running round and wanting the vote! Let me tell you there wouldn't be any of all this industrial unrest and wars and things if it wasn't for all this suffrage and them destructive theories. A woman's place is in t' home, and she ought to stay there and look out for my comfort; and when I want another cuppa coffee she ought to have another cuppa coffee ready for me.

"Yes, sir; it was funny! I just felt like I wanted another cuppa coffee and I told her so; and, you know, before she could get it for me—she hasn't no—more—sense of managing a kitchen, just like all the rest of these women; if I ran my office that way Lord knows what'd happen!—and before I could get just one more cuppa coffee it was seven-fifty! And you know I always allow four minutes to catch my train from the front gate, and maybe even from the big box elder—you know the one—right in front of the next place to mine, and I had to hurry so that —— Oh, say, speaking of the place next to mine, will you kindly tell me one single, solitary reason why that confounded snobbish bunch down there at the Harbor Club should try and keep my boy off their beach when——"

"No, sir; I won't show my ticket!"

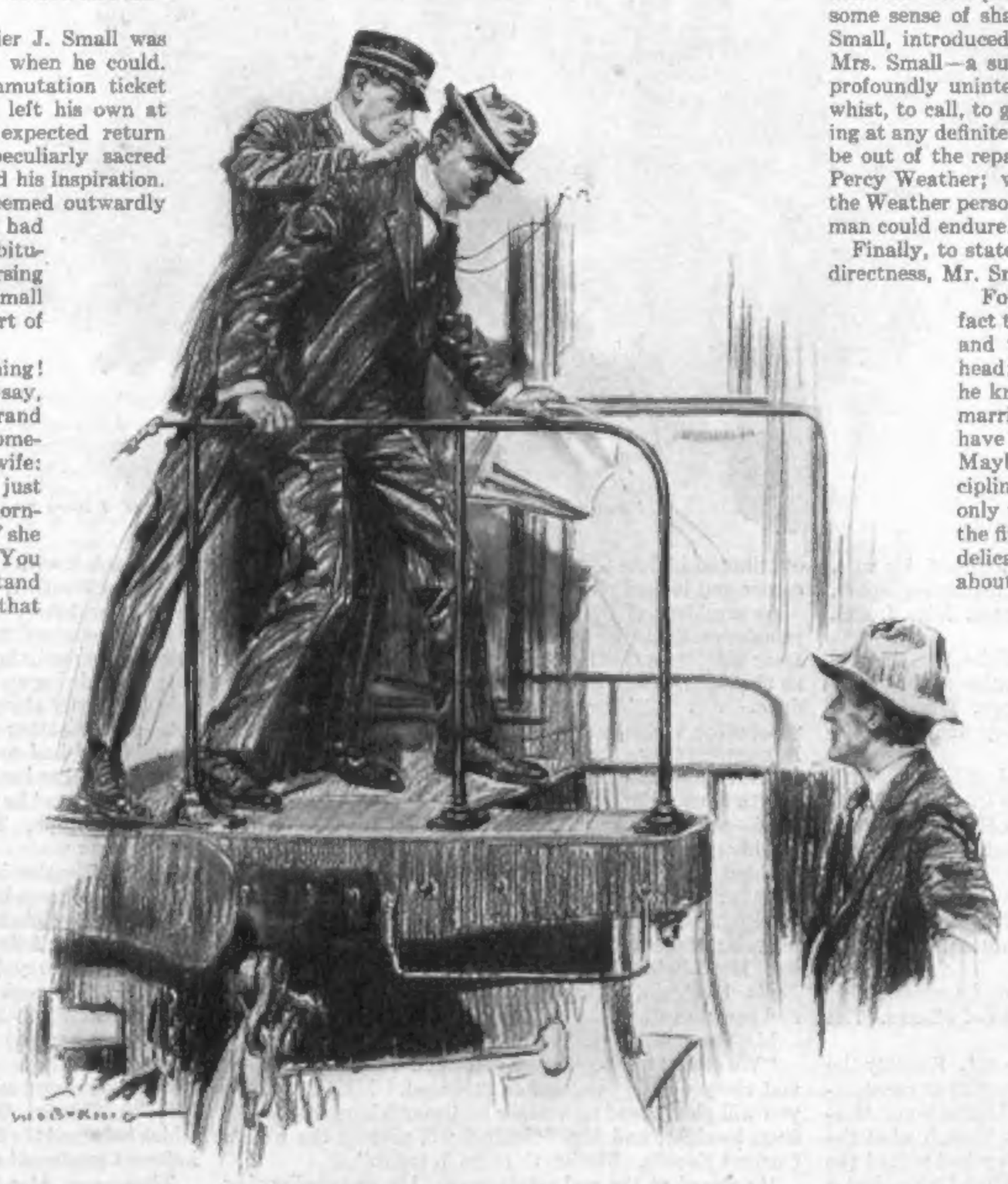
The voice came from the seat across from them. It was the mighty commodore of the Harbor Yacht Club speaking, and beside him sat the equally mighty vice president of the Crosshampton Club, who knew personally a man that had once played McLoughlin. They were defying Conductor Barton; they wouldn't show their tickets a second time—no, not if they were hanged, drawn, quartered, eighthed and put off the train! The conductor sighed and passed on to Mr. Small and Mr. Weather.

Then exploded the inspiration that was to make of Mr. Whittier J. Small a man not like other men, but one to sit in high places and converse with the great. He turned his head slowly from Mr. Weather and to the conductor he shouted in a heroic voice:

"No; I won't show my ticket! Go on! Put me off! I dare you to! I guess you fellows just want to see how much the passengers will stand and now you're finding out."

His voice carried through the car and he had invented a new argument. He had the tremorous joy of hearing three men echo: "Guess you fellows want to see how much the passengers will stand!" Percy Weather was beginning to congratulate him in that stammering bleat which now, for the first time, irritated Mr. Small. Mr. Small paid no attention to Percy. He swung round and boldly entered into discourse with the man in the seat behind him. He was aware that the man behind him was none other than Cornelius Berry, of the ancient Berry family, a man so accepted by smart society that he had once spent a week-end at Narragansett Pier—where the tide rises only seventeen minutes later than at Newport. Mr. Small had fondly dreamed of a day when he should know Mr. Berry; when Mr. Berry should address him on the station platform, "Good morning, Mr. Small!"—like that, politely. Here he was, talking to him, a comrade in resistance to oppression.

Heretofore a railroad had been to Mr. Small an insignificant means of getting to the office in time to catch that



"Here, Billy, Pinch This Guy for Disturbing the Peace!"

cheeky young man, the salesclerk, coming in late. Now he studied affectionately every detail of travel, from the air brakes to the bobbing heads as the crowd surged upstairs in the city station.

He was at the Harbor station early next morning, and as the train came in he leaped aboard and got a seat as far forward as possible in the first smoking car. From that strategic position he defied Conductor Barton even more loudly than on the preceding morning and unmasked the phrases on which he had been working for an hour:

"You know perfectly well you can't do anything. Say, what do you think you are? Do you think we want to argue with you clear into the city? Maybe you think we haven't any papers to read! Now get it over quick!"

All down the car echoes rose: "Think you're paid to argue with the passengers?" "Get 't over quick!"

This morning it was Cornelius Berry, young Squire Berry, who first addressed Mr. Small as they debouched on the platform at the city station. He commended Mr. Small on his stand for righteousness and civic purity. With Mr. Berry was the commodore, smiling in the best manner of the Harbor Club.

"Makes me tired to have those scoundrels take up a business man's time," said Mr. Small. "I suppose that conductor thinks I haven't got a paper. I don't want to be hard on him, Mr. Berry, but let me tell you if I was a conductor I'd be a little respectful to my betters. But I suppose it turns his head to associate with us."

"Indeed you're right, Mr. Small. Hope shall see 'gain soon. *Good* morning, Mr. Small!"

"Good *morning*, Mr. Small!" said the commodore—both in the heartiest manner.

It was of this that Mr. Small had dreamed—prophetically. This was the polished sort of social amenity for which he could never depend on his jellyfish of a wife. He, Mr. Small, had to look out for it as he did for everything else. He felt so victorious that he rebuked the salesclerk with extra piousness that morning, and gave him advice about How a Young Man Should Succeed. The salesclerk was a stubborn young man and, as usual, he answered impudently; but Mr. Small, the friend of Cornelius Berry, treated him with contempt.

From that morning the social gates were open for our hero. Daily he led his faithful, fearless band of thirty or forty in defying Conductor Barton—who never answered back and thus proved that Mr. Small had roused him to some sense of shame. All sorts of people spoke to Mr. Small, introduced themselves, asked after the health of Mrs. Small—a subject in which they had hitherto been profoundly uninterested—invited the Smalls to sit in at whist, to call, to go motoring—not, perhaps, to go motoring at any definite time, but just as soon as the car should be out of the repair shop. He no longer had to sit with Percy Weather; which was as well, for he perceived that the Weather person was of a flabby dullness that no gentleman could endure.

Finally, to state an epochal fact with plain and honest directness, Mr. Small was elected to the Harbor Club.

For almost a week he was so proud of the fact that three of the girls in his office resigned and the salesclerk threatened to punch his head; at which Mr. Small merely smiled, for he knew that the salesclerk was going to be married, come Fourth of July, and then he'd have the young upstart where he wanted him. Maybe he'd not be so flippant about office discipline once he had a wife to support! It was only with the chief himself, Mr. Woodley, of the firm, that Mr. Small spoke in a little and delicate voice. To his wife he discoursed about social conventions from six-forty-nine to eleven-twenty-three without a break one evening.

Yet by the end of the week Mr. Small was dissatisfied. He began to realize that a man of his personality was buried in the second-rate grubbiness of the Harbor Club. He ought to belong to the Crosshampton Club, where there were golf links and a bar—where a gentleman could meet the right set. His time was valuable; he was not one to waste it with the wrong set. As well foozle it with—oh, for example, with that rim of a zero called Percy Weather.

The sets in Crosshampton Harbor are of a subtlety. There is the Harbor Club set, consisting of an undertaker who wears suspenders, a fuzzy-faced lawyer, the real-estate person named Litchfeld, the chief plumber in town, and a collection of easy-going commuters and town merchants who play five hundred until midnight every Saturday and attend the smaller wooden churches on Sunday. In the Crosshampton Club there are two sets, distinct but both good—the set that attends the stone church, and the set that never attends church but spends every Sunday morning in recovering from a swell Saturday evening dance. There is a town-merchant set that does not belong to clubs, and a social-uplift set, and a literary set, and the Old Inhabitant set whose families date back to 1700, long since which date, apparently, most of our families have been self-generated.

Now that he belonged to the Harbor Club, Mr. Small had an opportunity to study the real social structure of the town. He saw clearly that his was a nature too fine for any but the stone-church and Old Inhabitant sets. He redoubled his efforts at dismaying Conductor Barton. He spoke to the conductor with what he believed to be the manner of an old English squire—and in the next car

(Continued on Page 32)

RETIRING FROM FAIRVIEW

IF A STRANGER should come into the Fairview neighborhood inquiring for the most eminent mossback in the countryside, I suppose that Abner Dunham would be pointed out to him. I am Abner Dunham. None of the neighbors would call me a mossback to my face, but the pointing out would be done all the same. My old neighbor, John Ackerman, for instance, would drive out to the farm, and presenting the stranger to me would say: "Abner, here's a gentleman from Chicago who wants to meet you."

I don't consider myself a mossback. My motto is:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

And I recognize the fact that it may be considered a proof of mossbackism that I quote Alexander Pope as his couplets appeared in the old reader I studied in the district school—and from memory. And yet it is a good motto. I was not the first, by any means, to try that new mode of locomotion, the automobile; neither the last to cast aside the horse and buggy. And yet it was that very automobile episode that fastened on me the copper-riveted title of the neighborhood mossback.

It was this way: I waited several years, so that others might invest in the experimental cars of the era of trying things out, and then I bought a good car. I waited until I had sold a consignment of three carloads of fat steers and had the cash, and then I took the car home with me. I suppose if I had mortgaged the farm, or gone without a silo, or put off the building of the big barn for the sake of the car, I should have won the name of being an up-to-date feller; but I didn't. I bought the car for cash, and I soon began to like running it; but after a man has been driving horses, and good horses, too, for thirty years every day of his life, he has acquired certain nervous reflexes which go with scooting through the country, and with me one of those reflexes was the use of the whip. I didn't feel as if I were driving unless I had a whip within reach. It marred the enjoyment I was entitled to from a pretty heavy investment, and so I had a whip socket put on the dash of the car and carried a whip in it.

I was the butt of a good deal of good-natured fun, and my family objected to the whip. When our picture appeared in a Chicago paper in the big touring car with a whip in the socket, at about the time my youngest son came home from the agricultural college, the whip was taken off the equipage. I had got so I could get along without it pretty comfortably anyhow. People didn't understand why I did it; but my reason for the whip was a good one, quite personal to myself. In proving me to be a mossback, however, that whip affair is always the first bit of evidence introduced, marked Exhibit A and made a part of the record. I don't care.

Exhibit B is the fact that, though I have a section of good land and plenty of money with which I could build a home in the county seat and live on my rent and interest, I still refuse to retire from the farm and the Fairview neighborhood. I have good reasons for that eccentric course too.

The Hiss of That Stone Was Music to John's Ears, But It Had No Charm for His Oldest Daughter

Pioneer Days on the Prairie

JOHN ACKERMAN'S father and mine drove into the country together in 1857, and John and I were boys together. Herman Lutz's father was a Hanoverian immigrant who arrived with Herman and the rest of the Lutzes—so far as they had arrived on the scene—a few years later. Herman wore wooden shoes to school, and once John and I, finding that we couldn't lick Herman, outran him. Whereupon he threw his wooden shoes at us. We put stones in them and sunk them in the swimming hole at the bend of the little brook which ran so clear and pure through the prairie grass then, and is such an uninteresting ditch with mud banks now, with black corn ground on both sides. So, you see, we knew each other pretty well. And Frank and Bill Raymond and Al McAllister moved in; and then quite suddenly, as it seems in looking back at it, the rest of the neighborhood filled in with the development of the country, until we could no longer drive kittering-ways across the prairie to town, but had to follow the section lines to keep off the crops, first a part of the way and finally all the time. That marked the period when the country was "settled up."

Nobody in those days had any thought of going to town to live and becoming "retired farmers." We expected to be farmers all our lives. That's what we had come West for. We could have moved to town back East.

And now that the Fairview neighborhood has been so radically changed by the process of the best and most substantial families in it ceasing to be farmers and becoming "retired" farmers, I think it may be worth your while to look over the whole case and see whether I am right, or John Ackerman and Herman Lutz's folks—and the McAllisters and the Raymonds, and the Smiths, Browns, Joneses and Robinsons of Pleasant Valley District, and Lincoln Center and Pious Ridge, and all the other rural communities of which I have any knowledge.

We all worked hard before we got above farming, and were proud of how much we could do. I guess it's always that way in a new country—the very newness of it seems to put energy into people. It may be it's because only the strongest and most venturesome are willing to be pioneers, but I believe that when any man gets up against raw nature, out where he can make nobody hear when he calls for help, he's going to show the best there is in him—or the worst—and will probably find a good deal in himself of one kind or another that he didn't know was there. And I don't believe it brought out the worst as a rule. I am of a generation skilled

To pitch new states as Old-World men pitch tents.

They have turned out in my time to be good states, full of the spirit which will one of these days make of all this nation a greater New England—full of her mentality without her narrowness, and gifted with the Southern talent for graciousness and gallantry, and the breadth of mind and freedom from political and economic superstitions of the frontier.

We boys stayed on the newly established farms as a matter of course. We had always expected to do so. Somehow cities didn't attract country boys then as they do now. Perhaps it was because they were farther away, or harder to reach, or our disposition to drift had not yet been developed.

We even had our farm songs, in which the beauties of farm life were tunefully set forth. I remember one, of which our girls used to sing the refrain, which ran: "So a farmer's wife I'll be, I'll be, I'll be!" And another in which it was declared: "One of these country lasses is worth a score of your city girls." And I'll state this right here: we shall never again have a healthy rural life until we have back again the feeling that it is the best life, and that the farm people are the best people. I wish we could have that feeling back again, and the crude, rude old songs, instead of I Want You, My Baby, I Do! or Stay Down Where You Belong. I want people to stay up where they belong instead. But then, as I have said, I am the classic mossback of our county.

If the boys of those days went away anywhere it was farther West, where land was cheaper and opportunities seemed bigger. But for most of us the place that we had selected for a home seemed about as good as anything else and a good deal handier, and we acted accordingly.

How the Women Worked

HERMAN LUTZ, for instance, married young, as most of our German immigrants did, and for a number of years his wife worked with him in the field. While the children were young Herman hired a girl to take care of them, and Mrs. Lutz kept on doing a man's work. She said she'd rather do that than the housework, and, considering the home, I really can't blame her. Besides, if she had kept in the house they'd have had to hire a man, and hired girls were cheaper than hired men. When the children were big enough they took their mother's place in the field and she took the hired girl's place in the house. Nobody thought less of her for this field work—that is, nobody in her circle of friends. Among us Yankees the German habit of working women in the fields was the sure mark of the "Old Countryman." We didn't even allow our women to milk the cows. The McAllisters were Hoosiers, and among them the women "pailed" the cows as a matter of course. Old Ebenezer McAllister used to say that among the Injuns the women did all the work, among the Hoosiers it was equally divided, and among the Yankees the men did it all. Thus we were originally divided into racial and sectional groups in the Fairview settlement and were not yet knit into a people. Now we have all become one—Lutzes, McAllisters and Ackermans have become one people.

None of them milk cows any more or work in the field. The acres that once knew them know them no more except as rack-renting landlords. They have become Typical Americans, with the pavements instead of the furrows under their feet. And I think a part of this exodus of the farmers from the farms may be accounted for by Herman Lutz's domestic economy—for it certainly was economy, and in a way domestic. Herman certainly got more work done at less expense than any of his neighbors, but, as my wife used to say, his establishment was a factory, not a family. The daughter, who was third in the order of arrival, came nearer doing a man's work than any girl ought to. Herman used to say she was the only one who could drop corn straight enough so it could be plowed both ways when it came up. That was before people had begun to use the wire check-rower planters very much, and still laid off the ground with plank markers, and dropped the corn by pulling a lever as the horses pulled the planter across the marks. Kate could drop a field of corn as pretty as a checkerboard; but I guess Herman would have gladly plowed out every other hill in his fields if he'd known what a mistake he was making with his children. When I married my wife I told her that if the time should come when we couldn't make a living without her working in the field we'd starve together. We're both alive to-day, and I believe you'd call us pretty well fed. Neither of my girls ever worked in the field either. They've wanted to try it, but the idea never appealed to me. I believe in division of labor on the farm, and I'm just mossback enough to think that women's work is round the house.

My wife picked up that last sheet and read it. "Much you know about it," says she. "Many a day when I've

been nearly crazy with the loneliness and monotony of housework it would have been a real kindness to me if I could have gone out and raked hay or driven the binder—out where the men were. That's what women want and need—to work with men." Well, I can't stop to reply to that now. Perhaps none of us know all about this matter of keeping the folks on the farm.

As Herman's family grew up his prosperity grew accordingly. He figured that boys and girls who went to school in the winter might as well be of some use to their parents in the rush season, and, besides, if they worked less than fourteen hours a day they'd get lazy and never be any good. Herman didn't suspect such a thing; but it was by this very system of building up a sheet anchor of property by which he meant to hold the Lutz family to the farm that he was generating a wind of discontent that would eventually sweep them from their moorings in Fairview. All his children were good workers, and it's hard to tell how much they saved for him; but did they ever see any of it? If they did, they never showed it. They always had plenty to eat and enough clothing, such as it was, but none of them had a bank account. I could see that the children felt their lack of good clothes when in company; and Herman himself went round looking as if two dollars would jingle in his pocket like a kicking jackass in a tin stable. Anybody could see that his daughter was a little inclined to think small of her father. Economy is all right and work is good for boys; but they ought to be given some greater interest in it than simply living from one day to the next.

By the time the oldest Lutz boy was of age Herman's farm was one of the best in the neighborhood. The barns and feed yards and hog houses were as fine and up-to-date as any I ever saw. He had two silos that people came from the next county to see. His cattle were the pride of the community, and he wouldn't have an animal on the place that wasn't pedigreed. But just when things looked at their best the two oldest boys pulled up stakes and went to Chicago. Herman did his best to persuade them to stay with him in his old age, but it was too late then. They had been with him too long in his prime.

When they left he gave them some money and told them he hoped they'd soon be back. Herman wasn't consciously mean; not a bit of it; he was just illogical. He was applying to a fifty-thousand-dollar estate the logic of that boyhood time when Herman and his father used to shell the corn fed to the stock—shell it laboriously by hand—so as to save the cobs for fuel. We lose our boys and girls to the cities by thousands by just such survivals of hard-scrabble logic.

The Lutz Experiment

THE boys weren't pikers by any means, and they didn't come back as Herman expected they would. That's the trouble—the boys don't come back. That's why the settled farming districts in our best states are losing farm population. The boys don't come back when we old fathers drive them to town.

For two years Herman worked the place with young Adolph and a succession of hired men. Then he rented it and moved to town, and the glory began to depart from the Israel of the Lutz farm. It was virgin prairie when Herman first saw it, so rich that its fertility seemed endless. No German ever abuses the soil as some other people do, but, of course, there was some soil robbery in the Lutz farming. There must be in a new country. Herman, however, had steadily improved the condition of his land since about 1890—which was the low point of fertility in many of our farms about here. He adopted a rotation then, and when the farm was rented it was growing better wheat and better corn than it did in 1857. When he rented it he did what all American landlords do—he made a year-by-year lease, which amounts to a criminal conspiracy entered into between owner and tenant to rob the land. And the farm shows it now—but I can't tell you about that. It's another story. Yet under the circumstances I don't blame Herman for moving. Hired men were hard for him to get along with. After a while he began hiring every hobo that applied, and firing him as occasion arose, usually in about a week. More than one hired with him Saturday night and left before the cows were milked Monday morning. After two years of this the place had already lost some of its well-kept appearance, to say nothing of its earning capacity.

I like to set forth the case of Herman Lutz with some particularity—it is so typical of the town-going family which after a quarter of a century of prosperous industry is lost to rural life because of rising standards of wealth and no standards at all of either enjoyment or culture. Another reason for his retiring from the Fairview neighborhood was his wife's poor health. Although Herman didn't realize it, years of hard work had been too much for her—field work, house work, children and all. Every day she had carried many buckets of water from the well, and if the windmill didn't happen to be going she had pumped it herself. Herman had built a concrete drinking tank for the cattle; all they had to do was to come and drink what they wanted. But for the woman who was his partner in life he had provided nothing but an iron pump handle and a gravel path.

As far as their house was concerned, it was a collection of additions built round the old house reared by Herman's father when he settled on the place. No two rooms had the same floor level, and some of the doors were so low that Herman had learned by long experience to duck every time he went through them. He had money enough to build the finest farmhouse in the county; but he was so busy farming that he hadn't the time to build a home in which he and his family could be comfortable. A man does not feel the need of a good house as much as a woman does; he doesn't have to work in it.

Herman lives at the county seat now, and spends his time talking with John Ackerman and the other retired farmers there about the ungratefulness of sons and the worthlessness of hobo help. I've made a study of these former neighbors of mine, and of Herman and John Ackerman's cases in particular. I run my car round to his desirable residence almost every time I go to town; and I think I know just about how much convenience Herman has found in city conveniences, and pretty near what measure of comfort in town comforts.

Herman Hated to Give Up His Back-Yard Pigpen

The history of his efforts to be happy is pathetic to my mind. At first he tried to make his surroundings as much like the farm as possible, but he found this rather hard to do on a city lot. He hated to give up his back-yard pigpen; those fat, friendly hogs were a link that connected him with his old life. But when his neighbors began to make it as unpleasant for him as the pigs made it for them, he gave in, just in time to escape being arrested for maintaining a nuisance, and took up bee culture. Some of his fellow suburbanites kicked on the bees too, but Herman vowed he'd law 'em to the Supreme Court before he would be dictated to, and I guess bee law is with him. He still keeps the bees and gets lots of pleasure out of them, but I'll bet he gets lonesome for the cattle and the hogs and the big Percherons of which he used to be so proud.

He is sending Adolph and the girl to the academy at the county seat, and I'm sorry for them both. Adolph doesn't seem to know what to make of his classmates or of himself. He wants to be a hot little sport like some of the boys he knows there, but he isn't built that way. I've seen him standing on a corner with a bunch of them, watching the girls go by, and he looked out of place and uncomfortable, uncertain what he ought to do with his hands and unable to think of any flip remarks such as the others were so free with. Sometimes he gets a cigar and goes away alone and smokes it, as a kind of sacred duty, I guess. Adolph never can be a sport, but he has all the chances in the world to make a fool of himself, and that's what the sports generally do after all. Only they do it with a manner and style that in a mysterious way seems to constitute some sort of compensation for the inevitable losses incident to the business of being a sport.

The pity of it is that Adolph Lutz is handicapped by the fact that, with all due allowance for the narrowness of his farm life, he was started right. He was a good country mouse. If he could have had half of the privileges his father could have given him right on the farm, with no expense that would have been perceptible to the Lutz pocketbook, he would have been a very good fair-to-middling citizen, and would have turned off more good food for the nation than two of the shiftless tenants who eke out an existence on the Lutz acres. I don't see for my part what good Adolph, with the money he will one day possess and no knack for either spending it or using it, can do in town.

Herman's second son came home last week broke, and got a job in a livery stable. The oldest is still in Chicago, driving a dray. Both of these occupations are honest, if not exalted. They demand in the city those qualities of horsemanship and animal husbandry which every farm boy learns as a part of his second nature. Therefore they are the natural urban occupations for such boys as these. But they don't constitute city success. They are not things to be exactly proud of. They do not mark an advance in the world from the busy, respectable and increasingly profitable life on the old Lutz farm. A family has started down the hill to a status lower than the old peasanthood from which out of Germany the Lutzes emerged sixty years ago; and half a section of magnificent land has started back to a status of fertility lower than that of the days when the buffalo grazed it. That isn't what I call conservation of national resources—it is merely retiring from Fairview.

Tenant Farmers

SO MUCH for the Lutz experiment. Now let us see about the experiences of some of the other neighbors—John Ackerman's family, for instance. When John Ackerman, a year later than the retirement of Herman Lutz, moved to town, he left one of the best farms in the neighborhood. You wonder why I use the same words to describe the places deserted by each of these owners? It is just because the owners of the best farms are the very ones who can become retired farmers. Look over any rural neighborhood in the United States, and you will find the farms in the hands of tenants just in proportion to their ability to support both a tenant and a family in town, living in whole or in part on the rents.

I sometimes think that if our farms were not so rich and productive hereabouts it would be better for all hands; and I look forward with some disquietude of spirit to the time when by neglect and soil robbery these lands will cease to produce enough to give the town-dweller returns that will make their ownership desirable to him. By that time the migrating families will be domesticated and wonted in the town, and won't come back. The tenants will not be able to buy the lands and build up the soil. I wonder if great proprietors, possessing the ability and the capital to work hired help and tenants on some system of making profits from the exhausted soils, by building them up or by completing their robbery, will not develop and fill the land with those great *latifundia*, as the Romans called them, or great estates which, some Latin writer says, ruined Rome. With a cheap enough kind of labor, and tenants living on a low enough plane, I can see how great fortunes might be made in fifty years from now by such huge *haciendados* out of the completion of the ruin of the Corn-Belt States.

John Ackerman and his family, when he retired from Fairview, left as good and comfortable a house as the one he bought in town. They moved for the sake of the children, they said, and it was a perfectly good reason.

The children did need better educational facilities than we then had in Fairview—though, according to things some of the students and professors in the colleges themselves say right out in print, the value of a college education over just ordinary schooling is doubtful. The Ackerman children had absorbed about all they could get from our rural

When Our Picture Appeared in the Chicago Paper the Whip Was Taken Off

school, and they wanted to go on. And nowadays children seem to think they must have the intellectual coddling of instructors in high school and college if they are to make mental progress.

John was glad they wanted to make something of themselves, as he said, to distinguish what they were to be from what he and I were. When I said they'd be darned lucky if they made anything better of themselves in the town from what a lot of boys had become on the black soil of Fairview, he said I was a mossback.

"Are any of them going to study agriculture, John?" I asked.

"No," said he; "they all seem to be pretty well fed up on agriculture on the farm. That's what they're all running away from."

Running away from the very thing their grandfathers and grandmothers pierced forests, forded rivers, dared Indians and wild animals, and bore tornado, blizzard and drought, dearth and poverty, to seek and find! Strangest transformation of a people in two generations ever seen, I guess; and one in which future historians will find some meaning, though we don't seem to.

Homely Work for a Big Idea

JOHN was proud of his children, and his wife was still prouder, and wanted to give them the best possible chance. They thought the right way to do this was to let each of them choose his life work. When children are too immature to choose their clothes or their food we think them perfectly capable of selecting their wives, husbands and occupations. Just why they are supposed to possess exceptional wisdom along those lines I never could see, yet perhaps it is all right. But why did John Ackerman refuse or neglect in every possible way to try making agriculture, as they call farming in the college, attractive to his children?

They all knew well enough that it was moderately profitable—their father had made his money by it. John never was stingy with them either. But as for handling the place, John did it himself and didn't discuss matters with anybody. He made a success of it, but he let the children's imaginations get away from it.

Now to me there's more real romance in farming than in anything else I know about. Handling a farm is a big thing, and it takes just as big a man to do it as to handle any business proposition. The trouble with the Ackerman boys was that they saw only the details, and a good many of the details and daily jobs are not very thrilling, and some of them are dirty. Working day by day without a big idea behind you gets monotonous, and that was the trouble with those boys. John felt the bigness of it, but I suppose it would have embarrassed him to mention it. He assumed that the boys couldn't help feeling it, and that's right where he made his mistake. It's easy to see glamour in something far away; you can't see the little petty things about it. But to see the romance of something near at hand you must see through and over the little things; and that may be hard to do, especially if you've grown up right among these same little things and had them to contend with every day.

My father experienced something like that back East before he came to Fairview. He had been obliged to contend so long with the brush and sprouts that threatened to overrun the fields that he had forgotten the beauty of the trees. I've heard him tell how glad he was, when he got here, to find that there was no clearing to be done; but ever since I can remember the old trees have had their places about our old farmstead. Father planted them and tended them until they were established. He got lonesome without trees. They were a part of his life, and in his old age they were like comrades to him.

John Ackerman's boys began to talk as if they were fated to feel like that about the farm. They are doing fairly well in town; but one of them told me the other day, when he filled a tooth for me, that he'd like to be back where the air is clean, the fields big, and a mile is a mile and not fourteen blocks. John may come back himself. I believe he would if it weren't for his wife and daughters. We have two back-to-the-landers—city people who are relearning the occupation their forefathers deserted for the factory business—right in our district; and John told me the other day that it seemed a little queer to him that good farmers are moving to the city, where they are no good in the world, to leave openings for city people who are no good on the farms.

I can't see myself how this helps out in making our national life efficient. We manage all the time in such a way as to have the greatest number of people in both town and country who are greenhorns on their jobs or who hate the life they are living. Thus we trade off great masses of producers from places where they are relatively efficient into places where they are relatively and often absolutely inefficient. At the same time I have more admiration for the spirit of the back-to-the-landers than for the retired farmers; but I am the neighborhood mossback, you must remember.

John Ackerman bought a house in a good suburb and did his best to take things easy. But John isn't that kind. He can't loaf. Unlike Herman Lutz, John knew, or thought he knew, that country standards and city standards were different; that he must do as the Romans did. But he just couldn't help trying to make his place as much like the farm as he could. He brought in his light team and buggy, but they weren't enough. The place didn't look right without a wagon somewhere round. He might need a wagon for something some time anyway, so he brought one in and set it in the side yard. This didn't appeal to Mrs. Ackerman and the girls. Wagons under the dining-room windows might not do any harm, but the neighbors didn't have them, and they made the place look countrified. That was the beginning of the end of John's efforts to have his rural atmosphere about him in town. Anything he brought from the farm was promptly sent back or stored in the attic. One day he brought a grindstone and some dull sickles, and after supper, when the air was cool, went to work grinding them up in the front yard, where the water was handy from the hose. The hiss of that stone on the knives was music to John's ears, but it had no charm for his oldest daughter, who was entertaining a young lawyer on the front porch. John didn't grind any more sickles.

The next thing he tried was the real-estate business. He built a little ten-by-twelve office next to a suburban grocery store, got himself made a notary public, sat down and hoped for business. He made a few deals of small importance and then gave it up. It was too much like loafing to suit an energetic, middle-aged man who was used to work. His health began to fail.

One day I went in and found him covering a vacant lot with lath sheds. He said rather sheepishly that he was going to raise ginseng and make as much money off that lot as he had off his whole farm. He gave me a lot of catalogues and folders about the stuff, and I read some of them but didn't start raising ginseng. It would be a shame to get rich so quick. John was rather happy with his ginseng bed until he found that he was losing money. He wasn't working for exercise; he wanted the returns to which he was accustomed.

So he got a job in a binder twine factory at a dollar and a half a day. A fine job for a man with the brains and training of John Ackerman! John's steers had topped the Chicago market so often that he'd come to regard it as the only natural thing; and there he was, doing an unskilled laborer's work for a dollar and a half a day!

How Idle Hands Bring Failing Health

THE family objected quite strenuously when John took the job. They didn't want him to be a common laborer. John contended that it was all right if he came and went by the back door and the alley, so none of the girls' beaux could see him in his overalls; and that is what he did. It was funny to see him snooping home in the evening and diving into the back door as if somebody was after him.

He quit this job after a few months, and now he has fenced up the back yard and is raising chickens according to some system by which you can rear about forty to the square foot. He hasn't been at it long enough yet to find out for himself, but I'm glad whenever I talk with him that I've plenty of ground for my chickens to prospect round upon.

John isn't happy and he isn't well. Old farmers seldom do well physically in town. When the Livermore family left their farm and went to town they had an old cattle dog named Shep which they couldn't bear to leave behind. He had been a dog worth fifty dollars of any man's money on a stock farm, and was as active and industrious a dog as I ever saw. He lived about eight months in town—died of changed environment. I have observed that the old farmers who "retired" first when

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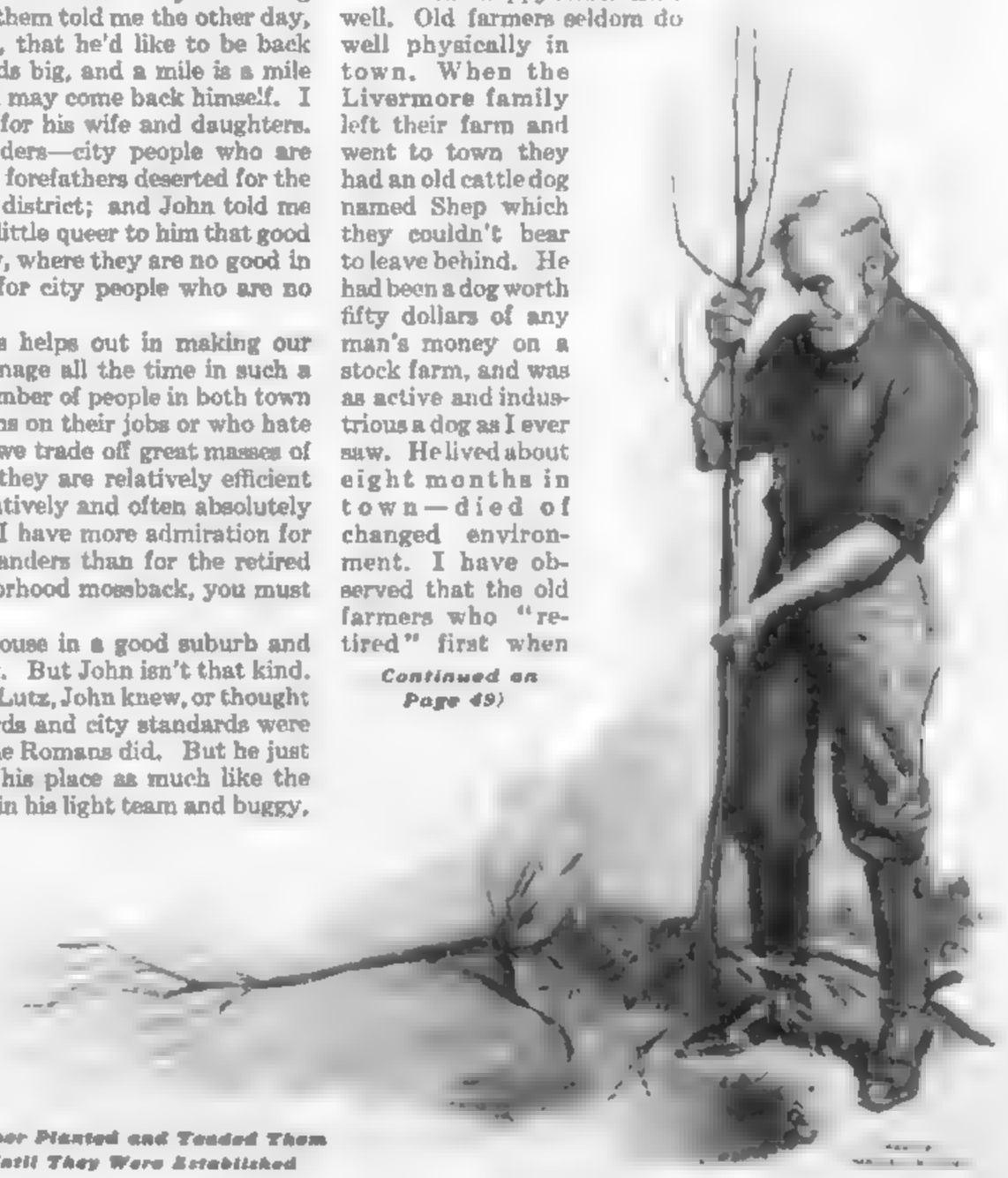


Father Planted and Tended Them Until They Were Established

THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

An International Affair—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

AT ONE o'clock of a blistering day Billy Wiggins alighted from the San Diego auto-stage, under the brick arcade of the Royal Hotel at Royal City. The stage was thickly powdered with flourlike desert dust and, when Billy gave his linen coat a shake, a fine cloud of the same pervasive substance immediately enveloped him. When he took off his hat dust rivulets ran from its brim, and his baked countenance was only a smear of dust and sweat. Other passengers, cramped from the five-hour ride, lumbered down into the arcade's grateful shade, gasping and detaching dust clouds. For the benefit of whatever strangers there might be among them, the negro porter, as he gathered up the dust-powdered bags, observed that so hot a day had never before been known at that season.

Among the passengers one immediately attached himself to Billy—a lean, middle-aged man of swarthy complexion, wearing a pointed beard, spiky mustaches and an air of settled melancholy.

"Well, that was sure some hell," Billy observed to him with a muddy grin. But the companion only murmured in a foreign tongue. At the desk he wrote "A. Lopez, San Diego" on the register, and Billy asked that each of them be given a room with a bath.

Somewhat later, after the ineffable luxury of a soak in cold water, Billy turned the slats of his window shade and peeked out at a new world. He could see down a long street lined with brick structures one and two stories high, with brick arcades over the broad cement walks on either side. He noted that the street was well paved and the electric lamp-posts were of ornamental design. Across the low roofs he could see an expanse of irrigated valley, level as a floor and beautifully green. It looked rather like money to him.

After luncheon he left the hotel, accompanied by A. Lopez.

"We'll just walk round town," he said, "and pick out the one that looks best."

Under the continuous brick arcades, on the shady side of the street, it was quite tolerable. Moving sturdily in his baggy linen clothes and a fresh, limp shirt, Billy felt fine. The confident, aggressive ebullition of his youthful spirits, in the face of a new adventure, kept him grinning and laughing. A. Lopez wore dark flannel and mostly retained his melancholy air.

The town was more extensive than they had thought—all built low, with arcades over the walks. Billy judged the landlord had not been so far wrong when he said it contained nine thousand inhabitants. The shops in the main were rather smart, and along the principal street a dozen signs on plate-glass windows and placards within invited the passengers' attention to real estate. They saw three banks, but Billy finally decided upon the second one, which was the First National. It had a white tile floor, marble counter and wainscoting, and a dozen customers inside gave the impression of a flourishing business. The names of the officers were painted in gilt letters on the glass panel of the front door, "Thomas King, President," heading the roster.

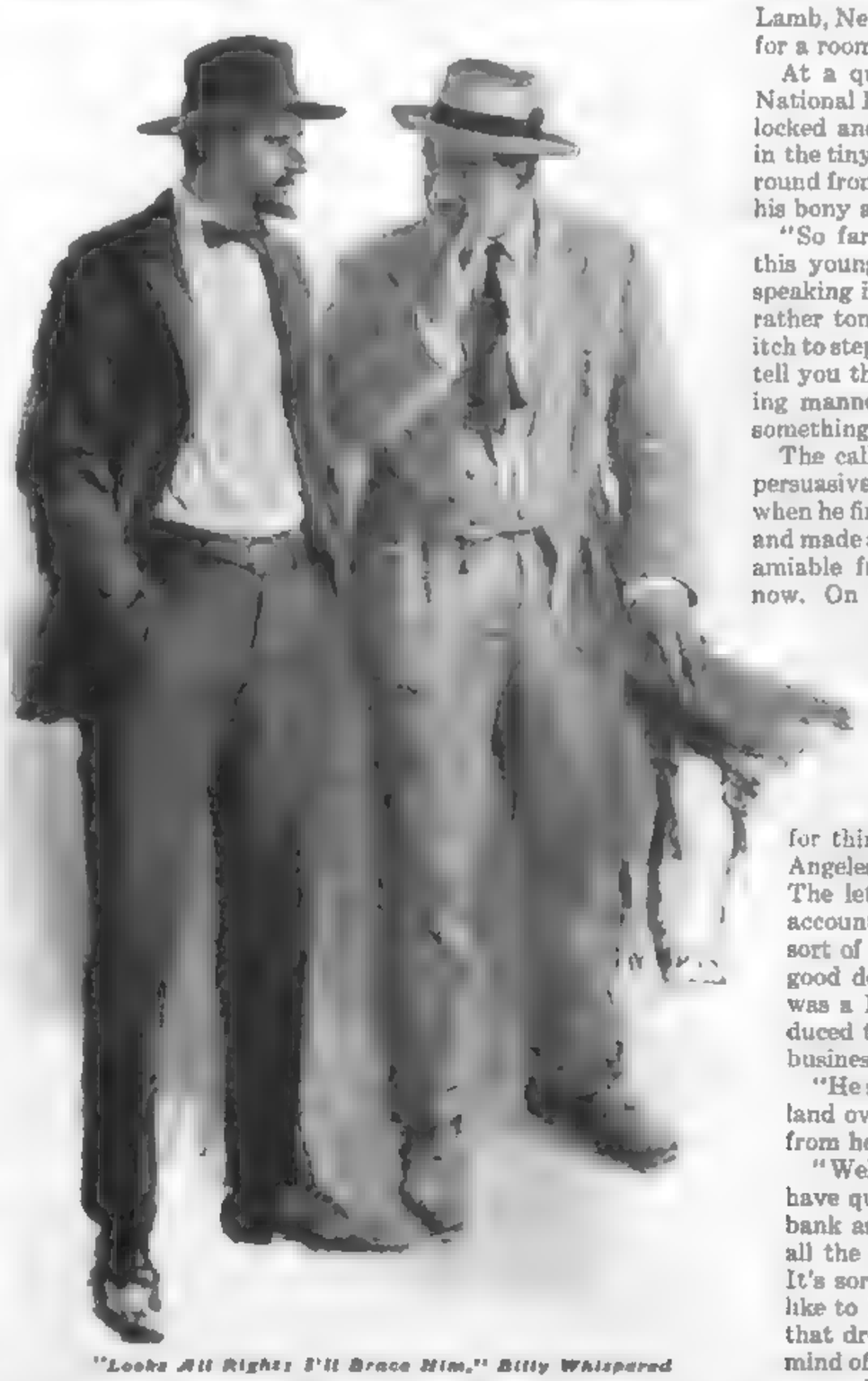
"That sounds pretty good," Billy observed under his breath to his melancholy companion. "Let's have a look at him!"

To their left as they entered, and at the very front of the banking room, was a tiny office just big enough for a desk and two chairs. The sign on the narrow glass door said "President"; but without entering the little office one could transact business with the man at the desk across a waist-high counter. The man at the desk looked about fifty. He was thin, bony and almost entirely bald. Along the top of his narrow, shiny cranium one could see the ridgepole of his brain. His bushy mustache was sandy, his face freckled and his light-blue eyes rather protuberant.

"Looks all right; I'll brace him," Billy whispered, agrin.

Leaving the bank twenty minutes later, Billy was in higher spirits than ever. In his exuberance, in fact, a keen observer might have noted a rather overweening and bumptious confidence. When they returned to the hotel he went over to the writing desk and composed a letter that he read over with much satisfaction. It ran:

Dear Chief: Thought I'd drop you a line so you will know where I am. That slopping round in salt water and pink tea at the Balboa sort of got on my nerves. I am going to have some fun here and put over a little stunt that I'll tell you about when I get back. You said my Mexican friend was no good, but he's going to come through grand. I've opened a nice little account at the First National Bank and got quite chummy with the president already. If you go broke in that brace joint up in Number 437 before I get back I'll be able to stake you. You can drop me a line here any time the next week. Hope the swimming keeps good. Regards to Molly.



"Looks All Right; I'll Brace Him," Billy Whispered

He addressed the letter to Mr. Albert Lamb at the Hotel Balboa.

Ten days later, strolling up to the Hotel Balboa from the bathing beach with a brown-eyed young woman, Lamb observed rather anxiously:

"I can't see why I don't hear from Billy. His letter said he'd be there a week. I wrote him four days ago and asked him to wire me when he'd be back; but I haven't heard a word. We shouldn't have let him go farther than the billiard room alone. He's too liable to get into trouble!"

Climbing the steps to the big veranda, he was frowning over it.

"I wish you'd go call him up," he said. "It's the Royal Hotel at Royal City. I guess you can get a long-distance connection. Find out if he's all right, will you now?" And he dropped lazily into a wicker chair.

Something over half an hour later, Molly found him still lolling in the chair, idly dandling a bamboo stick and blinking at the sea.

"Why, the hotel people say he isn't there," she said with a note of excitement in her voice. "That is, they say he still has a room there and his things are in it, but he hasn't been round the hotel for five days. Then I asked for Mr. Lopez, and they said he had a room there, too, and his things were in it, but he hadn't been round for five days."

Lamb sighed and dolefully stroked his cheek.

"Billy must have got into trouble," he said with sorrowful conviction. "I was afraid he would. The stage journey over there must be awfully tiresome, and I suppose that hotel is rotten. But I'll have to go." He sighed again and pulled himself out of the comfortable chair. "I'll find out when I can get to San Diego and catch that stage."

Next day the last passenger to crawl from the San Diego stage into the grateful shade of the arcade in front of the Royal Hotel was a tall, slender, youngish man whose smooth-shaven face was long, serious-looking and rather handsome. As he shook a cloud of dust out of his coat he heard the negro porter observing that it was the warmest day ever known for that season of the year. He wrote "Albert Lamb, New York," on the register, and asked parchedly for a room with a bath.

At a quarter past four that afternoon—the First National Bank being closed for business, the front door locked and the window shades drawn—he was sitting in the tiny office of the president. Mr. King had swung round from the desk to face him—his lean legs crossed, his bony and freckled hands loosely clasped in his lap.

"So far's I'm concerned, I've got nothing against this young man, Wiggins, you understand," he said, speaking in a slow, monotonous sort of way and with a rather toneless voice, so that a nervous person might itch to step on his accelerator and speed him up. "I can tell you the story if you'd like to hear it." His drawling manner conveyed a suggestion that it might be something of a bore.

The caller, through whose mildly serious manner a persuasive urbanity shone, had observed the banker when he first introduced himself earlier in the afternoon and made an appointment for this meeting. Behind the amiable front he was carefully studying the banker now. On the surface he saw a decidedly unhandsome man with high, narrow, shinily bald head, freckled face and dull-looking, protuberant, pale-blue eyes.

"Exactly!" the visitor affirmed with a nod. "Exactly! I'd like the whole story."

"Well, the young man came in here ten, twelve days ago," said the banker monotonously. "He had a circular letter of credit for thirty-five hundred dollars from a bank in Los Angeles and he wanted to open an account with us. The letter of credit was all right, so I opened the account for him. He's a wide-awake, interesting sort of young man and he was in and out of here a good deal, so we got right well acquainted. There was a Mexican with him named Lopez. He introduced the Mexican to me, but didn't say what his business was.

"He said he, himself, was thinking of buying some land over in Mexico. The border's only nine miles from here, you know.

"Well, we got right well acquainted. You see, I have quite a lot of business on my hands here—this bank and several other things. It keeps me rustling all the time with my nose right on the grindstone. It's sort of hot and dusty and monotonous, and I like to have a wide-awake, breezy young man like that drop in and talk to me. It kind of takes my mind off business and gives me a change and freshens me up."

"No doubt; no doubt," Lamb assented cheerfully.

"Yes," the banker drawled tonelessly, and rubbed a freckled hand along the shining ridgepole of his cranium. "Well, the second day he got confidential enough to let me into what was his real business here. It seems this Mexican, Lopez, was an officer in Villa's army. He was with the troops that took Ortego down in Sonora. They looted the bank there. Well, pretty soon Villa took his army off south and got a thundering licking, you remember, and it looked as though everything in Mexico was all mixed up to hell and gone, and a man that had the chance might as well lay a bone on his own plate. So this Lopez and five others swiped sixty thousand dollars of the loot from the bank at Ortego and put it in three barrels and made tracks with it. They'd got it up here to the border, but the deuce of it was, how to get it across the line."

"I see," Lamb murmured interestedly.

"Yes," said the banker monotonously. "They were in a devil of a pickle. They'd ditched their comrades, you see, and the comrades were after 'em. Of course if the comrades found 'em they'd have their throats cut. Then the border all along here is pretty closely guarded, to see nobody smuggles arms and ammunition from the United States into Mexico, or Chinamen and opium from Mexico into the United States. I've been held up by customs officers three, four times myself when I was driving near the border after dark. If these runaway soldiers tried to get their silver across the border and anybody caught 'em, probably they'd be shot. And if they did finally get their barrels on this side and tried to trade their silver for our money, probably somebody'd pinch 'em. They was in a devil of a pickle."

"I see," Lamb murmured again.

"Yes," drawled the banker. "Their sixty thousand dollars in Mexican silver money was worth about thirty thousand over here, you see, but on account of the fix they were in they'd take fifteen thousand in gold for it on that side. Well, young Mr. Wiggins proposed to go over there

and buy the silver at half what it was worth. He being an American and a businesslike-looking young man, you see, he'd stand a mighty sight better chance to get it across than they would. Besides, silver ain't contraband or dutiable. So if a customs officer should hold him up, why he could claim the right to bring the silver in anyway. But on account of the circumstances of the case—the silver being loot in the first place and stolen in the second place—it would be better to get it across without any publicity."

"Of course," Lamb assented.

"Well, you know, there's Uniontown nine miles below here and right on the border. Then there's the town of Porfirio right across the line. The two towns are almost one; but there's only one street you can get across on from one town to the other. On that street, you understand, there's a United States customs office just this side the line and a Mexican customs office just the other side. Well, Wiggins' idea was to take three thousand dollars in gold and drive over to Porfirio and buy twelve thousand of these Mexican silver dollars with it, and put the silver under the back seat of the automobile and fetch it over here. Then he'd take that silver up to Los Angeles and sell it for about six thousand dollars in gold, and go back to Porfirio and buy more silver.

"You see, Wiggins only had thirty-five hundred dollars and he had to use some of that for expenses, so three thousand dollars was all the gold he could raise to begin with. He calculated it would take three trips to clean it all up. He asked me what I thought about it, and I told him I thought it was a real good scheme."

The banker recrossed his legs and combed down his bushy mustache with a thumb and forefinger.

"Well, he was busy as a chipmunk here two, three days getting the details fixed up, sending Lopez over there to conclude negotiations with his pals and going over himself, and so on. It was real interesting, and I was right glad to have him drop in here after banking hours every day, all sweat and excitement, you know, and talk it over with me. Then he wanted to make sure about that silver, you see. Of course he felt pretty confident Lopez was on the square. Still, there was just a chance they might be working off some counterfeit money on him. He being a prudent kind of young man wanted me to go over there with him and look at the silver."

"I see," Lamb murmured.

"Yes," said the banker. "Well, I was ready enough; for the whole thing was real interesting, you see—a change from drawing up chattel mortgages, and so on. Well, we left here just at dusk and drove over. Probably you never been over to Porfirio?"

Lamb shook his head.

"Well, you ain't missed much," the banker commented monotonously. "It's a real poor sort of town. There's one long main street with just one side to it, and that side is all made up of one-story frame buildings. There's some stores and more saloons and dance halls and gambling joints. Most of the dwelling houses are just shacks, and they're sprawled and scattered round any old way. The town, you might say, begins at the main street and then kind of gradually straggles off into nothing. There's a ramshackle little livery stable with a shed to it. We left our car under the shed and then drilled off in the dark to one lonesome whitewashed shack standing out on the sand a good mile from the main street and quite a ways from any other house.

"There didn't any light show and it looked as though there wasn't anybody round. But Wiggins gives three peculiar knocks on the door, and somebody knocked on the inside, and he knocked again. Then the door opened a little and a man stuck his head out. Wiggins whispered something to him and the man opened the door just enough so we could squeeze into the shack. It was pitch dark in there, but I could hear the man bolt the door behind us. Then a match was struck by which I could see the Mexican, Lopez, lighting a kerosene lamp. Then I saw they had some black stuff that looked like an old bed quilt cut in two tacked over the two windows so a light wouldn't show."

As Lamb nodded, Mr. King rubbed a hand over his shining poll and deliberately resumed: "This shack was divided into two rooms by a rough board partition. The room we was in had a lot of broken-down household furniture and old bedding, and junk like that, heaped up along one wall. There was nobody in it except Wiggins and me and this Mexican, Lopez, and the man that had opened the door. He was as ugly looking a customer as you ever saw, with a big scar across his cheek. He kept talking Mexican to Lopez, as though he was mad about something, and Wiggins whispered to me that he was suspicious and sort of nervous and ill-natured. He began to move some of the junk and Lopez started to help him; but the man ripped out some Mexican that must have been cussing and waved him back, and Wiggins winked at me to let me know we'd have to sort of humor him. Well, the man moved some of the junk and there was three barrels under it. He lifted off the head of a barrel and I could see it was full of silver dollars. Wiggins stepped over and scooped up a double handful of the silver dollars and brought them over to me. Well, I looked at 'em and rung several of 'em and was satisfied they was genuine.

"Then Wiggins dug away down into the barrel and brought up some more, and I looked at them. Then the man opened the second barrel and the third in the same way, and I was satisfied the money was genuine. Then he began piling the junk back on top of the barrels and waved his arms to us to get out.

"Well, Wiggins and I drilled back to the car, and I told him I was satisfied the money was genuine. So we drove home and Wiggins was more excited and keyed up than ever. He was going over next day, you know, to get his first batch of silver. But right there he struck a snag!"

The banker paused a moment thoughtfully and repeated:

"Yes, sir, he struck a snag. You see, that very next morning Lopez's friends got a great scare thrown into 'em. A couple of their old companions in arms, that they'd ditched, you know, when they run off with the silver, turned up in Porfirio. One of the Lopez crowd happened to see 'em and skipped over to warn the rest. That meant they might be detected any minute. They were all for packing up and making tracks without a minute's delay and taking their chances somewhere else. But Lopez persuaded 'em to lay low for just one more day. Then he beat it over here to Royal City to tell Wiggins it was now or never, and skipped back to keep his scared friends from bolting. Wiggins came in here to tell me about it, just as the bank was closing. Naturally he was all wrought up about it, because he didn't want to miss his chance, and he'd got it figured out with Lopez how they might still pull the whole deal off that night. Unless they did pull it all off that night they couldn't do it at all, you understand."

Lamb nodded.

"Yes," said the banker. "Lopez had gone back to Porfirio, you see, and he was going to get this Mexican with the scar and bring him over to Royal City here. Then Wiggins was going to hire a team and wagon and buy six barrels of cement, and this Mexican with the scar was going to drive the wagon with the cement on it over to Porfirio, getting there at dusk. He'd sort of loiter round the customs offices and gabble, so the customs officers on both sides could get a good look at him and his load, and he would say he was hauling the cement to a certain Mexican that's got a starved little ranch about nine miles out of Porfirio. Then he'd take the cement a ways out of town and dump half of it out. Then he'd drive the wagon round to the shack and we'd put the silver in the barrels with cement on the top and bottom and the Mexican would drive over to the American side. He'd tell the customs officer, you know, that this fellow he'd hauled the cement to couldn't pay for it, so he was taking it back to Royal City. You see, Wiggins was to hire his team and wagon from Preston & Gibbs here, who deal in cement, and the wagon's got their sign on it. I think that was a real good idea, don't you?"

"Excellent," said Lamb.

"Well, in that way he could move the silver all at once. Then he'd put in three thousand dollars in gold and I'd put in twelve thousand, and we could buy it all at once and divide the profits."

"I see," said Lamb.

"Sure," said the banker. "I told him I thought it was a real good idea. Well, he drew out three thousand dollars in gold, and I had it put in a sack for him, and we dropped it into a drawer in my desk here. He was to go and arrange for his team and cement, and then meet me at the side door of the bank at half past eight. I told him I could drive us over in my car, but he said he'd hired a car for the day and we might as well use that.

"Well, at half past eight he drove up to the side door of the bank, driving the car himself for, as he said, the fewer people along the better. I brought out his sack of gold and my own and dumped 'em in the bottom of the car, and we drove off. But we'd have to pass the Mexican customs officer going over, you see, so soon's we got a ways out of town we stopped, and he hid the sacks of gold under the rear seat. The roads are pretty good and it couldn't have been much after nine when we struck Uniontown. The Mexican customs officer just glanced into the car when we crossed the line, and we drove on to that shed at the ramshackle livery stable. There was our Mexican with his team and wagon and six barrels of cement, waiting for us.

"Well, we drove on ahead, with him following. Soon's we got out of town we turned off the lights of the car, and it was so

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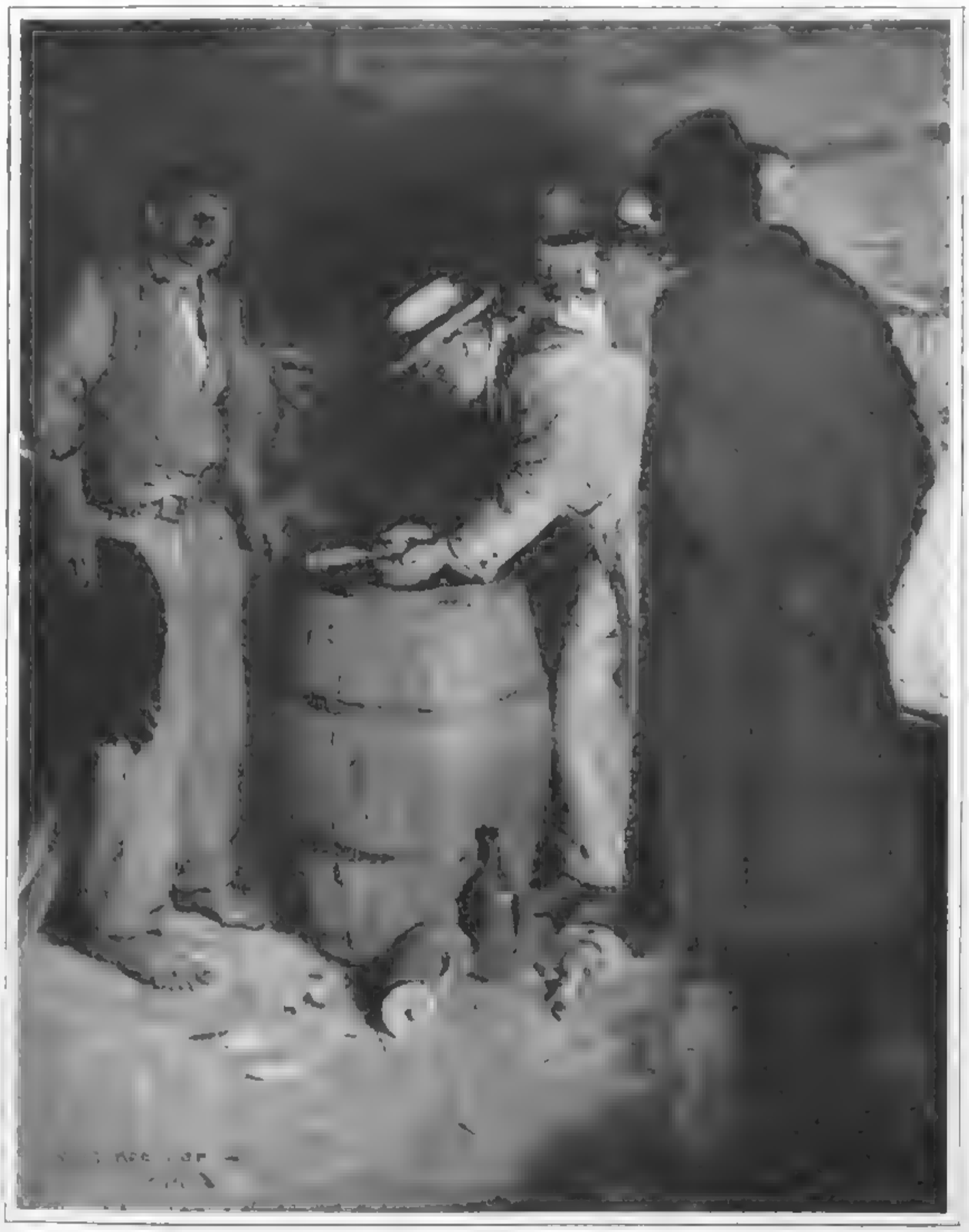


"Wiggins Stepped Over and Scooped Up a Double Handful of the Silver Dollars"

BLINDMAN'S BUFF IN BLUNDERLAND

By A. C. LAUT

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ONE can understand Wall Street's going locoed over war orders. A billion and a half dollars makes a good-sized juicy melon, whether you use a pickle fork or a harpoon. Buy and boost and sell—buy and boost again—has been the rule of the merry jugglers of the Street; though one of the favorite stocks has over twenty per cent back dividends to be paid before it can hand round one bite of the melon.

Nor is it surprising that all the big sharks and little sharks, the cubs and the calves and the lambs of Wall Street, should line up in an imitation gambol of the big gamblers of the game. All this is perfectly natural. It is a case of subconscious psychological contagion; but how about average citizens, sharp wits, fat wits, no wits at all, who have gone clean locoed over war orders?

You have only to go to one of the big buying agencies to realize that the vertigo is general. The purchasing agent who is buying sometimes puts his hand out for palm oil before he will make a contract. One horse dealer angling for fortune amid war orders bought an ancient steed down in Nova Scotia for eighteen dollars, stuck a cipher on at the end of those figures, doped up the steed with tonic and drugs, and actually put over the poor old bag of bones at a hundred and eighty dollars; and when Secret Service men investigated why thirty-nine carloads of ammunition coming down the Hudson had been sidetracked and delayed and "lost in the yards" until the ship had sailed, they found that a switchman had pocketed a little bribe of a thousand dollars in that particular phase of the war-order game. If all is fair in love and war then war orders seem lawful game to birds of prey flocking hungrily from all four quarters of the globe.

An Iron Cross for an American Spy

AND don't imagine that the prevailing vertigo touches only the immediate handlers of war orders. One of the most successful spies on munition deliveries from a certain big electrical plant is a woman, who has social connections with the directors and flits constantly between her Fifth-Avenue residence and the towns where the electrical works are located. She does not do it because she is pro-German or pro-Ally—nor does she need the money. Somebody who is a count has chucked her under the chin. She has been bitten by the virulent war-order bug. The somebody who is a count has given her an Iron Cross for "help to the cause"; and she imagines she is playing a part in the intrigue of the mighty, though Uncle Sam's idea of that diplomatic intrigue is that it resembles the schoolboy game of Blindman's Buff in Blunderland.

This is just what Sir Almroth Wright said—isn't it?—that women in public life would mean constant feminine intrigue and petticoat meddling; but hold a minute in your argument! The worst petticoat meddler in this war-order game is an innocent babe compared with the masculine male man in trickery and juggling and general vertigo of mental and moral poise.

One of the most preposterously absurd offers that has come to the big buyers emanated from a political ring in New York, whose head man represents big politics in the East. Here is the meek-and-mild, little-child, innocent offer from this man, without any help from petticoat politics:

Did the French Government want to buy cartridges and rifles? Yes, the French Government did—all it could lay its hands on for love or money. Very well; then this political group would furnish one billion cartridges within so many months, half a billion in so many more months, one billion in six months—in all, 7,700,000,000 within eighteen months; and 2,500,000 rifles.

Now, no matter what price was to be charged, no price is high when it is to save human lives. Examine this beneficent offer. Just look at the possibilities and probabilities in it. It would, on the calculation of the cartridge expert for the French Government, require instanter two hundred thousand tons of copper. It is a safe bet that that political group did not really know whether you mixed antimony or alimony in copper for alloy; but it is a safer bet that the metal-trust men, who first juggled prices up, then juggled them down, knew that such a sudden demand for copper would send prices up—not to seventeen cents but seventeen dollars a pound. Then there was the little matter of miraculously producing 2,500,000 rifles by the mere magic waving of some political wand.

Now, there is not a man connected with the filling of war orders who does not know that every rifle plant, and every factory capable of being turned into a rifle plant, is loaded with war orders running to April of 1916. Where was the group to get these rifles? Make 'em, of course! Erect new factories! Well, a rifle has one hundred parts. Its making requires eight hundred different operations. In a standardized plant they reckon the work of two and a half men to a rifle a day; so that a thousand rifles would require eight hundred thousand different mechanical operations and twenty-five hundred men's work for a day; and these 2,500,000 rifles were to be delivered within eighteen months. Where were the skilled rifle workers to be hired? There is probably not an idle gunworker in the whole world to-day.

"I should say," said one of the big buyers for the French, "that twenty-five such offers pour into our office each day." If you multiply those twenty-five by the similar offers pouring into the offices of the British buyers, and the Russian, and the Italian, and the Belgian, and the Dutch, and the Rumanian, and the Bulgarian, and the Danish, and the Swedish, and the German—you will have a faint idea whether the war-order bug is as pathologically dangerous to trousers as to petticoats.

Speaking of rifles, perhaps the most ridiculous offers have come in connection with the famous condemned Krag rifles in the United States arsenals. There is probably not a war broker—fake or genuine—on the Street who has not had a flyer at those rifles. It is an open secret that all sorts of means were taken early in the year to induce the Federal Government to part with those condemned Krags. Mr. Wilson turned the offers sharply down. It was after the President had flatly refused the offers that some shuttle brain concocted the dark and deadly scheme of getting the rifles in spite of the Government.

One of the big buyers was sitting in his office one day when a little man was ushered in with great mystery and ceremony. He looked round to see that all the windows were closed. He felt the doorknobs for invisible listeners on the other side. He glanced over the walls for signs of dictaphones. He gathered up his coattails and he sat him carefully down with his finger on his lips and an expressive:

"Hush!"

Not being given to habits of spontaneous combustion, the buyer did as he was told and hushed.

The Mysterious Little Rifle Plotter

"I AM one of three friends," continued the little man—the buyer did not interrupt to ask whether he was to be treated to an extemporization of the Three Musketeers. He felt in his bones what was coming. It was Krag rifles. Was the buyer in the market for rifles? The buyer most emphatically was. By this time he could hardly resist mirth. Another look at windows, doors, invisible dictaphones; then, with a hush and a whisper, "I can get those condemned Krag-Jörgensens for you!"—and a dramatic pause.

The buyer was able to control his excitement, for he had had the same thing proffered a dozen times before; but he meekly suggested that seeing was believing and he would have to see the rifles before he could credit that story.

"Pish!" a snap of the fingers, a grand-piano-sweeping dramatic wave, a little popgun explosion of the lips which only a Continental can make and not give you an impression of spitting peas.

That was easy. My friend, the buyer, had only to do as he was told; and here we descend into a realm as deep, dark, shadowy, dangerous and creepy as the stairs that descend to Dante's Inferno. The buyer began to think of the days when he was a boy and had jimjams and nightmare from eating too much plum pudding.

To add to the ludicrous features of the situation, the little man gave a German name and was undoubtedly German; and he was offering the rifles to a buyer for the French Government—just as an Englishman of an Indian artillery regiment, which never existed except on his calling card, is to-day one of the chief buyers for the Germans; and a young man who is secretary to one of the big international bankers for the Allies is also secretary to one of the supply companies for the Germans.

You encounter these amazing crisscrosses, double-crosses and mixed wires whenever you touch war orders; and I never know in such cases whether the man is taking pay from both sides, or whether each side is double-crossing the other by putting its own spy inside to report. I fancy there are a good many cases where marks go in one pocket and francs and crowns in the other.

In the case of the Krags and the French buyer the little German told my friend a number of foolish things to do, which made him feel like a festive kitten chasing a skein of yarn round its own tail—only the little Hermann was in

deadly earnest and the French buyer was nearly splitting his sides with amusement to see what would come out of the game.

The buyer was to go uptown and take a taxicab, which he would find standing by the curb somewhere near Fifty-ninth Street and Broadway. I forget whether the driver of that taxi was to twiddle his big toe or prickle his thumbs as a sign; anyway, the sly buyer was to chase himself round in a circle two or three times, looking carefully out of the rear slit window to see that he was not followed. Then he was to go round a block as fast as a tipsy top—if he was chased by a policeman so much the better—jump out of that taxicab into another, which he would find standing at a certain stop, and dash down Broadway, to a given hotel, as though pursued by the devil. At this hotel he was to have engaged, by prearrangement, a certain room on the top floor, which had a door into another room. Obviously, as you cannot walk through the solid wall, he was to turn the knob of that doorhandle; and in the other room he would find specimens of those condemned Krag rifles from the United States Arsenal.

It was when he came to engage the room beforehand that the buyer struck the first snag. He happened to know the manager of that hotel. The manager went up in air. What for? Why? Spy! Rot! This hotel did not lend itself to that sort of intrigue; but by dint of persuasion and old friendship, and guaranty that blond-headed spies would not poke from under the bed, the banker buyer engaged the room. Then he did as little Hermann directed him. He jumped breathlessly, as a good, husky American can, into a taxicab and chased himself wildly round in circles, with what gravity he could muster; and he ran round a block, asking himself what in the devil he was such a fool for; and he jumped into another taxicab and tore down Broadway; and he entered the hotel as theatrically as he could by a side door and went up to that top floor and into the room and through the doorway into the next room. And behold!—there stood the rifles, real Krags, not make-believe or a hoax, as little Hermann's air of mystery might have implied.

The Secret Service on the Job

HOW had United States rifles got out of the arsenal? If they had been stolen they must have been stolen with connivance. With the instinct of a sportsman to see how far they would go in the game, the banker buyer asked that the rifles be brought to his downtown office. They were. He asked to have them sent up to his apartment. There his wife balked and ordered the pesky things thrown out as stolen property; and those same rifles were peddled from buyer to buyer in New York City—from the Brevoort to the Waldorf, from the Waldorf to the McAlpin, and from the McAlpin presumably back to the Arsenal.

It was about a week later, when the buyer had had several similar experiences with fakers, fools and idiots, that a United States Secret Service agent called.

"Funny piece of monkey vaudeville—that!" he laughed.

"What?" asked the buyer.

The Secret Service man detailed every move of the conspiracy—the time to the minute when the first taxi was taken, the chase round the circle, then round the block, the change to the other taxi, the race down Broadway, the entering of the hotel by the side door, the rooms opening off each other, the rifles on exhibition.

"But what could the conspirators have done if you had said you would buy them?" I asked. "How could they get three hundred and fifty-five thousand rifles from the United States Arsenal?"

"That was another scheme and very much more vicious," answered the buyer. "The scheme was to stir up labor riots. The rifles would be sent to the states where trouble existed; and where it was impossible to secure the release of the rifles from the Federal Government, it might in an emergency be easy to induce the states to sell condemned rifles."

It will be recalled that at this particular time—July and August—labor riots were impending in half a dozen states; and there is not the slightest doubt that the United States Secret Service frankly warned the states that the Krags would not be released, though the bottom fell out of law and order in each of these regions. This same buyer was offered ships by the broker of a nation fighting the country for which the buyer was acting. Fortunately he found out in time and did not charter those ships for carrying war orders.

I asked a prominent Federal attorney, whose duty it might have been to prosecute in this case, why action was not taken for the stealing of those sample rifles. Was Uncle Sam to permit conspiracy to spread in a secret network underground until some slight jar brought a general explosion? He answered frankly to this effect:

"Suppose we acted now! We could bag only the tools—not the men higher up who are behind the whole game. Do you suppose for a moment that Stahl, the perjurer, or the men sent to Atlanta for shipping frauds last fall, are really the guilty people? We are in the same position as the Canadian Government. We can catch the tools and force their confession; but what is the use of catching some poor, weak fool, who would sell his soul for a drink, if you can't get ground for indicting the real criminals?

"Another thing—conditions are so new to the history of international law that it is almost impossible to pick out a law fitting these crimes of conspiracy. Who by the wildest flight of fancy could ever guess that the United States, three thousand miles away, would be overrun by conspirators and spies and back-door diplomats, and the scalawags of all Europe? We shall simply have to pass a law covering these cases the very first thing when Congress opens. At present we don't attempt to bring up a case unless we are sure of getting an indictment."

All the same, it is not unlikely that the Secret Service may very soon throw everything into the white flare of publicity as the best cure for the general folly.

Much of the underground work is so subtle that it is almost impossible to frame a law to cover it. For instance, the workmen in one munition plant of Brooklyn were plainly being intimidated. Their wages were raised; they were given bonuses and shorter hours. In spite of all this they were called out on strike. They refused to respond. All sorts of unexpected noises began happening round that plant. Motor tires blew up. Big stones fell from wagons with a crash. The exhausts of motor trucks somehow let out pistol-shot snaps when passing that plant. There is no law against these noises; but to so many threats had the workmen in that plant been subjected that the noise of a Fourth-of-July firecracker was enough to stop work and send the entire staff dashing out of the yards in fright. How are you going to frame laws to cover jumpy nerves?

It is perfectly natural when eight or nine thousand horses are brought together from all parts of the country that there should be very heavy mortality; but when twenty horses dropped dead without any premonitory symptoms of failing the shippers had the animals' stomachs examined. They had been poisoned with prussic acid. Where or how no one knew.

In one well-known group of schemers a footman was arrested for wearing a United States Army uniform; while that was being investigated it was found that every single member of that group actually changed his motor-car number with some other member of the group. Do you know any law to cover that game of hide and seek? Yet it was a very useful device to prove an alibi in case of trouble.

A very funny story is told of one member of this group. He is a lady-killer. He has deadly, fatal eyes and a dyed mustache. I do not know which discharges the killing shot. He poses as an American citizen who unfortunately cannot show a birth certificate because he happened to be born in New York about 1874 or 1875, the year the records were burned. Somebody has evidently coached him very thoroughly on points of law in the United States. All the same, he habitually carries two sets of official papers—one for instant use to China; the other for a sudden change of climate to Brazil. He is buyer for one of the fighting countries—or pretends he is a buyer. He lives in one of three houses, each of which has a door opening into one of the others. This is a very convenient arrangement for friendly visits or quick, unannounced exits.

Though he poses as an American citizen and shows pictures of himself photographed with the Canadian military authorities, he was on the Kaiser's staff in Germany and was a military attaché in Russia. Also, he served in the Russo-Japanese War. In 1911, when deviltries were brewing in Mexico, this man was very active there. He is the head of an American purchasing company which has a capital of three thousand dollars and buys supplies in the millions; and that might lead one to ask, out of idle curiosity: Who foots their buying bills? It was his company that cornered a certain chemical and so prevented the Japanese from obtaining it last summer.

It was also his company that sent barrels of oil out to "the mystery ships" from various New York docks last summer. Sometimes the ships' manifests read to South America, sometimes to South Africa, sometimes to the Canary Islands. Anyway, the ships always circled out off their course; but if a prominent theatrical lady, who was a friend of this American count, would tell why she bought a long, desolate stretch of the New England coast adjoining the property of her bungalow, one would have a pretty good idea where the mystery ships circled off their course, and why. The code signal of the submarines if they came in was to be: "Mamma ill—had to leave"; or "Mamma sick—could not stay on board"; or any little, innocent, daughter-loving message about dear mamma. How many submarines were expected, or whether they came in at all, I do not know. What I do know is that this American count expected four.

I said he was a lady-killer and dangled fair scalps at his ample belt. That was where the joke came in; and his dulcet accents and his melodramatic gestures and his melting eyes could not allay suspicion. Each of his charming conquests began to wonder how many wives he had. He told stories of multitudinous cousins. He told stories of numerous daughters. He told stories of countless aunts. But one woman, sharper than the others, hunted up the passport records of women bearing the count's name; and he acknowledged that the numerous dames honored with his name were spies working on war orders; and, what is more, he spoke the truth.

Who Mixed the Boots?

THE United States Secret Service had been watching his every move; but you cannot arrest a woman for being Countess Number One, Two or Three, and for talking to a railroad freight hand. Neither can you arrest an American count for having a little cottage in the woods near a United States arsenal. The British Secret Service got wind of one man with false passports taking passage for Falmouth. They cabled. The man slipped detection; but on his person he carried charts of every harbor on the Atlantic from which war orders are being shipped.

The same week when the horses were poisoned with prussic acid in Cleveland, great cargoes of hay bought for European armies were burned in New Jersey, and a horse ship was found on fire in Montreal harbor. It is a question whether buyer or seller has been swindled the more in horse deals. Certainly one government spent three hundred thousand dollars on horses for which it never saw a horse's tail. The money was paid, the horses were inspected and shipped to New York—five trains in all. They never reached New York, or else, by mistake, when delivered, they went into the hands of the wrong consignee. When investigators went out buyers and sellers had vanished into thin air; and the trick was probably worked by forged telegraph orders, which covered the track of the swindlers.

The same government bought three hundred thousand pairs of shoes for the army, paying over three dollars a pair. Who bedeviled that shipment and how? When those shoes reached Europe they were in boys' sizes, off sizes—any size but soldiers'. Some busybodies in the shoe factories had deliberately mixed orders, and the blame has as yet remained untraced. The trick cost the buying government a million dollars' loss. Millions of dollars' worth of stuff has been bought for which value has never shown up. The inspectors inspected the goods and certified payment,

(Concluded on Page 34)

OH, YOU BONEHEAD!

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Big Carey Was a Whale

WHAT did the Coach say to him?" asked Harris.

"You'll fall over when I tell you," Dana replied. "The fellas hadn't started takin' off their suits. They were waitin' to hear Dickie get his. Some of 'em were cryin' and I was blubberin' a bit myself. Dickie sat in front of his locker, white as a sheet. The Coach came in and stood there a minute, lookin' us over. Everybody in the room expected him to cut loose on Dickie. Dickie himself expected it. And why shouldn't he?

"Well, the Coach, as I say, just stood there a minute, lookin' us over. Then he went right up to where Dickie was sittin', and I thought he was goin' to punch him. Dickie thought so, too, 'cause I could see him sort o' cringe; but the Coach smiled at him—yes, sir, smiled. And then he said:

"'Dickie, I want to shake hands with you. You didn't quite put it over, but you gave 'em a good scare.'

"Well, Dickie broke down then and cried worse than any of us; but the Coach kept right on smilin'.

"'Don't let it bother you any more,' he said. 'We'll get 'em next year when we're not all crippled up.' Then he turned to the rest of the bunch. 'Why don't you get those dirty suits off?' he said. 'There's no use sittin' there like mourners at a funeral. The beans are spilled, but we gave 'em a mighty good fight. Everybody expected 'em to run all over us, and holdin' 'em to three points is a credit to you, boys. We can't help it if they've got a good kicker. Without him it would have been 0 to 0.'

"'And if it hadn't been for me,' said poor Dickie, 'we'd have licked 'em 7 to 3.'

"'If it hadn't been for you,' said the Coach, 'they'd have licked us 20 to 0. Hurry up now, boys; get those suits off and quit thinkin' about it. You can do what you please to-night and to-morrow, and I'll see you Monday.'"

"What do you know about that!" Harris exclaimed.

"It's got me beat," replied Dana. "Course, after he got through I didn't feel like sayin' what I thought. He went away and left us, and I haven't seen him since. I stuck in there a while with the boys, but finally it got too painful. You could cut the silence with a knife. So I followed the Coach's example and left."

"Do you s'pose Dickie really knew he'd pulled a boner?"

"How could he help knowin' it? The whole bunch lit into him before we ever left the field. And I could hear some of the crowd hollerin' Bonehead! at him while we were comin' off. He knew it, all right."

"If it was me," said Harris, "I'd buy a cannon and blow out my brains."

"How could you blow out your brains," demanded Dana, "if you didn't have any? If he'd had even half a brain he'd have known better than to pull what he pulled. There was absolutely no excuse on earth, and ——"

The gym door opened and the Coach came in.

"Hello, Bert!" he said, and shook Harris' hand. "How's my trusty scout? And how did they look to you?"

"Mighty good, Coach!" was the reply. "They'll give us all we can handle. It's the best team I've looked at in two years."

"Did you get anything on 'em?" asked the Coach.

"Sure! Enough to write a book. Some of their signals too."

And Harris drew a notebook from his pocket and handed it to his chief.

"I'll look it over after a while," said the Coach. "I want to tell you two boys that we've got to go some this week to keep those fellas keyed up. I'm afraid that game Saturday has taken the heart out of 'em. If we'd won that one, Doane would be easy for us. And we could have won it just like that!"

"It was a rotten shame!" said Harris.

"It was a shame," agreed the Coach. "I s'pose Dana's told you all about it?"

"He told me enough," Harris replied. "He told me you let Dickie off mighty easy."

"I should think you did!" Dana put in. "If I'd been him I'd have been disappointed if you hadn't knocked my block off."

The Coach smiled.

"Just between us," he said, "I felt like killin' him. I b'lieve I would if I could have got hold of him right after he pulled it. Maybe you noticed that I was a little late gettin' in here afterward. I didn't come in till I was cooled off. I wanted to be sure to keep myself in hand when I saw him."

"You certainly kept yourself in hand," said Dana. "If you're askin' me, you were a whole lot too good to him. You'd have given your right eye to win that game, and he went and lost it for you. If he'd dropped a punt or missed a tackle I wouldn't think anything about it. Anybody's li'ble to do those things. But ——"

"But he lost his head," the Coach interrupted. "All he had to do was use common sense and we'd have trimmed 'em. He went out of his way to pull a boner and you fellas think he should have been called for it. You wonder why I didn't cut loose on him. Well, I'm goin' to tell you a little story and then maybe you'll understand why Dickie got the glad hand instead of a lot of abuse."

The Coach pocketed Harris' notebook and sat down. His two assistants, who had risen at his entrance, resumed their seats on the rubbing table and were ready to listen.

If you fellas followed the dope you'll remember Joe Draper. He was quarterback two years ago, my last year at Leighton. You must have read about his track work anyway. He ran the 100 and the 220 and the high hurdles, and was first in both dashes in the intercollegiate of 1911 and 1912. He tied the 220 record twice and could do the 100 in even time whenever he wanted to. Leighton finished second in the meet both those years, and if it hadn't been for him they'd have dropped out of the bottom. He was their whole track team.

He was an Alpha Delt and the Alpha Delt's were the real cheese at Leighton. He was as smart as a whip and there never was a bit of danger of the faculty keepin' him out of athletics; in fact he was just about the best student in college and everybody was predictin' a whale of a career for him. He was a boy a great deal like Dickie. He was popular with everybody, but he never ran round nights or cut up any, and it wasn't a particle of trouble to keep him in shape.

His only dissipation was the prettiest girl on the campus. Nobody could blame him for pursuin' her. He seemed to have all his speed on that track, too, 'cause they were engaged before he was through his junior year.

She was from St. Louis and the best-lookin' girl I ever saw, bar one. Her family were well fixed and the boys had a license to envy Joe. At that, he wasn't gettin' any the better of the bargain, 'cause he was a handsome kid and good-natured as they make 'em, besides bein' so smart that it was a cinch he'd get somewhere.

Joe and the girl were together all the time he wasn't in the classroom or gym. In the vacation before his senior year he went down to St. Louis to meet her folks and made a big hit. They didn't think anybody was quite good enough for her, but Joe came as close as any boy they could hope to find. She was a year behind Joe in school, but she was figurin' on passin' up her senior year so they could be married as soon as Joe got through.

Joe came from Cedarville, a little burg in Iowa. He'd played football in the high school and he tried out for our Freshmen team in his first year at Leighton. He made the team at quarterback and I was tickled to death to see him there, 'cause I figured I could use him to good advantage the followin' fall. It didn't take a stop watch to tell you how fast he was. In the practice against my bunch and the scrubs he got away often and there was no catchin' him in a clear field. Course I had McGill for quarter at that time and he was only a second-year man; so I was plannin' to make a halfback out of Joe. But one night the kid broke his arm scrimmagin' with the scrubs, and the Freshmen had to go along without him the rest of the season.

That winter Joe showed Murphy, our track coach, what he could do in the sprints and hurdles, and the Freshmen bunch cleaned up in every meet they had. He went outdoors in the spring and did even better than Murphy expected. He could run the 100 backward in .10 flat, and he went over the sticks so fast you thought he was flyin'.

Well, I went up to Leighton in June to see how many of the good-lookin' Freshmen I could count on for that fall. Almost the first fella I ran into was Murphy. I started kiddin' him about his varsity track team, which had finished sixth in the intercollegiate.

"Wait till next year," said Murph "If I don't land second or better my name's Goldstein."

"What's up your sleeve?" I asked him.

"The most consistent sprinter I ever saw," said Murph. "I can tell you to a fifth of a second what his time's goin' to be before he ever starts runnin'. He can go the 100 in .10 five times a day durin' the week and as many times as he has to on Saturday. What's more, the boy's good enough to beat the world in the 220 and the high sticks."

"You kept him pretty well under cover in the big meet," I said.

"He's a Freshman," answered Murph.

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Joe Draper," said Murph.

"Oh, I know him," I said. "He was quarter on the All-Fresh."

"Yes, till he broke an arm," said Murph; "but he's through with football now."

"What do you mean—through with football?" said I. "You'll find him playin' halfback for me this fall. I've been countin' on him all winter."

"I'm sorry you've been countin' on him," said Murph; "but I might as well break the news to you. He's promised me to stick to track and pass up everything else. I'm not goin' to have that baby spoiled; so you can just keep your hands off him. It won't do you any good to meddle anyway. I've got his promise and that means something to a boy like him."

"You've got a lot of nerve!" I said. "I s'pose everybody's got to step out of the way to make room for your rotten old track team."

"Be decent!" said Murph. "You know very well I'm not hurtin' you any. You've got McGill at quarter for two more years and you've got two halfbacks that anybody'd be glad to have, now that Bixby's eligible. What you need is big tackles; and if young Draper could help you out there I'd let you have him, and welcome."

Well, he made me own up that I wasn't exactly starvin' to death for lack of good backs and I finally promised him I'd leave Draper alone. Maybe one reason I promised was because I knew it wouldn't do me any good not to.

McGill was pretty near a perfect quarterback for my style of game. He could use his head as well as his legs and his right foot. I b'lieve that with him in the back field alone, I could have scored on anybody; but he had a good supportin' company too. Bixby, who'd been on the All-Fresh, could run and grab passes with the best of 'em; and when the other side spraddled their de-fense all over the field to stop my open game, I had Conrad and Meeks to shoot through the holes.

In the next two seasons we were scored on just twice and nobody came near tyin' us. You remember what we did to Pelham in 1911. We licked 'em 27 to 0 and that was the worst beatin' they got in fifteen years. But 1911 was McGill's last year, and Conrad's and Meeks' too. The Pelham papers all came out after the season and said our days of glory were about over; that losin' McGill and Conrad and Meeks, besides some of the linemen, would leave us up against it, and Pelham, which had all their good ones comin' back, would probably get plenty of revenge the followin' fall.

I figured this dope was pretty near right and I was wishin' my contract with Leighton had run out that season instead of holdin' over another year; but the fact that the next was goin' to be my last season, and that Pelham figured on givin' us a good trimmin', made me all the more anxious to beat 'em. And I didn't think or dream about anything but football all that winter long.

In January I wrote to Murphy. I pointed out to him that I didn't have a quarterback to take McGill's place; there was nothin' on the scrubs or Freshmen that looked even fair. I told him I thought I could make a dandy out of Draper, and I didn't think it would be any more than right for Murphy to give me a whack at him after I'd laid off for two whole seasons. I said my chances of turnin' out a team that wouldn't disgrace Leighton for life depended on my gettin' hold of a boy with Draper's speed.

I made it pretty strong and Murphy fell. He said he would release Joe from his promise and if I could persuade him to come out for football, all right. So then I sat down and wrote to the kid. I gave him a nice little spiel about comin' to the old school's rescue, and told him that if I had a man of his speed in there we'd hang a surprise on Pelham and Marshall, and the rest of 'em, and he'd have a lot more honors to add to those he'd won on the track.

He wrote back a gentlemanly little note. He said he wasn't after any glory for himself; but Leighton had been good to him and he felt as though he owed it to her to come out for football if I really needed him. And if Mr. Murphy was willin' to release him from his promise I could count on him to show up in the fall. He asked to be excused from reportin' early 'cause he had made engagements for the first two weeks in September. About the time he was writin' this note to me he was gettin' engaged to the girl I told you about, and the date he had for the followin' September was with her people down in St. Louis. I found that out afterward.

Bixby'd been elected captain and I knew I'd have him to figure on. There was a big, strong kid named Ashton that I'd used as substitute for Conrad, and I was countin' on makin' a regular fullback out of him. I'd have to dig up another halfback and a kicker; I didn't know then that Draper could kick. I'd lost my four best linemen, so there was another problem starin' me in the face; but I gritted my teeth and said to myself that the bigger the handicap was I had to work against, the more fun it would be to put somethin' over. And I thought and thought and figured and figured, till it got so bad that I'd wake myself up in the middle of the night, callin' signals.

Bixby and the rest of the boys I'd invited showed up the first week in September. I started 'em all kickin' and found that there wasn't a man in the crowd that could punt one from here to that wall. As for drop and place kickin', none of 'em could raise the ball off the ground. After three days I gave up and decided to wait till college opened and the rest of the squad showed up.

Then Draper came out and I got the surprise of my life. Just foolin', his first day on the field, he dropped a couple of goals from forty yards out, and he cut loose some punts that would have made Pat O'Dea jealous. They went way up in the clouds and they averaged a good fifty yards. You can bet all you've got that I was tickled.

"Where did you learn to kick?" I said to Joe.

"I was a pretty fair kicker in high school," he said.

"Well," I said, "I'm sorry we didn't have you the last two years."

"You got along all right without me," said he, smilin'.

"Yes," said I; "but you'll fit in very nicely this year and, if you're willin', you'll get three years' work crowded into one."

"That suits me," he said. "When I go into a thing I like to go into it hard."

Well, things went along pretty good and we opened up our season with Brandon. We beat 'em 13 to 0. We could have made it 40 to 0 without strainin' ourselves; but I took pretty near the whole first string out when I saw how easy they were. I let Joe do a little puntin' in the game, but I was keepin' the other part of his kickin' a secret. I told our newspaper boys about it and asked 'em not to say anything. They agreed, and then I knew I was safe and could give Joe plenty of practice shootin' at goals without any danger of it gettin' into print.

Honest, I never saw his equal as a point kicker; and I don't except Eckersall or Brickley, or any of 'em. Give him proper protection, and he could score from forty yards out just as often as he tried.

That simplified matters a whole lot. Instead of workin' up an off-ense that would get touchdowns, which was no cinch when I didn't have a good plunger, all I had to do was figure somethin' that would take me inside their forty-yard line. I knew there wasn't much danger of Joe's gettin' hurt; he was a rugged kid for his size and, besides, I intended to play him safe. So I just went ahead and built round that right foot of his. I worked up some open stuff for him and Bixby that would gain if it wasn't used often. Most of it was fakes from kick formation, 'cause, of course, I was goin' strong to the puntin' game with a feller like that to send 'em away.

Only when the gates were locked tight did we practice those plays of Bixby's and Joe's. The rest of the time we plunged or else we kicked; and people must have thought I was crazy to stick to the plungin' game when I didn't have a plunger who'd go into the line frontward. But we went through the practice season without showin' anything else; and we went through clean too. Our line smashers didn't smash. They backed up. But they were good enough, along with Joe's puntin,' to win from Barnes and Riverside and Hotchkiss and the Indians. Even if they hadn't been I wouldn't have cared. I was out to trim Pelham and Marshall, and if those little dubs had licked us I'd have just laughed.

We had some mighty close shaves and everybody who saw us thought we'd get everlastingly slaughtered in our two big games. That's just what I wanted 'em to think and it didn't make any difference to me how much abuse I got. The New York papers were sayin' I was loafin' on the job 'cause it was my last year at Leighton. They said it was a crime for a

"Get Out of My Sight Before I Murder You!"

coach that had as good a man as Bixby not to build an attack round him. They said I might be holdin' somethin' back, but they didn't b'lieve so, 'cause the fellas I had in my backfield, outside of Bixby, didn't even look capable of keepin' a secret. They said the burden of bein' captain was takin' some of the football out of Bixby. And they said I ought to do somethin' with Draper's speed or else set him on the side lines, where there was no danger of his gettin' hurt. One of the experts said he'd be willin' to bet that Ashton, my fullback, could plunge three times into a bathtub full of water without makin' a ripple. He was about right too.

Well, I was glad they thought I was soldierin' on the job and that I didn't have anything; but don't imagine that I was enthusiastic over what I did have. My chance was better than anybody figured, but it wasn't much good at that.

I had the best punter and point kicker I'd ever looked at, and he was a fast man too. Then I had Bixby, who'd made All-America the year before; but his strength was in his open-field work and his de-fense. He couldn't plunge a yard against the wind. And I had one guard that was alive, and a pair of ends who could smash things up, but who weren't worth a nickel apiece to catch a pass. They couldn't have covered an ordinary man's punts, either; but Joe's went so high you could have driven a hearse down there and beat 'em to the fullback.

I worked for days at a time fixin' up protection for Joe's kicks. He made that part of it less of a job for me by learnin' to get 'em off in next to nothin'. And when the week of the Pelham game came round I was pretty well satisfied that nobody'd break through in time to block 'em.

I'll tell you just what I told the boys—and I was tellin' 'em the truth too. I said:

"Boys, we're goin' into this game the under dogs. You know just what we've got and I know what Pelham's got. I'll give it to you straight that Pelham's got more than we have; but they think we're a lot worse than we are. That's our chance. They're goin' into this game overconfident and we're goin' into it determined. If you show all the football I've taught you, and if you never quit fightin' from start to finish, you'll beat 'em, 'cause they'll be surprised to death. But if you ease up for a minute, or if you don't carry out instructions, you'll get the worst lickin' in history. I'm not askin' much of you. You haven't got a complicated set of signals to think of. All you have to do is fight.

"I'm lookin' to you linemen to see that they don't get through on Joe's kicks, and he's goin' to kick on pretty near every first down when the ball's in our territory. I don't have to tell you what your duty is if he gets a chance to shoot at their goal. We won't score any touchdowns on 'em without a lot of luck; but we will score from the field if you boys hold up your end. And we're li'ble to score more from the field than they can score against us, if Joe's properly protected.

"You ends want to remember that Joe and Bix can't get loose unless you knock those red sweaters galley-west. Keep your eyes open for red jerseys on those plays and drive into 'em. And when they've got the ball smash that

They Carried Him Off the Field and He Was Ravin' Like a Wild Man

interference if it breaks your necks. Remember that Winslow and Smith will run wild if you don't bust up their interference so Bix and Ashton can get at 'em.

"You linemen can stop Eaton if you're not afraid to get down. Pelham plays a high line, and that gives you fellers all the best of it if you keep at 'em and keep low. Eaton's got a big reputation as a plunger, but you boys want to remember that the best plunger in the world can't gain if he's stopped before he gets to the line. Bix will tell you what de-fense to play and the minute he gives it to you, you do it, without stoppin' to ask questions. This is his third game against those fellers and he knows what they're up to better than you do."

That's what I told 'em the week of the game. I kept drivin' it into those ends that our chance was to score from the field, and the only way we could get close enough was for them to cover Joe's punts, or, on our fake plays, to put three or four red jerseys out of business.

I may as well tell you what our attack was; it won't take but a minute. I figured Pelham would play their de-fense open all the time, 'cause they knew we couldn't plunge and thought we might pass once in a while when we weren't puntin'. So I had a shift that took the whole line except the left end over to the right of center. Then I had Joe back in the kickin' position and Bixby pretty near as far back and over on the right side. Ashton and my other halfback, Warner, were up on the line, on the strong side. The ball was passed back to Joe and he made a bluff to throw it down the field on the strong side. I played my left end in the guard's position, and the minute the ball was passed he'd let the man playin' against him come on through. Bixby'd wait till this feller got pretty near on top of Joe and then he'd take the ball off Joe's hand and run to their weak side. I figured on his speed to get him out of the way of the feller my left end had let through. After my end was free, he was supposed to knock their right halfback out of it. It was a good deal like the play Dickie and Benson have been usin' all fall. It was to be used a couple of times, with shifts to both sides.

Then I had a fake kick that relied just on Joe's speed and wouldn't work more than once, and maybe not at all, 'cause they'd be layin' for it and they had the men to stop it. And I had a pretty fair onside kick that I figured would work once or twice, 'cause Joe could kick 'em up in the clouds and Bixby wasn't afraid to grab 'em when they came down.

And I had a lateral and forward pass from Joe to Ashton to Bixby. It was to be used just once. I was pretty sure it would go through, 'cause all my other passes were fakes; and, though Ashton wasn't worth dependin' on for anything in most plays, I'd drilled him so hard in this one that he got to doin' it pretty good.

And then I had one pet. I'm goin' to give it to the boys when I get 'em out there this afternoon. We called it Number 91 and it was a double-X special. The whole line except one man shifted to the right side. Then my backs lined up in tandem formation, close to the line on the right side, with Draper in the regular quarterback position. He'd call a long string of signals; and, when the other side thought the ball must be snapped pretty soon, Ashton, my fullback, would butt in and holler: "Wait a minute! Signals!"

Well, sir, nine times out of ten the other team would raise up and kind of stretch themselves while they were waitin' for the signals to be started again; and the minute they raised up the ball was passed to Joe and he'd scoot wide round their weak end. We'd fooled the scrubs with it even when they knew what was comin'.

That was my off-ense. Ashton and Warner were to be sent into the line four or five times to give Joe and Bix a rest and to keep Pelham guessin'; but I knew neither of 'em could gain a foot.

Joe was to keep kickin' and kickin' till we were in the middle of the field, and then try somethin' that would get us to where he could take a shot.

I had more different formations for de-fense than I had for attack. Pelham's team was practically the same as the year before and I knew their plays like a book. Bix knew 'em, too, and I could rely on him to call the right de-fense for whatever they sprung; but I couldn't rely on my men to do their part of it. If they'd been as strong and smart as my 1911 gang I'd have been willin' to bet that the formations I'd planned would stop anything Pelham tried. But these boys were awful, awful green and all I could do was try to get 'em worked up to the fightin' point and keep 'em there. I was backin' up the line with Carey, my big guard, and I knew we were gone if anything happened to him.

Carey, Bixby and Draper—that's what I had. And I was actually plannin' to beat eleven seasoned football players with those three, and two of 'em had never been in a real game.

We went over to Pelham Friday mornin' and I rode with Joe all the way, tellin' him what I expected of him.

"You're the baby," I said. "If you put this over there'll be more glory in it for you than you could win in twenty track meets or ten college courses. Keep the ball high up and you'll gain ten yards on every swap. Don't forget that you've got to stick in the game. Don't get hurt. Signal for a fair catch every time they kick to you, no matter where you are. And don't be a bit afraid to take a shot at those uprights whenever you're within forty yards. You can do it."

I had 'em out at Pelham Field on Friday afternoon. I didn't let Joe drop kick, 'cause, as I told you, nobody but our bunch knew he could; but he punted and he caught punts till he knew what the wind was apt to do in that stadium of theirs. The rest of the boys just warmed up and I didn't keep 'em out there long—I was afraid they might see some of those big, husky Pelham birds and get scared.

The bettin' against us was 3 to 1. Those odds were about right on the showin' we'd made and on the looks of the two teams on paper; but if I'd been anybody but who I was I'd have grabbed some of that short end, 'cause I knew we weren't so long a shot as that.

Well, a couple of trainloads came from Leighton on Saturday morning. They were a brave gang to make the trip, 'cause ninety-nine out of every hundred of 'em thought we'd be murdered.

Joe's girl was in the crowd. I'd seen her lots of times and admired her from a distance, but I never saw her look prettier than when he introduced her to me in the hotel lobby that mornin'.

"Is there any hope?" she asked me.

"A little," I said. "It's right there with you."

Then she and Joe looked at each other and smiled, and she said:

"Well, if he's it we'll win, sure."

"We will if he keeps his head," said I.

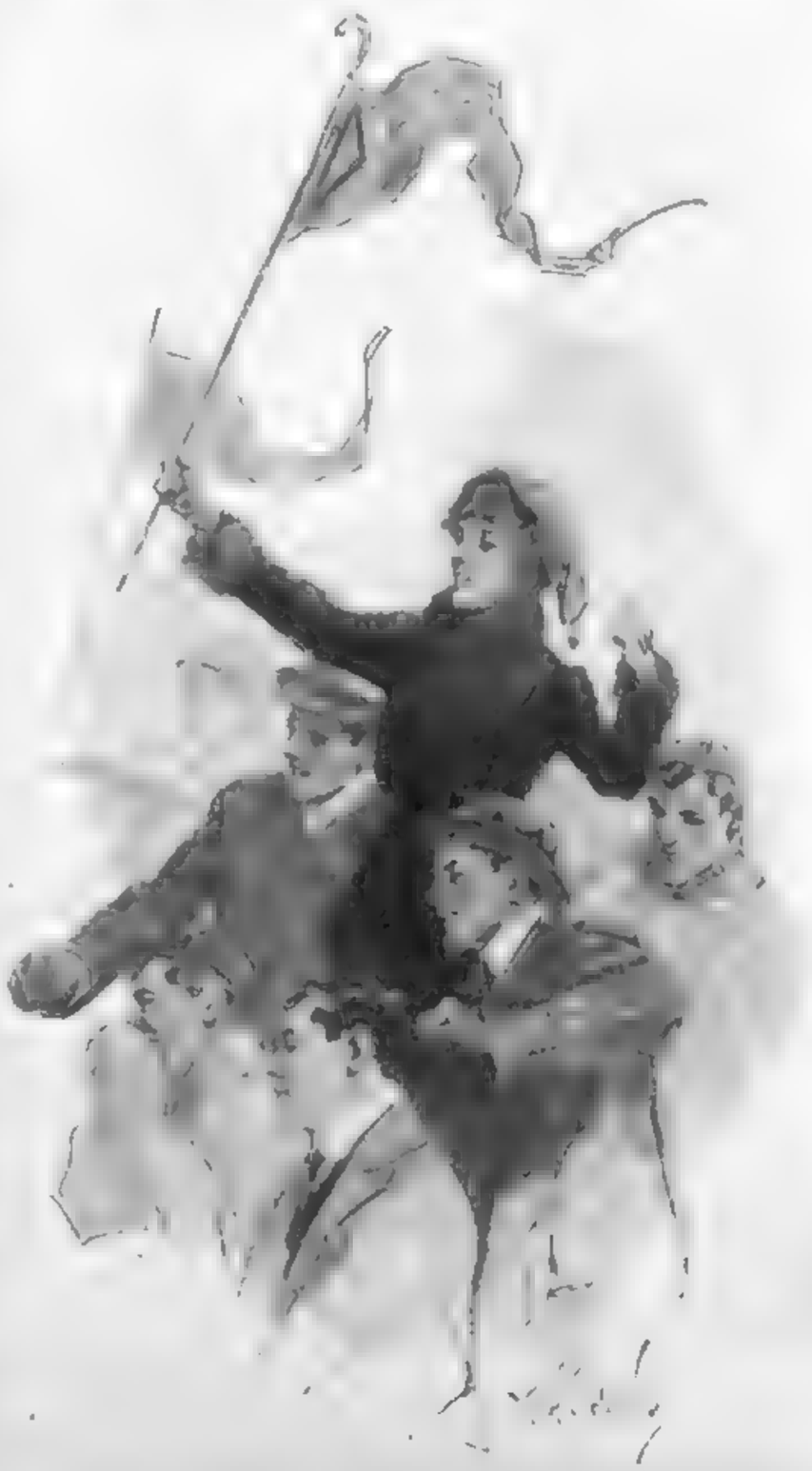
"Oh," said she, "there's no danger of his not doin' that. It must be you haven't heard how clever Joe is.

"I can see right now that he's clever," said I. And they smiled again and walked away.

Well, I took the boys out to the field late, so they wouldn't have time to get nervous. I gave 'em one final talkin' to in the dressin' room; and I got Joe and Bix off to one side and told 'em, for the five-thousandth time, what they were to do. My last word to Joe was:

"Don't be afraid to take a shot," I said. "If you're in good position it's better to try one on the first down than run the risk of losin' the ball on a fumble."

That's how sure I was that he could score from the field. I wish now I hadn't been so sure.



His Only Dissipation Was the Prettiest Girl on the Campus

I won't have to waste much time tellin' you about the game. They had the wind in the first quarter, but Joe held his own at that. Big Carey was a whale. He not only stopped Eaton, but he spilled most of their open stuff before they could get it started. Only twice did Smith or Winslow get loose, and then Bixby nailed 'em before they'd gone far. But the ball was in our territory all the while and we didn't do anything but kick. I was pullin' for Smith to muff one of those high punts, but he was as sure as taxes.

Well, it looked pretty good. We'd have the wind the next quarter and then Joe's foot would put us up somewhere close. I was so anxious to get that wind back of us that those first fifteen minutes seemed like a week. Finally it came time for us to change goals; and then, sure enough, Joe lifted one over Smith's head and she rolled out of bounds on their six-yard line. They brought her in and made one play to get out in the middle of the field. Eaton kicked against the wind and Joe grabbed her for a fair catch on their thirty-five-yard line. He was off to the side quite a bit; so he sent Bix out to the middle with her on the first play and then he dropped back for his first try.

"Now we'll see if he's there in the pinch," I said to myself.

He was. The ball went about twenty feet above the crossbar and right straight between the posts. I wish you could have heard that crowd! Our little bunch made more noise than the German Army, and the whole Pelham gang let out a groan. It sure was a shock to 'em. They'd never suspected we had a Brickley and they couldn't have been more surprised if we'd come on the field in nightgowns. I looked over to where Joe Bentley, their coach, was standin', and I could see him scowlin' clear across the field.

Well, the rest of the period was all puntin', and we gained every whack, but not enough to get us within range again. My boys were playin' like crazy men on defense and our only danger was that they'd wear out and let up. I was tickled to death when the end of the half came and they had a chance to rest.

"You're goin' to be against the wind this next quarter," I told 'em. "You'll have to work your heads off for fifteen minutes more, and then you'll get that old breeze back of you again and it'll be all over but the shoutin'. They'll try to rough you from now on, Joe. Keep out of their way all you can. That one long punt put you in right that time. Maybe you'll have another piece of luck like that; but, if you don't, remember, they haven't seen any of our plays yet and they all ought to work—what there is of 'em. You'll be All-America, Carey, if you keep goin'. Don't ease up for a minute, boys! We've got 'em in a hole now and all you have to do is fight."

I was right about their roughin' Joe, but they were too smart to get caught at it. They didn't bump him after he'd kicked; but occasionally they got a chance at him while Ashton and Warner were givin' a demonstration of how to get stopped on a crossbuck. They'd come through and fall into my star performer as though it was an accident; and I might have thought it was if I hadn't known it wasn't. But Joe seemed to be standin' the gaff all right. He never had to ask for time. Bixby, though, was dropped for the count twice in succession and I began worryin' about him.

I could see that my whole bunch were gettin' tired along in the last end of that third quarter, but I couldn't relieve 'em, 'cause my substitutes were an awful bunch of cheese. I did send in one new tackle, with instructions to have somebody lay down after every play, so the boys could get plenty of rest. They were too green to do that without tellin' 'em.

We still had 'em 3 to 0 goin' into the last quarter. The wind was with us now and I wasn't lookin' for any trouble. But it came. They had the ball on their own forty-yard line, with three to go on the fourth down. Eaton dropped back to kick. It was a fake and Winslow came scootin' round our right end. I saw he was goin' to make his distance, but I wasn't really scared till Bix missed him.

I don't know yet how he could have, 'cause Winslow was straight up and didn't even dodge. Well, he got by Bix somehow and it looked for a minute as though Joe'd miss him too; but Joe finally chased him out of bounds. They were on our twelve-yard line.

I knew they'd plunge with Eaton now. Bixby knew it too. He called the right defense for it, but the boys were all in. They couldn't stop him. He went over in five punches and somebody kicked the goal.

"Good night!" I said to myself; and I was as happy as a Belgian farmer.

There was about seven minutes to play and my kids were dyin' on their feet. The crowd was hollerin' so I could hardly think. There didn't seem to be much use of thinkin' anyway. Two minutes before we'd looked like a cinch. Now we were a million-to-one shot.

The ball was kicked off and punted back and forth before I realized they were playin' again. I suddenly woke up to the fact that Joe was still puntin' on first downs. I grabbed one of my cheesy substitutes off the bench. I hustled him out there to tell Joe to cut loose with all he had.

(Continued on Page 45)

THE GRAY DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

LXXII

MORRELL had had no easy day with Ben Sansome. He had been forced to spend the whole of it with his protégé, save for the hour he had devoted to seeing Keith off on the piratical expedition. It was a terrible bore. In turn he had played on the youth's pique, the supposed insult to his manhood, his desire for the woman. Sansome was not naturally a valiant adventurer; but he had an exceedingly touchy vanity, which with a little coddling answered nearly as well. Morrell took the confident attitude that of course Sansome was not afraid; therefore, Sansome was ashamed to be afraid.

"For the moment," said he, "she's carried away by the glamour of this Vigilante movement. They seem to her strong men. She contrasts them with us men of the world, and as she cannot see that a polished exterior is not incompatible with strength, she has a faint growing contempt for us. Women like strength, masterfulness. It is the chance of your life to show her that a man *comme il faut* is the equal of these squalid brutes in that respect. She is in love with you already, but she doesn't know it. All that is necessary is a show of masterfulness to make her realize it." He stifled a yawn.

"Lord, what dreary piffle!" he confided to himself. He painted Keith as a contemptible renegade from his own class, currying favor with those below him, a cheap demagogue, a turncoat avid for popular power. "At heart he's a coward—all such men are. And he's so wrapped up in his ambition that his wife is a small matter to him. There's no danger from him, for he's away; and after the first flare-up we'll be able to handle him among us, never fear!" But after impressing this point, Morrell always was most careful to interpose the warning: "If it should come to trouble don't let him get near you. He's absolutely rotten with a gun—you saw him in that farce of a duel—but he's a strong beggar. Don't let him get his hands on you!"

"I won't," promised Sansome a trifle shakily.

Then Morrell, lighting a fresh cigar and fortifying his bored soul with another drink, skillfully outlined a portrait of Sansome himself as a hero, a dashing man of the world, a real devil among the ladies, the haughty and proud exponent of aristocratic high-handedness. He laid this on pretty thick, but Sansome had by now consumed a vast number of drinks, and was ready to swallow almost anything in addition. Morrell's customary demeanor was rather stolid, silent and stupid; but when he was really interested and cared to exert himself he became unexpectedly voluble and plausible. Mid-evening he drove this creature of his own fashioning out to Jake's Place and deposited him in the parlor with the open fire, the table of drinks and the easy-chairs.

His plans from this point on were based on the fact that he had started Keith out on an expedition that should last all night. Had there been the slightest chance that the injured husband could appear you may be sure Morrell would not have been present. Of course witnesses were necessary to the meeting at the roadhouse; but with Keith imminent, hirelings would have been arranged for. With Keith safely away, Morrell saw no reason why he should not enjoy the situation himself. Therefore he had arranged a little supper party. Teeny McFarlane and Jimmy Ware were his first thought. Then he added Pop McFarlane. If he wanted Teeny as a witness the party must be respectable.

At the sound of wheels outside Morrell arose and slipped out the back door of the parlor.

"Remember," he told Sansome from the doorway, "now's the chance of your whole life! You've got her love and you must keep her. She'll cut up rough at first. That's when you must show what's in you. Go right after her!"

As Nan burst into the room Morrell softly closed—and locked—the door behind him.

"Keep Away! Keep Away!" She Warned Him Through Gritted Teeth

LXXIII

BUT Sansome, although he had put up a brave front to the last moment, was not in reality feeling the hero of romance he looked. In spite of Morrell's cleverness the Englishman had failed to observe that Sansome had touched the fringe of that second stage of semidrunkenness when the "drinks were dying on him." While outwardly fairly sober, inwardly he was verging toward the incoherent. First one phase or mood would come to the top, then another, without order, sequence or logical reason. He was momentarily dangerous or harmless. Nan's abrupt entrance scattered his last coherences. For the moment he fell back on habit, and habit was with him conventional. He smiled his best smile.

"Do sit down," he urged in his most society manner.

This immediately convinced Nan that Keith must be badly hurt.

"Tell me at once!" she demanded. "Where is Milton? Is he—is ——"

"As far as I know," replied Sansome, still in his courtly manner, "Mr. Keith is in perfect health. As to where he is"—he waved an airy hand—"I do not know. It does not matter, does it? The point is, we are cozy here together. Do sit down."

"I don't understand," said she, advancing a step nearer. "Don't put me off. I got a note saying ——"

"I know; I wrote it," boasted Sansome fatuously.

The blood mounted to her face, her fists clenched, she advanced fearlessly.

"I don't quite understand," she repeated, in hard, crisp tones. "You wrote it? Isn't it true? What did you do such a thing for?"

"To get you here, my dear, of course," rejoined Sansome gallantly. "I knew your Puritanical scruples; I love them every one—but ——"

"Do you mean to say you dared decoy me here!" challenged Nan, all aflame. Her whole emotion was one of rage. It did not occur to her to be afraid of Ben Sansome, the conventional, the dilettante exquisite without the gumption to say boo to a goose!

This Sansome answered her, the habit of society strong within him. He became deprecatory, pleading, almost apologetic. His manners were on top, and his rather weak nature quailed before the blaze of her anger.

"I know it was inexcusable," he babbled, "but what could I do? I am mad about you! Do forgive me! Just sit down for a few moments. I don't blame you for being angry—anyone is angry at being deceived—but do forgive me. If you'll only consider why I did it you won't be angry. That's right," he ended soothingly, seeing that she neither spoke nor moved; "just sit right down here and be comfy. It must have been cold, driving. Let me give you a glass of sherry." He fussed about, shoving forward an armchair, arranging pillows, unstopping the decanter.

"You fool!" she ejaculated in a low voice. She looked him all up and down and turned to go.

The door was locked. For the first time she noticed that Mrs. Morrell had not followed her in. Her heart fluttered in sudden panic, which she subdued. She moved toward the other door.

The words and especially the frustration of her intention brought another mood to the surface of Sansome's intoxication. The polished society man with the habit of external unselfishness disappeared. Another Sansome, whom Nan did not recognize, sprang to take his place.

"No, you don't!" he snarled. "That door's locked too. You don't get out of here until I choose to let you out!"

"You'll let me out, and you'll let me out right now, or I'll call for help," said Nan determinedly.

Sansome deliberately seated himself, stretching his legs out straight before him, his hands in his pockets. This was the masterful rôle he had seen himself playing, and he instinctively took the attitude approved by the best melodramatic masters.

"Call all you please," he sneered. "Nobody's going to pay any attention to your calls at Jake's Place!"

Nan's heart went cold as she realized the complete truth of this. She was beginning to know fear. This was a new sort of creature before her, one with which she was acquainted only by instinct. She did not know what to do next, except that she saw surely that open objection would only aggravate the situation.

"I must gain time!" she told herself, though to what end she could not have said.

Her pulses beat wildly, but she forced herself to a specious calmness.

"But, Ben," she said as naturally as she could, "why did you do so foolish a thing as this? It might make all kinds

of trouble. You can always see me at the house, you know that. Why did you bring me here? If we were to be seen here by anybody we should be deeply compromised."

The words reminded her of Mrs. Morrell, but out of sheer terror she resolutely thrust that idea from her mind. At this appeal Sansome suddenly became maudlin.

"You've treated me like a dog lately—a yellow dog!" he mourned. "What good did it do to go to your house and be treated like a yellow dog!"

Nan's faculties were beginning to rally after the first panic. Her heart was still thumping violently, but her eyes were bright and her fighting courage was flowing back. For the first time his obvious condition registered on her brain.

"He's drunk!" she thought.

This discovery at first induced in her another small panic; then her courage boldly took it as a point of attack. The man was drunk and dangerous; very well, she'd make him more drunk and less dangerous. That was a desperate enough expedient, but at least it was definite. She crossed deliberately to the other easy-chair and sat down.

"Well, let's sit down," she agreed. "No," more decidedly; "you sit there, on the other side. It's more cozy," she continued at just the right moment to get her effect on his instinct of good manners. "Now I will have that sherry. No, don't bother, it is next my hand. You must drink with me. Let me pour it for you—with my own hands—aren't you flattered?"

She smiled across at him. This sudden reversion to an easy, everyday plane had brought Sansome's first mood again to the surface. In this atmosphere of orderly tête-à-tête he was again the society man. Nan breathed more freely. He murmured something inane and conventional about Hebe.

"Meaning you're a little tin god?" she chaffed.

He said something still more involved to the effect that her presence would make a god out of the most unworthy mortal. It was all vapid, unreal, elaborate, artificial.

"If I can only keep him at this!" thought she desperately.

She had drunk her glass of sherry because she felt she needed it. Now she poured another; and without comment refilled Sansome's whisky glass.

"Here's to us!" she cried, lifting her glass.

Nan's plan of getting him so drunk that he would not interfere with her escape had the merit of simplicity, and also of indorsement by such excellent authority as melodrama and the novel. It had the defect of being entirely theoretical. Nan's innocence of the matter in hand had not taken into account the intermediate stages of drunkenness, nor did she realize the strength inherent in the association of ideas. As she leaned forward to fill the glasses Sansome's eyes brightened. He had seen women pouring wine many times before. The picture before him reminded him of a dozen similar pictures taken from the gallery of his rather disreputable past. He pledged her ardently. Nan poured her sherry under the table.

"This really is a cozy party!" she cried. "Will you have another with me?"

The third glass of neat whisky whirled in Sansome's head. He was verging toward complete drunkenness, but in the meantime his eyes burned, his lips fell apart. Nan tried in desperation to keep on a plane of light persiflage, to hold him to his chair and to the impersonal. Deep fear entered her. She urged more drink on him, hoping that he would be overpowered. Only by the greatest effort could she prevent herself from flying to pieces. Sansome hardly appeared to hear her. Suddenly without warning he sprang up, overturning with a crash the small table and the bottles and glasses.

"You're the most beautiful woman I ever saw!" he cried.

He advanced on her, his eyes alight. She saw that the crisis had come, and threw aside all pretense.

"Keep away! Keep away!" she warned him through gritted teeth.

Then, as he continued to stumble toward her, she struck at him viciously again and again with one of the small, light chairs.

For a moment or so she actually managed to beat him off; but Sansome lunged through the blows and seized her roughly round the shoulders.

"Reg'lar little tiger cat!" he murmured with fond admiration.

She threw her head back and to one side, fighting desperately and silently. The man's strength was as horrible as it was unexpected. The efforts to which she was giving her every ounce did not appear to have the slightest effect against his superior strength. Sansome's handsome weak face continued to smile foolishly and fondly down on her.

They Heard Faintly the First Sounds of Struggle

"Reg'lar little tiger cat!" he repeated over and over.

The terrible realization drowned her that he was too much for her. Her body suddenly went lax. She threw back her head and screamed.

LXXIV

THE plot which Morrell had first suggested idly and as a sort of a joke, but later had entered into with growing belief, was quite perfect in all details but one. He assumed that Keith had accompanied Durkee's expedition, and was sure that he had seen him off. As a matter of fact, Keith had been recalled. A messenger had at the very last moment handed him an order sealed with the well-known open eye and signed "33 Secretary." It directed him to proceed with certain designated men to the arrest of certain others inscribed on the Black List. This was a direct order, whereas the present expedition was wholly a voluntary affair.

Keith had no alternative but to obey; though he did so reluctantly, for this search for arms had promised sport. Therefore he stepped ashore at the last instant, a proceeding unobserved by Morrell, who was surveying the scene from a distance, and who turned away once the sails were hoisted.

The duty to which Keith had been assigned took some time. The men had to be searched out one by one, escorted to headquarters, and the usual formalities there accomplished. It was late in the evening before he was free to go home. He let himself in with his latchkey, and had just turned up the low-burning gas in the hall when the sound of hurrying feet brought him back to the door. He flung it open to confront Mrs. Sherwood and Krafft. They were both panting as though they had run some distance; and Krafft's usually precise attire was disheveled and awry, as though it had been hastily put on.

"Nan!" gasped Mrs. Sherwood. "Is she here?"

Keith, with instant decision, asking no questions, threw open the parlor door, glanced within, ran upstairs three steps at a time, but almost immediately returned after a hasty inspection of the upper story. His face had gone very pale, but he had himself in perfect control.

"Well?" he demanded crisply, looking from one to the other.

But Mrs. Sherwood did not stop to answer. With a stifled exclamation she darted from the house. Krafft looked after her, bewildered. Keith shook him savagely by the shoulder.

"Speak up, man! Quick! What is it?" demanded Keith. His voice was vibrant with suppressed excitement, but he held himself outwardly calm, and waited immobile until the end of Krafft's story. It was characteristic of him, as of all strong men in a crisis, that he made no move until he was sure he had grasped the whole situation.

Krafft was just going to bed, it appeared—he always retired early—when he was called to the door by Mex Ryan. Mex had never come to his house before. He was a shoulder-striker and a thug; but he had one sure streak of loyalty, in that nothing could ever induce him to go back on a pal. For various reasons he considered Krafft a pal. He was very much troubled.

"I Heard Him Mutter Something About a 'Weak-Kneed Fool'"

"Look here, boss," he said to Krafft: "It just come to me mind a while ago—what was the name of that bloke you told me to keep off 'n? The Cora trial man, I mean."

Krafft recalled the circumstance and named Keith.

Mex slapped his head.

"That's right! It come to me afterward. Well, there's dirty work with his wife. That's where I see the name—on the envelope of the note. I just give her a fake letter that says her husband is shot and she's to go to him."

"How did he know what the letter said?" interjected Keith at this point.

"He'd read anything given him, of course. Mex knew the letter was false. I came up to find your house. I didn't know where you lived, so I stopped at John Sherwood's to inquire. Mrs. Sherwood was home alone. She came with me."

"Where did this letter say I was supposed to be?" asked Keith.

"Jake's Place."

Keith leaped for the door. At the same instant Mrs. Sherwood's voice was heard from the darkness.

"Come here," she cried. "I have a rig."

They found her seated in a buggy. Both climbed in beside her. Keith took the reins and lashed the horse with the light whip. The astonished animal leaped; the buggy jerked forward.

Then began a wild, careering, bumpy ride into the night. The road was fearful and all but invisible. The carriage swayed and swung dangerously. Keith drove, every faculty concentrated. No one spoke. The dim and ghostly half-guessed forms of things at night streamed past.

"Who sent that letter?" Keith demanded finally.

"Mex wouldn't tell me," replied Krafft.

"How long ago did he deliver it?"

"About an hour."

The horse plunged frantically under the lash as this reply reached Keith. The buggy was all but overturned. He pulled the frantic animal down to a slower pace; and with an obvious effort regained control of himself.

"Can't afford an accident!" he warned himself.

"Are you armed?" Mrs. Sherwood asked him suddenly.

"Yes—no, I left my gun at headquarters—that doesn't matter."

Mrs. Sherwood made no comment. The wind caught her hair and whipped it about. In the distance now twinkled the lights of Jake's Place. Keith took a firmer grip on the reins and again applied the whip. They swept into the graveled driveway on two wheels, righted themselves and rounded to the veranda. Keith pulled up and leaped to the ground. Nobody was visible. From the veranda he turned on them.

"Here, you!" he commanded Mrs. Sherwood sharply; "I can't have you in this row! Stay here, outside. You take care of her," he told Krafft. "No, I mean it!"

On his words a scream burst from the lighted room. Keith sprang to the door, found it locked and drew back. With a low, mighty rush he thrust his shoulder against the panel near the lock. The wood splintered. He sprang forward into the room.

LXXV

AFTER turning the key in the lock outside the parlor door Mrs. Morrell slipped along the dark veranda, crossed a narrow hall and entered a small back sitting room. Jake's Place especially abounded in sitting rooms. This particular one was next the parlor, so that one listening intently could be more or less aware of what was going on in the larger room. Here Morrell was already seated, a bottle of beer next his hand. He raised his eyebrows on her entrance, and she nodded back reassuringly. She, too, sat down and helped herself to beer. Both smoked. For a long time neither said anything.

"Don't hear much in there," observed Mrs. Morrell finally, in a low, guarded tone.

"Not a sound," agreed Morrell. "I don't see what ails that fool, Sansome! It'd be just like him to jib."

"What does it matter?" observed Mrs. Morrell philosophically. "We don't care what is happening inside, as long as those two doors stay locked until Teeny, and Jimmy Ware get here."

As has been mentioned, Pop McFarlane was also of the party; but, characteristically, neither would have thought that fact worth mentioning.

"Just the same, as a matter of academic interest, I'd have expected her to make more of a row," said Morrell. "I'll wager, for all her airs, she runs the same gait as all the rest of you."

"Do you mean me?" demanded Mrs. Morrell, her eyes flashing dangerously.

"Moderate your voice, my dear," advised he. "My remark was wholly general of your charming sex."

From the parlor now they heard faintly the first sounds of struggle.

"That's more like," he said with satisfaction. "I hate to have my ideals shattered."

Wheels became audible.

"There's Teeny now," he observed. He sauntered down the hall and looked out. "Keith!" he whispered back over his shoulder. "Where in hell did he come from?" He continued to peer into the darkness. "There are two others. Well, at any rate we have plenty of witnesses!" He turned to Mrs. Morrell. "You'd better make yourself scarce. You locked that door, you know!"

"Scarce!" she repeated, staring at him. "Where? How?"

He looked at her through narrowed lids.

"Get a horse of Jake," he said at last. "I'll meet you—oh, at the house. We'll arrange later."

He watched her steal down the dim hallway. A cynical smile flashed under his mustache. He turned back to the drama before him. The buggy had disappeared; the veranda was apparently empty.

"Now I wonder who will shoot who!" speculated Morrell.

He stole to the first of the windows. The lower blinds were drawn, but the upper half of the window was clear. Morrell cautiously placed a stool near by, and mounted it so he could see into the room. For several minutes he watched. Then his hand stole to his pocket. He produced a revolver.

LXXVI

BLINDED by the light, Keith stood for a barely appreciable moment in the wrecked doorway. Sansome, startled by the crash, relaxed his efforts. Nan thrust him from her so strongly that he staggered back. Keith's vision cleared. He appreciated the meaning of the tableau, uttered a choked growl and advanced.

Immediately Sansome drew and presented his weapon. He was shocked far toward sobriety, but the residue of the whisky fumes in combination with a sudden sick and guilty panic imbued him with a sort of desperation. Sansome was a bold and dashing villain only so long as things came his way. His amours had always been of the safe rather than the wildly adventurous sort. Sansome had no morals; but being found out produced effects so closely resembling those of conscience that they could not be distinguished. In the chaotic collapse of this heroic episode he managed to cling to but one thing—that was Morrell's often reiterated warning: "Don't let Keith get his hands on you!" At the sight of his leveled weapon Nan, who was nearest, uttered a stifled cry and made as though to throw herself on him.

"Stop!" commanded Keith without looking toward her. But so quietly authoritative was his voice and manner that in spite of herself her impulse was checked. She remained rigid.

Keith advanced steadily on Sansome, his hands clenched at his side, his eyes fixed frowningly and contemptuously on those of the other man. The pistol barrel was held on his breast. Sansome fully intended to shoot, but found himself unable to pull the trigger. This is a condition every rifleman knows well by experience—he calls it being "frozen on the bull's-eye"—when, the alignment perfect, his rifle steady as a rock, he nevertheless cannot transmit just the little nerve power necessary to crook the forefinger. Three times Sansome sent the message to his trigger finger; three times the impulse died before it had compassed the distance between his brain and his hand. This was partly because his correlations had been weakened by drink; partly because his fuddled mind was divided between fear, guilt, despair, and a rage at himself for having got into such a mess; but principally because he was hypnotically dominated by the other man's stronger personality.

So evident was this, that a sudden feeling of confidence replaced in Nan the sick terror that had seized her at the sight of the weapon. She seemed to know positively that here was no real peril. A wave of contempt for Sansome, even as a dangerous creature, mingled with a passionate admiration for the man who thus dominated him unarmed.

Sansome's nerve broke. He dropped his hand, looked to right and left frantically like a rat in a corner, and uttered a very ratlike squeak. Suddenly he hurled the loaded pistol blindly at Keith and plunged bodily, with an immense crash of breaking glass, through the closed window. Keith, with a snarl of baffled rage, dashed forward.

The sight seemed to touch Nan's sense of humor. She laughed at the picture; caught her breath; gasped. Keith whirled and caught her fiercely in his arms.

"Nan!" he cried in an agony. "Are you all right? What did that beast ——"

She clung to him, still choking, on the edge of hysterics. In a moment of illumination she realized that the intangible barrier these past years had so slowly built between them had gone crashing down before the assault of the old love triumphant.

"I'm all right, dear," she gasped; "really all right. And I never was so happy in my life!"

They clung together frantically, he patting her shoulder, her cheek against his own, murmuring broken, soothing little phrases. The time and the place did not exist for them.

A scuffle outside, which they had only vaguely sensed and which had not at all penetrated to their understandings, came to an end. Mrs. Sherwood appeared in the doorway. Her dress was torn and disheveled, a strand of her smooth hair had fallen across her forehead, an angry red mark showed on one cheek. But she was in high spirits. Her customary quiet poise had given place to a vibrant, birdlike, vital, quivering eagerness. To the two in the center of the room, still clasped in each other's arms, came the same thought—that never, in spite of her ruffled plumes, in spite of the cheek already beginning to swell, had this extraordinary woman looked so beautiful. Then Keith realized that she was panting heavily and was clinging to the doorway. He sprang to her assistance.

"What is it? Where is Krafft?" he asked.

She laughed a little and permitted him to help her to an armchair, into which she sank. She waved aside Keith's attempts to find a whole glass in the wreckage of the table.

"I'm all right," she said; "and isn't this a nice little party?"

"What has happened? Where is Krafft?" repeated Keith.

"I sent him to the stable for help. There didn't seem to be anybody about the place."

"But what has happened to you? Did that brute Sansome ——"

"Sansome? Was that Sansome—the one who came through the window?" She dabbed at her cheek. "You might wet me a handkerchief or a towel or something," she suggested. "No, he didn't stop!" She laughed again. "Are you all right?" she asked anxiously of Nan.

"Yes. But tell us ——"

"Well, children, I was waiting on the veranda, obeying orders like a good girl, when in the dim light I saw a man mount a stool and look into the room. He was very much interested. I crept up quite close to him without his knowing it. I heard him mutter to himself something about a 'weak-kneed fool' as he drew a revolver. He looked quite determined and heroic." She giggled reminiscently. "So I kicked the stool out from under him. About that time there was a most terrific crash, and somebody came out through the window."

"But your cheek, your hair ——"

"I tried to hold him, but he was too strong for me. He hit me in the face, wrenched himself free and ran. That was all; except that he dropped the pistol, and I'm going to keep it as a trophy."

Keith was looking at her, deep in thought.

"I don't understand," he said slowly. "Who could it have been?"

Mrs. Sherwood shook her head.

"Somebody about to shoot a pistol, that's all I know. I couldn't see his face."

"Whoever it was, you saved one or both of us," said Keith. "There's no doubt of that. Let's see the pistol."

It proved to be one of the smaller models, about thirty-one caliber, cap and ball, silver-plated, with polished rosewood handle and heavily engraved with scrollwork. Turning it over, Keith finally discovered on the bottom of the butt frame two letters, scratched rudely, apparently with the point of a knife. He took it closer to the light.

"I have it," said he. "Here are the letters 'C. M.'"

"Charles Morrell!" cried both women in a breath.

At this moment appeared Krafft, somewhat out of wind, followed by the surly and reluctant proprietor from whom the place took its name. Jake had been liberally paid to keep himself and his staff out of the way. Now, finding that he was not wanted, he promptly disappeared.

"Let's get to the bottom of this thing," said Keith decisively. "If those are really Morrell's initials, what was he doing here?"

"Mrs. Morrell came out with me," put in Nan.

"Jake told me there was to be a supper party later," said Krafft.

"It's clear enough," contributed Mrs. Sherwood. "The whole thing is a plot. I've been through '50 and '51, and I know."

"I can't believe yet that Sansome ——" said Keith.

"Oh, Sansome is merely a tool, I don't doubt," replied Mrs. Sherwood.

"I can find out to-morrow from Mex Ryan who sent the note," said Krafft.

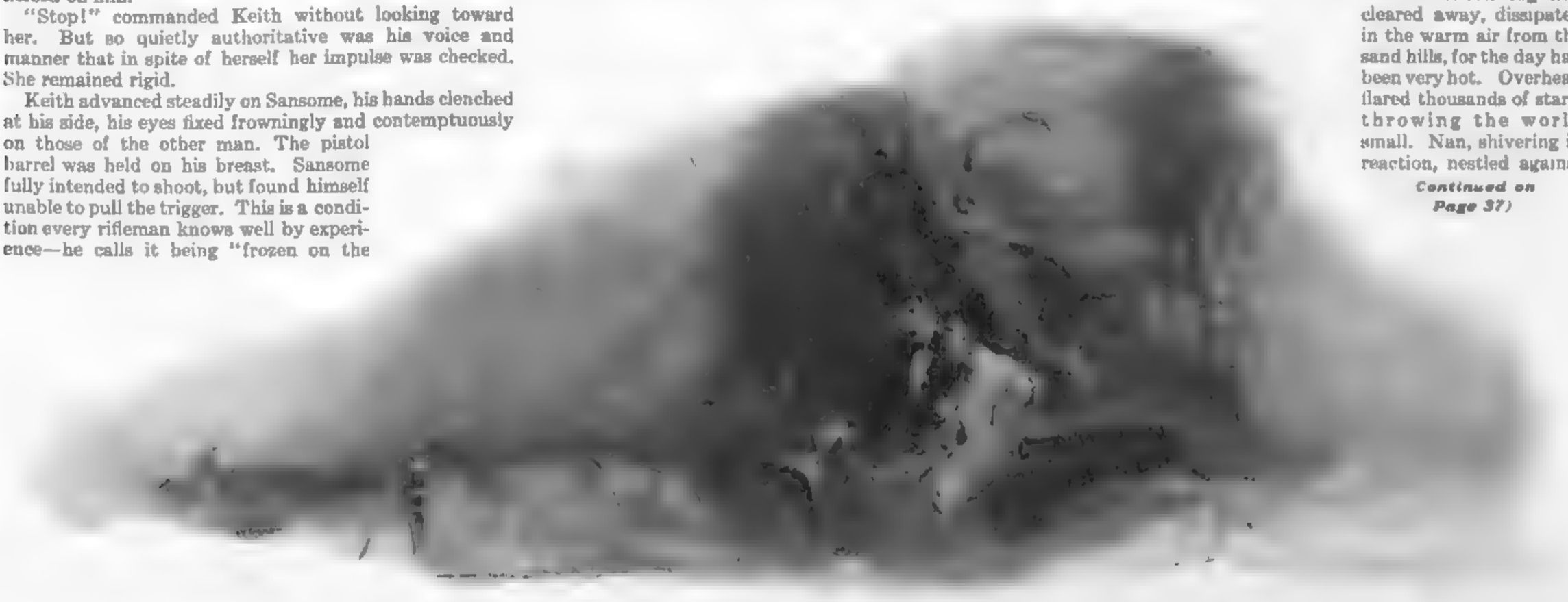
"Let's get out of this horrible place!" cried Nan with a convulsive shiver.

Again they had great difficulty in finding anyone to get their rigs, but finally repeated calls brought the hostler and Jake himself. The latter made some growl about payment for the entertainment, but at this Keith turned on him with such concentrated fury that he muttered something and slouched away. It was agreed that Krafft should drive Mrs. Sherwood. They clambered into the two buggies and drove away.

LXXVII

KEITH'S horse plodded slowly down the graveled drive of the roadhouse and turned into the main highway. It was very dark on earth and very bright in the heavens. The afternoon fog had cleared away, dissipated in the warm air from the sand hills, for the day had been very hot. Overhead flared thousands of stars, throwing the world small. Nan, shivering in reaction, nestled against

(Continued on Page 37)



The Fever of Activity in the City, the Sweat and Dust of the Arena Fell to Nothing About His Feet

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 30, 1915

The Impassioned Pacificist

WHEN an opulent manufacturer says "the isolation of the United States is a perfect safeguard against invasion" he is talking nonsense. When a distinguished politician speaks of a million men in arms on twenty-four hours' notice he is merely driveling. Your passionate pacificist commits excesses quite as egregious as those of your frenzied militarist.

This military road has no end in either direction. The British Navy is the most formidable weapon possessed by any nation of our times—a weapon capable of dominating the Seven Seas and isolating an enemy, yet our truculent contemporaries are constantly holding up England as a shocking example of unpreparedness for war. Russia was able to put two million troops at the front in a very few weeks; yet, to the carmine view of your militarist, Russia was utterly unprepared for war.

It is admitted grudgingly that France—with a universal compulsory three-year military service and a staggering army budget—had made a few toddling steps in the right direction. But even Germany—why, only a few years ago Bernhardi wrote a celebrated book to show that Germany was not really ready for war at all, patriotically hoping thereby to tune up the Fatherland to something like an adequate martial pitch. In that direction the road has no end. Nothing short of gathering every item of national resources, human and inanimate, into a heap, and touching off the heap, will satisfy your real militarist, domestic or foreign.

But the road has no end in the other direction, either. So long as we have a regiment of soldiers or a gunboat, we have, to that extent, preparedness for war. Even China, with a collection of second-hand muskets and misfit ammunition, is not guiltless of preparedness. The statement that Edison will presumably "never use his great brain to make anything which would destroy human life" suggests that even scythes and pitchforks are incompatible with a true state of grace.

Why not be sensible? Asserting that war is utterly impossible is as ridiculous as those pipe dreams of the editorial strategist which make it a constant and immediate probability. For a long time to come there will be some degree of preparedness for it. To strike a rational degree, in view of the small extent as compared with European nations to which the United States is exposed to the risk of war, is what we want.

Toothless Blue-Sky Laws

FOLLOWING Kansas' lead, many states passed laws designed to stop swindling by the sale of worthless and fraudulent stocks and bonds. To accomplish this purpose it seemed necessary to extend some sort of state control over investment business generally—obviously a novel and difficult undertaking. Investment bankers, in a characteristic fear that legitimate dealings might suffer, attacked these laws.

The attacks brought a new subject, or a new phase of a subject, before the courts. One court having decided that a law of this type was unconstitutional, other courts followed, until eight Federal judges have condemned the Kansas style of law. This has halted blue-sky legislation. Last year, though eight states modified laws on the subject which they had previously passed, no state that had not legislated on the subject attempted to do so.

It remains an open question whether the Kansas method of stopping these swindles by preventive laws can be carried into effect. The probability seems rather against it. Of course we can have plenty of laws to punish the swindler after he has done his swindling. The investment bankers heartily favor a law that will prevent swindling without implying the threat of a handicap to legitimate business—a law that has teeth for the faker but none for the honest dealer. As the faker copies the honest dealer's methods to a considerable extent, that is less easy than it sounds.

Meantime the Post Office Department is the best protection against blue-sky frauds. Do not, under any circumstances, buy stocks or bonds except from a bank or a dealer you know to be thoroughly responsible.

Britain's Labor Famine

THAT England and France should be bidding for capital here would not have sounded more odd two years ago than that England should now be bidding for labor in this market. While negotiations for the half-billion Anglo-French loan were proceeding in New York, newspapers of that city carried advertisements for skilled workmen in certain trades, belonging to labor unions and of British extraction, to go to England, employment for at least six months at good wages being guaranteed.

It is often said that the demand for labor in England has never been so keen since the great plague of the fourteenth century. In Europe and America together there is probably less unemployment than ever before and wages are at the highest point yet reached. This does not mean that labor in Europe is prosperous. A vast deal of it, in the trenches and reserve camps, is most unprosperous. Both here and there higher wages are more or less offset by higher cost of living.

But labor's market position, on the whole, is the strongest ever known. Labor is in the best situation to demand wage increases. That it will voluntarily forego the advantage is no more to be expected than that a shrapnel maker will fail to get all he can for his shells.

Military Moonshine

PROBABLY the country just now feels itself too little prepared for war. That is our impression of its temper to-day. But more adequate preparation involves a settled and continuing policy. Fleets and armies are not to be had in a year. Simply to get competent officers for them requires long training.

Some years ago we had a naval program, but never stuck to it. If we increase army and navy budgets this year, that will only start a program—which, to become really effective, must be consistently followed year after year. By whatever amount we increase military appropriations there will be a waste, unless the appropriations accord with a plan that is to be followed up.

The probability that any plan we now adopt will become a settled and continuing policy directly depends on its modesty. If military appropriations should be greatly increased they would certainly be reduced the moment the country again felt at ease in its foreign relations. The temptation to reduce them—in order to increase other appropriations without levying more taxes—would be irresistible.

It looks axiomatic that any country's preparation for war will be in exact proportion to its fear of war; which probably implies that a relatively small degree of preparation is all that can be permanently maintained in the United States. Anything like universal military training strikes us as moonshine.

The Tariff on Sugar

IN 1914 the duty on sugar yielded more than sixty million dollars of revenue—twice as much as the duty on any other single article produced and pretty nearly a quarter of the total customs receipts. There would have to be weighty reasons for cutting out an item of that size under any circumstances. Under present circumstances—with special war taxes levied last year, with a deficit that increases in spite of those special taxes, with prospects of heavier appropriations and a still bigger deficit—to lop off sixty million dollars of easily collected and easily borne taxation would be decidedly bad financiering.

In view of the Government's need for additional revenue the protection incidental to the sugar duty need not be considered. There is some element of protection in nearly every item of the tariff bill. If there was any doubt on the subject before, everybody now knows that the tariff is only one of many factors in the cost of living, and by no means, perhaps, the most important one. Since the Underwood Act went into effect we have had the lowest tariff duties in many years and the highest range of commodity prices. We think poorly of the whole scheme of protection, but we do not think any workman's breakfast table will be appreciably impoverished by retaining the sugar duty. We do not think the Government could in any other way raise an additional sixty millions with less burden and bother to the public.

Democrats may have some sentimental prejudices against confessing that the sugar schedule contained an important error; but they can well afford to let Republicans have a monopoly of refusing to confess tariff errors.

Learning German Methods

BRITISH merchants are invited to call at the Board of Trade and inspect some three thousand German trade circulars which have been collected by the government for their edification. The Germans, they are reminded, have taken immense pains to make the most effective appeals to foreign buyers. Their trade literature is in the language and monetary system of the country to which it is addressed, and is carefully arranged and illustrated so as to reach that country's mind along the lines of least resistance. By inspecting the circulars referred to, British merchants may take a trick from their rivals. Also, there is a confidential information service where properly accredited persons may learn of vulnerable points in Germany's foreign commerce.

These are merely two items in a comprehensive plan by the British Government to capture as much German foreign trade as possible, now that German exporters are out of the running.

It is a systematic attack along another front—that of foreign trade, where the more permanent and profitable victories will very likely be won.

How the People Pay

TAKE an American with an income of twenty thousand dollars a year, derived from investments, and an Englishman with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, similarly derived. The Englishman, under the new budget, pays twice as much income tax as the American. If his income of twenty-five hundred dollars is earned—that is, if it is a salary or remuneration for professional services, or trade profits, or the like—he pays two hundred and ten dollars a year, or about what an American with an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year would pay. If his income is fifty thousand dollars a year he pays practically one quarter of it to the government. If it is five hundred thousand dollars he pays more than a third of it.

These illustrations show how light direct Federal taxation is in this country. It really touches only the rich with sufficient force to make a dent. The Russian who earns two hundred and fifty dollars a year now contributes five to his Little Father.

And, at that, war taxation is only beginning. Germany must soon get down to business in that line; and the Italian—already in not a few instances literally taxed out of house and home—will probably be the subject of some further fiscal ingenuities.

Wall Street's Burned Fingers

WITH brokers' clerks working nights and Sundays, and still behindhand, and with over eight million shares handled in a week of five and a half days, it cannot be denied that the Stock Exchange came back.

Partly it is a familiar story. Last spring some energetic manipulators took a number of war-order stocks in hand and boosted them skyward.

Outsiders began coming in. The more they came and bought, the higher prices went. Observing that somebody was winning money at the game "everybody" came in—pell-mell—buying any old stock at any old price. That part of the story is hackneyed.

But it was a rather different everybody from what any previous bull market had known, for it was more extensively composed of small buyers. Purchases of odd lots—that is, of quantities less than the standard hundred shares—ran to hundreds of thousands of shares daily; which implied in a general way that the buyers had even less experience and information than common—and the quantity they commonly have in a big bull market is not great. Probably it was not the everybody of 1901 and 1907, but a new crowd of smaller caliber.

And it was a rather different Stock Exchange. All along, the larger and solider part of that vaguely bounded and more vaguely apprehended thing called Wall Street had stood aside, shaking its head and solemnly warning everybody to go slow. By demanding heavier margins brokers discouraged the more volatile and explosive gambling. The Stock Exchange that came back was one which had had its fingers burned, and remembered it.

No doubt the Exchange will always come back. About once in so many years, under favoring conditions, a new crowd of speculators will essay the Broad Street short cut to fortune—and find out, like preceding crowds, that it is no thoroughfare.

Turkey With German Dressing

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

Up to the Palace Gates Stood a Solid Block of the Imperial Horse Guards in Their Scarlet-and-White Uniforms

BEFORE I came to Constantinople I wondered what it would be like to be behind the scenes of a great battle. I wanted to know. I was not at all sure that I could get in but I thought I would make a determined effort to do so. If I was turned back at the border, all well and good; I should, at least, have had the experience of trying.

I am now convinced that anybody can get into Constantinople without half trying; but I am equally convinced that nobody can get out of Constantinople who is not prepared to undergo the most rigid examination even unto the hems and linings of his or her undermost garments. As I heard it expressed by a man of picturesque speech: "Getting into Constantinople is as easy as sliding down a greased pole; getting out is the reverse process." And does it not sound perfectly reasonable? You may bring anything you like into Constantinople. What can you do? Once you are here, the army of secret police—spies they are called by the unfriendly disposed—an army as large as the one holding back the Allies down on Gallipoli Peninsula will attend all your comings and goings and see that you do nothing harmful.

As a preliminary precaution I wrote to an American friend, a man who has lived in Constantinople for a great many years, asking for some information regarding necessary permits and papers, trains, living arrangements, and other details. I waited two weeks, a twenty-four-hour journey away, and I did not hear from him. I was very much annoyed and cogitated rather bitterly on the fact that I would not treat him like that; but, of course, he did not get my letter. He did not know I was within five thousand miles of Constantinople until I turned up and announced my arrival.

The All-Pervasive Spy System

NOTHING is ever delivered here that contains even a casual reference to the situation, or so much as a vague reflection on existing conditions. And nothing—not a written word of any sort—can get out of the city, either through the mail or among a traveler's personal effects, which has not been subjected to the censor's very leisurely and too-often stupid scrutiny. The examination does not take place in Constantinople, either, unless you have been warned beforehand and have submitted everything in your possession, even to your account and address books, to the authorities. You are allowed to proceed to the border where there is nothing but a railroad station set down in the middle of a glaring desert; and there, if you have anything on you, even so much as a card with an address on it, which the official inquisitor—an ignorant Turk, of course—cannot read, you are likely to be taken off the train and permitted to scorch your heels on the hot gravel until your mystery has been cleared up.

This has not happened to me and it will not. Turkey is Turkey, and influence in Turkey is worth just a little bit more than it is in most other places. A formidable official stamp from 'way, 'way "higher up" will bring the lesser official foreheads to the ground—and there you are! But this takes time and an elaborate diplomacy that is likely to crack under the strain at any moment, whereupon you are in a worse position than you were before.

I am writing in Constantinople and what I write will either be passed without examination or be destroyed by me as the first act of my preparation for leaving the city. Rather discouraging to industry! If I should by any chance be arrested now I have that on my person which would probably be sufficient to detain me in Constantinople until this war is over; in fact, the lines I am writing now would just about do that.

It is not possible to describe the feeling one has of being under somebody's watchful eye every minute. The only place where I can "act natural" is within the four walls of my own room with the door double-locked and the blinds drawn. When I leave my room I leave everything wide open and all manner of innocent things lying round loose, though the only criminal thing I possess is a little packet of such scribbled observations as these. And I am in a plentiful company. Everybody I know has the same story to tell.

For instance, I dined last night on the American naval yacht Scorpion, which has been in these waters for something like eight years. As I started to go ashore about ten o'clock the officer who was accompanying me said:

"Got anything with you that you don't want examined?"

"I certainly have," said I.

"Got your passport?"

"Always with me."

"Well, you'd better get it out and give it to me. We are likely to be held up." And that is the atmosphere we live in.

The American naval yacht Scorpion is to all intents and purposes an interned naval craft. She was ordered in from the Bosporus a few days ago and tied up in a berth in the Golden Horn just wide enough to hold her, and there she lies under the never-sleeping eagle eye. A Turkish revenue cutter lies alongside so close that a whisper can be heard from deck to deck; and night and day a Turkish official sits there scanning the Scorpion from stem to stern and watching the comings and goings of every soul who approaches her.

The Scorpion is under grave suspicion. She is accused of all the unneutral crimes on the calendar. She has been supplying the British submarines with gas and food supplies and information; she has been intercepting wireless messages in some miraculous way—her wireless apparatus being swathed in cotton wool and sealed up so tight that an air current could not get near it; she has been just so bad that she ought to be sunk with all hands aboard; and the officials are very lenient who do nothing to her but tie her up where her officers and men have to gasp for breath in the midst of a hundred ships, little and big, packed in so close that the outwash from a rowboat causes their hulls to knock together.

It amuses me to admit that when the train was nearing the city on my way down to Constantinople I began to listen for the sound of guns. I knew the mouth of the Dardanelles was a good many miles away; but on the map the field of operations on Gallipoli Peninsula looks exceedingly close, and the roar of big guns carries a considerable distance.

Not a sound did I hear, however. The train rolled into the station in the most casual, everyday manner; I was met by a polite Turkish dragoman; my baggage was not even opened; and I was conveyed to the hotel in a rubber-tired carriage just as I might have been had I landed here a year and three months ago with my pockets full of good American-tourist gold. The dragoman, at least, and the hotel clerk were glad to see me.

And I saw no sign of war anywhere—yes, one sign—wounded men. The big gardens of the University diagonally across the street from the hotel are full of wounded men in white hospital gowns and many bandages lying round on the grass and on the benches under the trees. The University is now a hospital, as is nearly every other large building in the city. Strange how soon one gets used to such a thing and begins to treat it as a matter of course! Daily the ships come up from the Dardanelles laden to the rails, and daily the processions of carriages roll slowly through the streets, distributing the wrecks of men. It is estimated that there are between fifty and sixty thousand wounded men in Constantinople, and only the less seriously wounded are brought up. That surely is a sign of war.

Why German Officers are Disliked

THEN, too, there are the German officers. Their presence here in such large numbers, and in so much pomp and uniform, is surely a sign of war. In a little party of Americans the other day somebody asked why it is that the Turks dislike the Germans so. Just at that moment a big, high-powered motor car whizzed through the busy street, going at something like thirty-five miles an hour. The driver was holding down a shrieking siren while the terrified people scattered with cries and curses. In the back seat sat very much of a German officer resplendent in a gorgeous uniform and shining helmet and paying no attention whatever to anything that was going on round him.

"That's why!" said one of the Americans, and the question was answered.

Withal, there is in Constantinople a sort of shining-surface brightness—a normality of life in general that is most deceiving. One must be here long enough to get the feel of war to realize its nearness. And the feel of war is here—confusion and dread uncertainty; vague rumors and whispered terrible tales, too true; an undercurrent of shuddering and helpless fear—no, not a current; it gets nowhere; a soundless undersеethe. That is Constantinople.

A mile or so up the Bosporus, not far from where the palace of Enver Pasha lifts its roof line above the trees, is a sharp bend round an ancient sea wall which the oarsman of your caique takes with cautious, easy strokes. The surface of the water shines and is glassy smooth; but it is a shining smoothness covering whirlpools which boil up foamless and wide, and swirl away to catch the gentler flow in midstream and dash it into cross waves capped with flying spray. That undertide maelstrom is like Constantinople.

Then there are the celebrations to keep the public confidence aglow. The strangest thing in the world to me are the celebrations—the Moslem world celebrating

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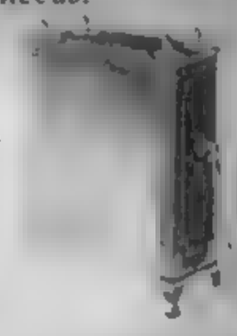

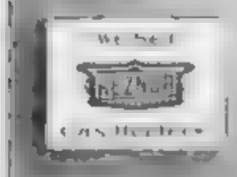

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Christian victories! The blood-red Turkish flag with its star and crescent makes a wonderful show in decoration but I do not quite see how its flutter can lift a Christian heart. To me its effect is something indefinably depressing.

Warsaw fell, and a red, white-crested wave of jubilation rolled over Constantinople. That was some time ago. I shall never forget it. I had spent two hours in Santa Sophia, sitting on the edge of an alabaster fountain and realizing, for the first time in my life, what a natural-born Christian I am. When I entered that tragic temple Constantinople was its ordinary self, without a sign of decoration anywhere. When I came out the flags were just going up; thousands were already flying and thousands more were being unfurled from balconies and windows, from housetops and from the rigging of the ships in the Golden Horn.

"What's all the celebration about?" said I to my Mohammedan escort.

"Oh, another victory of our infidel partners!" said he. "Warsaw must have fallen."

Just then I was in a mood to be anti-anything but Christian, and I could not possibly express what I felt without using violent language. If you would know why, go with me for a moment into Santa Sophia. You know all about its lofty grandeur; you know that, next to St. Peter's in Rome, it is the greatest temple of Christ on earth; and you know that not St. Peter's nor any other edifice raised by man ever equaled the golden glory of it as it was when its builder, Justinian—nearly fourteen centuries ago—knelt triumphant before its jeweled altar and exclaimed: "Glory be to God, who has judged me worthy to perform this mighty work! O Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

You must not look at Santa Sophia's exterior. Its four minarets, which seem to be city blocks apart, lead you into Moslem thought, and its rounded yellow domes are purely Moslem. Let us suppose it is the noon hour and the four muezzins have climbed the winding dark stairs of the minarets, and can be seen leaning their white-turbaned heads on the balcony rails as they peer down into the busy streets and courtyards below.

The Bloody History of St. Sophia

In a moment their clear, cold voices in perfunctory broken melody will float out across the city: "*Allahu akbar; la Illaha illa Allah!*" "God is most great; there is no God but the God!" And the faithful will prostrate themselves in prayer toward Mecca. Your creed is: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ, His Only Son our Lord." And for nine centuries before a Moslem voice ever lifted itself on the banks of the Golden Horn that same Gospel echoed in the Second-Heaven Dome of Santa Sophia. The strength of Islam has indeed been great!

We pass through the graveled courtyard with its flocks of noisy pigeons, its colorful throng, and its carved and graceful fountain where the faithful perform their admirable ablutions; we enter the great outer corridor and come to the mighty arched portal that brings Santa Sophia into view. And what do we see? Thousands of Christians have wept and felt ashamed before that desecration. How many more must feel the same deep humiliation before the all but obliterating Moslem paint is cleaned by Christian hands from the face of the hovering Christ above the Christian altar?

It is the Christian altar that hurts; and it is the diagonal prayer mats, ignoring the Christian altar, which tell the whole story of the long-drawn-out Moslem victory. Looking down through the mighty nave into the empty altar space and trying to fix the magnificent correctness of the Christian cathedral is like looking at a picture curiously distorted and out of drawing. The Christian altar, happily perhaps for our sentiment, was not in line with Mecca; and the prayer mats, laid in diagonal exactness and covering every inch of the tremendous floor space, make the whole interior look as though it had been twisted by some titanic upheaval.

And so it was. One tries to vision the awful scenes which took place that day when thousands of Christians, flying before the victorious Turks, took refuge within the cathedral walls, in the vain belief that it was inviolable sanctuary. Packed so close together that they could not kneel in prayer, they lifted their hands to heaven and prayed while the nearing tramp of the Moslem host struck terror to their hearts. One looks at the great bronze doors and sees the gashes and dents made by the axes and spears of the victors; then the frightful rush of the bloody, lust-mad horde into the dim, holy light, with the command of their God on them to kill—kill Christians!

The most pitiful thing in the description of all that pitiful day is of how the girls and women, with all their power of defiance gone, held up their hands to receive the slave chains—allowed themselves, without protest, to be bound together with the torn altar cloths, that they might be led through the streets of their city at the heels of their captors' horses while the bodies of their men were dragged after them in the dust.

And these were the visions I conjured up while I sat for two hours on the edge of the alabaster fountain. These were the visions I had before my eyes when I came out of Santa Sophia to find Constantinople ablaze with the victory of Warsaw. It seemed to me that it was all current history, and that what we are living now is only its continuation. Is it any wonder that my resentment rose high when my Mohammedan companion said with such refinement of contempt: "Oh, another victory of our infidel partners!" My resentment was against the infidel partners and their infamous partnership; but perhaps it is a point of view the infidel partners have not got.

When the Sultan Goes to Mosque

I went the other day to see the ceremony that attends the progress of the Sultan from Yildiz Kiosk to the mosque where he goes to pray; and I think I quite lost sight of all the Oriental splendor of the pageant—the pennant flutter and the glitter of gold, the blare of trumpets and the bellowed vocal salute of the thousands as the Sultan passed. I was so tremendously interested in seeing the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and his group of handsome German officers, in impressive dress uniform, bending low over the puffy hand of Mohammed.

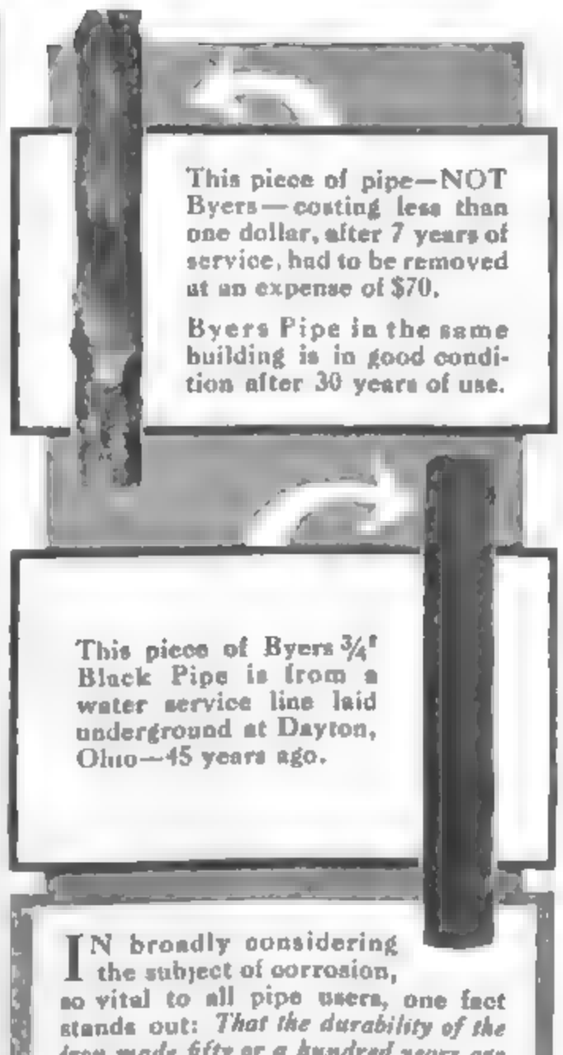
It was the first time the Sultan had been to the mosque to pray for nearly two months—the Sultan being, as he has been for so long, a very "sick man of Europe" indeed. I went with a couple of American friends and we calmly bluffed our way into the courtyard of the mosque. We had to; it was the only way we could get in, since we had made no preliminary arrangements.

When we drove up to the entrance the captain of gendarmes, who was backed by a hundred of his men in a double line from the gateway to the door of the mosque, demanded our passes. Passes? We had no passes. But he did not understand English, so what we said might have meant anything to him. When he started to wave us politely away we suddenly assumed an air of great dignity and importance, and the man of our party began to produce from his pocket a package of very formidable-looking documents. I assisted in the ceremony by drawing a fine line of scrutiny from the handsome little epauleted Turk's left ear right down to the tip of his patent-leather boot, and at once he began to get fidgety.

Finally, with a carefully restrained air of contempt for his stupidity—as much as to say: "Oh, well, if you don't know your own business you'd better go and call the Sultan; he knows us!"—we stalked by him; and he was so thoroughly impressed that he not only bowed his apologies but personally conducted us to a point of vantage near where the Sultan's carriage was to drive up.

We stood there and waited for more than an hour, the only other spectators present being either Turks or Germans. One German woman who stood behind us, hearing us speak English, and being annoyed by the sound of it, no doubt, relieved her feelings by audible comments on our "nerve," our hats, our informal costumes, and our objectionableness in general; and that helped some to pass the time away.

And there were other diversions. The Imperial Band marched into the inclosure, lined up not far from the carpeted marble steps of the Sultan's entrance to the mosque and began to play weird, wild marches. Then the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and his staff came in, received and returned a general salute, and took their places alongside those same carpeted marble steps. No sooner had they arrived than the handsomest young Turk in all Turkey, with enough orders and medals and gold lace on him to fit out the whole American Army, put in a dramatic appearance, followed at a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respectful distance by a plentiful and brilliant bodyguard. This was no other than Enver Pasha, the War Minister and Turkey's great little "man of the hour"; and he did the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin the honor of joining him on terms almost of equality.

Up the roadway to the palace gates stood a solid block of the Imperial Horse Guards in their scarlet-and-white uniforms, with swords glinting in the sun and thousands of red pennants, aloft on long shining lances, whipping noisily in the breeze.

Twelve o'clock, on the minute of which all good Moslems are called to prayer, came and went. The muezzin in the minaret lolling against the balustrade looked bored. Allah must wait; the Sultan was not ready! The German military party made polite, small conversation; various dignitaries approached the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and were presented; heels clicked together and stiff salutes were exchanged; men mopped their streaming faces; for the hundredth time the white-vested, full-dressed master of ceremonies personally attended to the adjustment of the Sultan's carpet; the band got tired and slouched into comfortable disorder.

Then suddenly the air was rent by a mighty shout—something between a bellow and a bark. It was the Sultan's salute from the Imperial Guards, and instantly everybody was galvanized into action. The muezzin straightened up and began to chant: "*La Illaha illa Allah!*" The band jerked itself into order and poised its instruments ready for the first blast of the national anthem. The gendarmes stood at attention. And the thousands of horses of the Guard, as though moved by a single impulse, broke into a trot up and over the hill, down round the roadway, and into the mosque inclosure, where they wheeled into line, filling the whole great space, and came to motionless attention, the men's swords flashing at their shoulders, just as the Sultan's gorgeous carriage rolled swiftly through the gateway and up to the carpeted marble steps.

English Preferred by the Turks

The band blared the dolorous national hymn while the poor, white, weary old man was lifted down and deposited on a fine red rug. He paused just long enough to receive the salutations of the German prince and the dignitaries; then, with a man on each side and one behind, he was literally carried up the steps and into the mosque. That was all; it was all over and the party broke up.

Abdul-Hamid lives in a white palace up on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus with twenty wives and a continuous grouch. His mutterings of discontent float out through various channels and his sorrows are a favorite topic of conversation; but nobody feels any sympathy for him. He lives in gilded, roomy confinement and is suffering at the hands of his brother Mohammed exactly what his brother Mohammed suffered at his hands for something like thirty years. I doubt that he knows as much about what is going on in the world as the least inquiring of American schoolboys; but if he does know, it is safe to venture that he is not praying for the success of the Germans.

There is a settled conviction predominant in Constantinople that Germany is going to win. Perhaps the presence in the city of so many Germans and the fact that they control the sources of information account for this; but it is a conviction which makes itself felt. The question that interests most people, however, is: What good is it going to do Turkey? The Turks do not want the Germans to control Constantinople. They are not popular with any element of the population.

A German officer, in a convivial hour, confessed to an American:

"As long as we have been here and as much as we have done, I have to admit that these people still like the English better than they do us."

Nobody can escape knowing that; you get it everywhere from all kinds of people. One noble Turk—a pasha, no less—has spoken to me about "the strong, clean hand of England"; and a whining Jewish servant, in the safe isolation of the topmost height of a wind-swept watchtower, has poured into my ears his and his people's great unhappiness, and their hopes of delivery "when the British—who are just—take hold of things."

It is a curious situation when the majority of the inhabitants of a besieged city are praying for the success of the besiegers!

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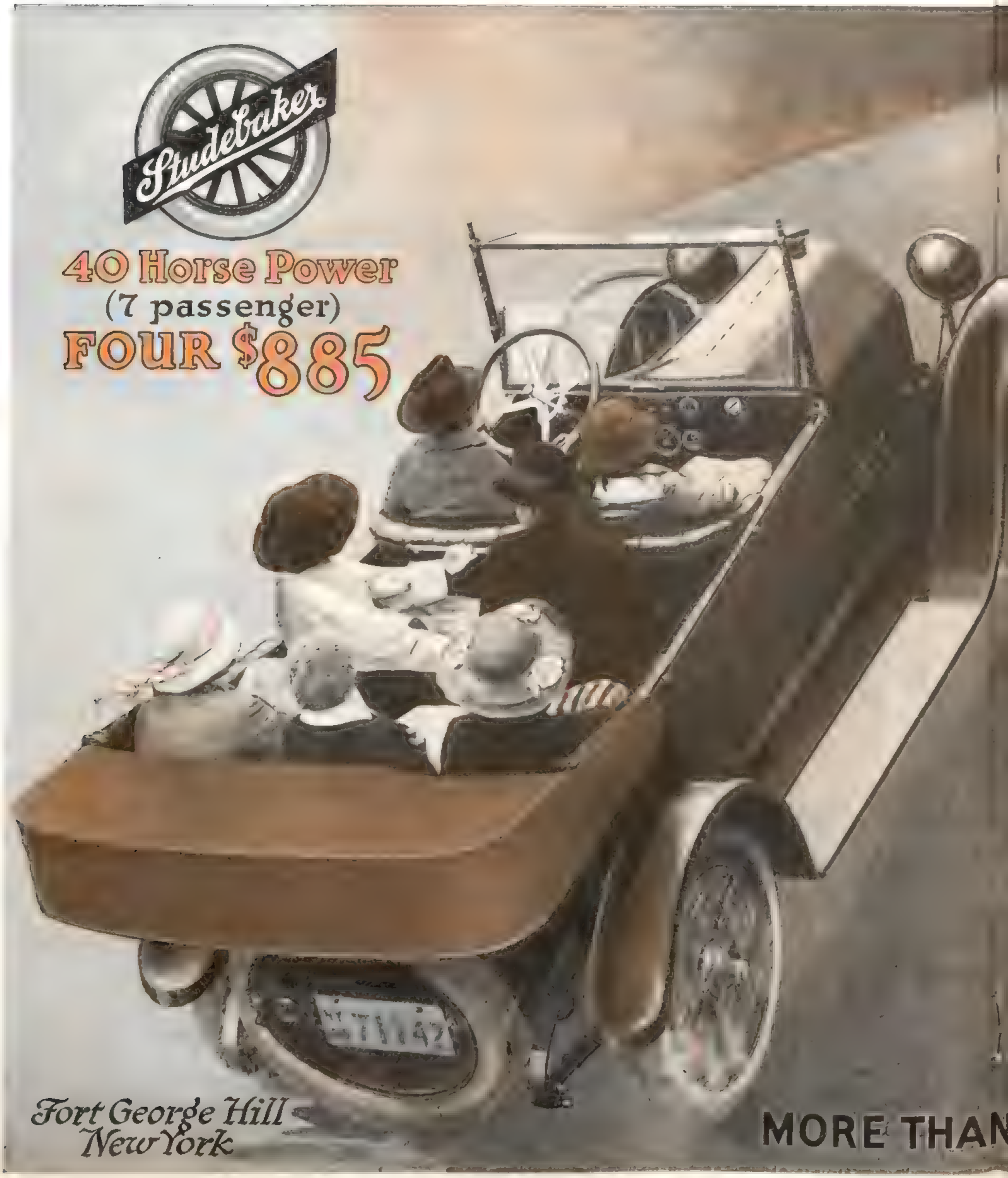

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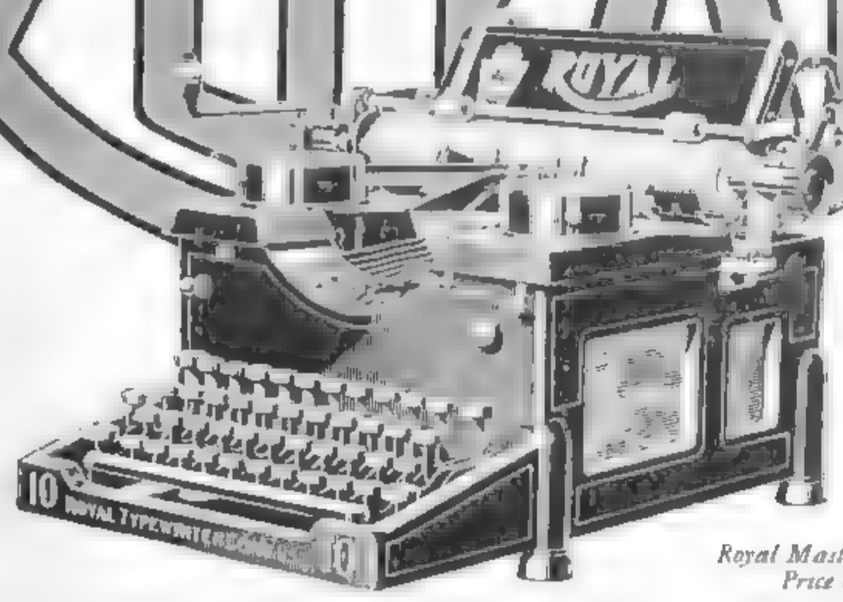

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RICH MAN, POOR MAN

Continued from Page 6

And there you are! Barbara Wynne had come to Mrs. Tilney's!

There's not much more to be told. At seven the mother returned. Then, some time later, an express wagon left a trunk at Mrs. Tilney's door. That night Mrs. Wynne came down to her dinner; but after that, of Mrs. Tilney's guests none but Mr. Mapleson saw her ever again. Late the second night the little man pattered down the stairs and tapped at Mrs. Tilney's door.

"You'd better go up," he said; "something's happening."

Donning a dressing sack, Mrs. Tilney hurried upstairs. Half an hour later the doctor came. He gave one look at the woman moaning on her pillow—in her nightdress, her hair in braids, she seemed scarcely more than a girl—and then the doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Pneumonia—going fast," he said.

By evening, the day after, it was all over. Steadily the lamp of life burned dimmer, fading down to darkness; yet before its light failed altogether it flickered once, gleaming momentarily. Then the watcher at the bedside saw the dulled eyes open, grow bright, and she saw the lips part and flutter.

"What is it, dearie?" whispered Mrs. Tilney.

Only an unintelligible murmur came, but of a part of it Mrs. Tilney thought she was certain.

"Babbie! Barbara Wynne!" the lips seemed to call.

Down the hall Mrs. Tilney had gone hurriedly. Mr. Mapleson's door was ajar, and there on the floor sat the little man and the child. They were cutting strings of paper dolls out of newspaper.

"Come," Mrs. Tilney had said.

That brief flicker, though, had been the last. The mother love that momentarily wrung back the passing spirit to its shell had yet not been able to hold it there. Life had fled when Mrs. Tilney got back to the room with the child.

The little girl's hand in hers, Mrs. Tilney walked from the room and shut the door behind her. Never had she looked so grim, so sharp-faced, so unlovely. Never had her bony, angular face, her slack figure and sloping shoulders seemed so unalluring. But what of that?

Not one clue to the identity of either the mother or the child was to be found among the dead woman's few possessions. The fact is, her trunk contained little. Such papers as were in it comprised only half a dozen undated letters, brief notes for the most part, and none of any value. All were addressed "Dearest D," and signed either "B," "H" or "V." However, from a remark let fall by Mrs. Wynne it was inferred that she had neither friends nor family in New York. It also was inferred that she had come originally from out of town. That was all. However, the trunk delivered up one thing that, if it were of no value in identifying its owner, at least had a monetary value. This was a diamond brooch. It paid ultimately for its former owner's burial.

Bab, you understand, never left Mrs. Tilney's. The night of the mother's funeral Mr. Mapleson slipped down the hall toward Mrs. Tilney's parlor. She sat there shrouded in the dusk and crooning softly.

"Well?" asked Mr. Mapleson.

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Tilney fiercely. Pressed tight to her flat, unlovely breast was Bab's rumpled head, and Mr. Mapleson had said no more.

For those first few years the little old man sold dictionaries for a living. It was a sordid, distressing trade. Then, too, the snubs he received were, to a man of his shy nature, each a crucifixion. Eventually, though, he was enabled to get other employment. It was as bookkeeper in the Pine Street real-estate office.

That day his joy rose to a pitch of bubbling exultation. Picking up Bab, he tossed her high.

"Diamonds and pearls! Diamonds and pearls! You'll wear 'em yet, you wait!"

But Bab Wynne was of a far more practical turn of mind.

"Did you bring me my licorice stick?" she demanded.

It was Mr. Mapleson that had first taught Bab her letters. Step by step he brought her up until it was time to send Bab to a school. Then, the school having been selected, with the child's hand in his Mr. Mapleson walked there with her every morning. At night, too, it was Mr. Mapleson that always heard her lessons. "Spell cat," Mr. Mapleson would say; and when Bab, after deep thought, announced that c—a—t spelled cat, Mr. Mapleson would exclaim: "Very good! Very good!" and, laying down the spelling book, would pick up the reader. "Read, please," he would direct; and the little girl, bending earnestly over her book, would display to the man's breathless interest that wonderful evidence of the Creation, the marvel of a child's growing mind. "Oh, see the ox! Is the ox kind? Yes, the ox is kind."

Mr. Mapleson would be enthralled.

"Diamonds and pearls!" he'd say. "Diamonds and pearls!"

There are times, though, one fears, when Bab Wynne, with the spirit that betokens the dawning of a character, was not just so earnest, so tractable. Pouting, she'd mumble: "Don't know how to spell cat!" or, "No, I don't see the old ox!"

Mr. Mapleson would slowly shake his head.

"If you won't read and won't spell, Bab," he'd say, "how can you hope ever to grow up a lady—a fine lady?"

"Don't want to be a fine lady!" Bab would answer.

Usually after this was a little silence. Then Mr. Mapleson would hold out both his hands to her.

"D'you want to break Mr. Mapy's heart?" he'd ask.

That always fetched her. And thus had passed the years, one by one drifting by. Bab had just turned twenty, and Mr. Mapleson's promise had come true. "Diamonds and pearls! Diamonds and pearls!" he'd told her. They were to be hers now. Bab Wynne at last had found her people!

She still lay with her brown head buried among the pillows; and Mr. Mapleson, his eyes gleaming like a bird's, bent above her, quivering, his slender hand gently touching her on the cheek.

"Why, Babbie!"

She looked up suddenly, her eyes suffused.

"Oh, Mr. Mapy!" she whispered. "Is it true? Is it true?"

He had left the door open, and had one looked closely it would have been seen in the light from outside that Mr. Mapleson started first, and that then the color fled swiftly from his face.

"What do you mean?" he whispered; and rising from the pillow Bab bent closer to him, her face rapt, her lips parting with excitement.

"I mean about me," she answered, her breast heaving gently—"about everything! Last night you were talking and I heard—I couldn't help listening! You were telling about the Beestons—about them—about me! Oh, Mr. Mapy, is it true?"

Mr. Mapleson stared at her, his face like clay. He was shaking too. Then he spoke, and his voice when she heard it was thick and harshly broken. One would hardly have known it for his.

"Yes," said Mr. Mapleson, and quivered; "it's true! You're old man Beeston's granddaughter. Your father was his son." And then Mr. Mapleson said a very curious thing. "Yes—God help me!" he croaked.

Belowstairs all Mrs. Tilney's boarders sat at dinner, and in the room lit dimly by the single gas jet the two were quite alone—the white-faced, white-haired, faded little old man; the girl, youthful, lovely, alluring. But alone though they were, the whole world at that instant might have whirled about them, roaring, yet neither would have heard it.

Bab presently spoke.

"You mean," she said slowly, wondering—"you mean that I'm theirs? That they are coming to take me?"

Mr. Mapleson said "Yes."

"And I'm to have everything now, really everything?" she asked. "You mean I'm to have pretty clothes? To go everywhere? To know everyone they know?"

It was so; and his face convulsed, his mouth working queerly, Mr. Mapleson fell to nodding now like a mandarin on a mantelpiece.

"Yes, yes—everything!"

Again he bent over her, his expression once more rapt, once more transfigured.

"Yes, and you can marry. You understand, don't you?" said Mr. Mapleson, his

voice eager, clear. "You can marry anyone. You understand—anyone?"

Then with a sudden gesture he held out his slender, pipestem arms; and Bab, her face suffused, crept into them. For a moment Mr. Mapleson patted the head hidden on his shoulder.

"You are happy then?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Mapy! Mr. Mapy!" she whispered.

IV

THE lawyers were to arrive at eight. Long before that hour came the conviction that something startling was in the wind had begun gradually to dawn in the minds of Mrs. Tilney's boarders. The dinner in itself was significant.

Usually, under Mrs. Tilney's practiced eye, the meal progressed with order, with propriety. Not so to-night. In fact, the longer it continued, the more it seemed to take on the haste, not to say the impulsiveness, of an Alpine avalanche. Food, plates, silverware, all were hurtled across the terrain of the tablecloth as if discharged upon it by some convulsion of Nature.

"Pardon!" said Miss Hultz, pausing abruptly in the middle of the repast. Then she grasped Lena, the waitress, firmly by the wrist. "You give me back that slaw!" directed Miss Hultz, her tone minatory. "The idea, the way you're snatching things before I'm finished!"

Lena valiantly defended herself.

"You needn't lay it on me, miss! There's folks callin' to see Mrs. Tilney at eight, I tell you, and I gotta git th' room cleared!"

"That's all right too!" retorted Miss Hultz. "Mrs. T. can ask in the whole street if she's a mind, only I'm not going to give up eating! Pass th' bread, Mr. Backus!"

Mr. Backus, the gentleman at Miss Hultz' left, was a plump, pasty young man who worked in Wall Street, and as he passed the bread he inquired:

"What's th' madam giving, a *soirée?*"

"Sworry" was what he called it, but Miss Hultz seemed to comprehend. Shrugging her shoulders, she raised at the same time her fine, expressive eyebrows.

"Search me," she murmured indolently.

The colloquy, it appeared, had not been lost on the others; neither had they missed the vague evidences that something unusual was happening in Mrs. Tilney's house.

Mr. Jessup spoke suddenly.

"Did you say someone was coming?" he abruptly asked. Then he added: "To-night?"

His tone was queer. His air, too, was equally curious; and Mrs. Jessup glanced up at him astonished.

"What's that?" she asked.

"I asked what was happening," said Mr. Jessup. Then, as no one seemed able to answer him, he looked round the table. "Where's Mr. Mapleson?" he suddenly inquired.

No one seemed able to tell him this.

"H'm!" said Mr. Jessup queerly, and picking up his knife and fork he silently went on eating. His face, however, still wore a strange expression.

Varick arose. He, too, had been conscious throughout the dinner of the haste, the hurry, that had filled it with confusion. However, he had given little heed to that. Assured that something was happening, he was at the same time little interested in its effect on Mrs. Tilney's table arrangements. For Mr. Mapleson's was not the only face that was absent.

Bab, too, was missing.

A growing worry, in spite of himself, had begun to nag and nettle Varick. He still pondered curiously what had occurred between them there in the dining room before dinner. Then, besides, what was it that was happening? Was she affected? His dinner half finished, he shoved back his chair from the table.

"Hello! Off for a party, I see!" knowingly cried Mr. Backus.

Varick nodded.

"Yes, just off," he returned; and glancing about the table, he bobbed his head, smiling shyly. "Merry Christmas, everyone!"

Miss Hultz, for one, gave him a flashing smile, all her handsome teeth revealed.

"Same to you, Mr. Varick! Many of them!"

"Sure! And a happy New Year, son!" added Mr. Backus.

All the others joined in, even crusty old Mr. Lomax, the broken-down, disappointed life-insurance solicitor who tenanted Mrs. Tilney's back parlor. "—— Christmas, young man!" he grunted; and again fell to pronging his slaw in moody silence. His wife leaned over and touched him. She was a tall, faded woman in black silk and a lace cap, with the frail pink cheeks that go with caps and black silk. "Some night you must put on your full-dress suit too," she whispered. "We will go to a theater!"

As Varick passed toward the door her eyes followed him. She could remember the time when Mr. Lomax, too, had looked young; when he had seemed slender, vital, energetic. Varick saw the look, and as his eyes caught hers he smiled at her in his friendly, boyish way.

Mrs. Lomax beamed.

The young man had reached the floor above and was passing on his way up the second flight of stairs when Mr. Mapleson appeared suddenly at the stair head. The little man's haste was evident. The instant he saw Varick he exclaimed:

"Why, there you are! I was just looking for you!"

He came pattering down the stairs, his small figure more alert, more fussy, more bustling than ever. About it, though, was an uneasiness that was unmistakable. His air was, in fact, as if he had steeled himself to face something.

"You are going out?" he asked, his tone quick.

Varick said he was. Mr. Mapleson at the reply seemed to fuss and flutter even more. Then, swiftly putting out his hand, he touched Varick on the arm.

"Could you wait?" he appealed. "It is a favor—a great favor!"

Varick regarded him with surprise. The little man was quivering. For the moment a fit of shyness more than usually awkward seemed painfully to convulse him. His eyes leaped about him everywhere. Nor was his speech less agitated.

"If you could wait," he faltered, "I have something to tell you."

Then his emotion, whatever the cause of it, got the better of him. "I beg of you do not go yet!" he piped; and he peered up at Varick, his eyes gleaming, his mouth working nervously.

A moment passed while Varick, his wonder growing, gazed down at the white face turned up to his. Then he laid his hand quietly on Mr. Mapleson's shoulder.

"Why, what's wrong, Mr. Mapleson?" he asked. "You're not in any trouble, are you?"

Mr. Mapleson at the question looked blank.

"In trouble? I?"

"Yes. If I can help you ——" Varick had begun, when the little man gave vent to a sudden exclamation.

"I'm in no trouble! Who said I was?" he cried; and Varick stared, gazing at him with renewed astonishment. If it wasn't for his own sake that Mr. Mapleson had begged him to stay in, for whose, then, was it? Varick at this point started with a sudden thought.

"Look here," he said sharply; "it isn't Bab, is it?"

The effect was immediate. Again Mr. Mapleson peered up at Varick, his face transfigured; and again, his manner impulsive, he touched the young man on the arm.

"She is very lovely, isn't she?" he said; "and she is very good and sweet; don't you think she is?"

There was no doubt of it, but still Varick did not reply. A vague understanding had begun to creep into his mind, and questioningly he gazed down into the little man's upturned face.

"Tell me," said Mr. Mapleson—and as he heard him Varick's eyes grew wide—"tell me," he faltered, "you do think her lovely? You do think her sweet and lovely, don't you?"

Varick nodded slowly.

"Why, yes," he said, "she is very lovely." And at that Mr. Mapleson gave vent to an eager exclamation.

His face gleaming, again he threw out both his hands.

"Oh!" he cried, "then if she were rich, if you knew her to be well born, too, why—why ——" Here Mr. Mapleson began awkwardly to falter—"why, then you would—would ——"

There he paused. Moistening his lips, the little man quivered suddenly: "She could marry—marry anyone, don't you think?" he shrilled. "She could marry whom she chose; you think so, don't you?"

But if he did, Varick did not say so. A moment passed, and then, as it had been with Bab, a tide of color swept up into his face, mantling it to the brows. In other

When Heads Agree

"I would be all adrift," said the President, "if I cut loose from about the only real conviction I have preserved through forty years in business—faith that a trade mark protects the buyer.

"To me a trade mark means that a manufacturer has so standardized his processes and materials that he has the confidence to come out in the open and tell all the world that he makes the goods, believes in them, is responsible for them and stands back of them.

"The fact that every sheet of Hammermill Bond is watermarked is all that I want to know about the paper."

"All convictions about trade marks aside," put in the Treasurer, "the fact about Hammermill Bond which interests me is that we save about $1,000 a year by using it for all office needs.

"I have seen a good many concerns blow up because of excessive enterprise, but I never heard of one being wrecked by economy.

"I may not add much to the progress of this concern, but my tight-fisted economy has served in several squalls as a pretty useful riding anchor."

"As to that," remarked the Purchasing Agent, "I haven't the reputation of being a very liberal buyer, but I consider one thing to be of even more importance than low price, and that is to be able to get the goods when I want them. What recommends Hammermill Bond to me is that the selling agents carry big stocks of it in all important business centers and an enormous reserve stock is carried at the mill. I never yet had a job held up because the printer couldn't get the paper."

"You all miss the main point," said the Advertising Manager, "which is that Hammermill Bond is a blamed good paper and is made in twelve colors and white and in three finishes—Bond, Ripple and Linen. It is adapted to all of our needs, so we are able to standardize on one quality of paper, which means a lot in an advertising department. If you want results in printed matter you must have quality in the paper."

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Use LISTERINE Regularly

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Listerine is a superior dentifrice because it is liquid.

A liquid antiseptic can protect those surfaces of the teeth which the brush cannot cleanse.

Brush your teeth with Listerine; then rinse your mouth and the spaces between your teeth with diluted Listerine.

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Sore throat and hoarseness may often be prevented or relieved by gargling with Listerine and water.

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words he had seen at last exactly what Mr. Mapleson meant by his vague, faltering phrases. If Bab were rich, if Bab were well born, then would Varick marry her? The question was never answered. Just then at Varick's back Mrs. Tilney's doorbell rang suddenly.

▼

WOULD he marry Barbara Wynne? That night with its train of abrupt, confusing happenings, all following swiftly, one hard on the heels of another, Varick ever afterward could remember only as the mind recalls the vague, inconstant images of a dream. The least of it all, though, was that veiled query put to him by Mr. Mapleson. However, he had still to answer it, even to himself, when the clang of the doorbell interrupted.

Outside in the vestibule stood two persons—a woman and a man. Their voices, as they waited, were audible through the glass; and Varick, once he heard them, listened curiously. Something in their tone was familiar, especially in the woman's tone; and though the footfalls of Lena, the waitress, already could be heard slipslopping on the stair, he did not wait. Instinctively he threw open the door.

It was as he'd surmised. The two outside were known to him, and for a moment he gazed, astonished. The lady—for manifestly, in spite of her curious appearance, she was that—was the first to break the silence.

"Bless me!" she said in a voice that boomed like a grenadier's; "if it isn't Bayard Varick!"

Her escort seemed equally astonished. The gentleman, a middle-aged, medium-sized person with pale, myopic eyes, pale, drooping mustaches, and thin, colorless hair, gave vent to a grunt, then a sniff. The lady's buglelike tones, however, at once submerged this.

Her surprise at finding Varick there was not only startled, it was scandalized, one saw.

"You don't mean you're living here?" she demanded. Afterward, having given her bonnet a devastating jab with one hand, she remarked eloquently: "My Lord!"

Varick in spite of himself had to smile. The world, or that part of the world at least which arrogates to itself that title, ever will recall with reverence—a regard, however, not unmixed with humor—that able, energetic figure, Miss Elvira Beeston. The chatelaine, the *doyenne* too, of that rich, powerful family, Miss Elvira enjoyed into the bargain a personality not to be overlooked. Briefly, it would have made her notable whatever her walk in life. But never mind that now. In years she was sixty—that or thereabouts; in figure she was short, not to mention dumpy. Bushy eyebrows, a square, craggy face, inquiring eyes and a salient, hawklike nose comprised other details of her appearance.

As the prefix suggests, Miss Elvira never had married. There were reasons, perhaps. Of these, however, the one advanced by the lady herself possibly was the most plausible. "Life," she was heard to observe, "has enough troubles as it is."

However, that she was a woman of mind, of character, rather than one merely feminine, you would have divined readily from Miss Elvira's dress. Her hat, a turban whose mode was at least three seasons in arrears, sagged jadedly into the position where her hand last had jabbed it; while her gown, equally rococo, was of a style with which no washerwoman would have deigned to disfigure herself.

Her companion, the gentleman of the myopic eyes and pale mustaches, was her niece's husband, De Courcy Lloyd. Old Peter Beeston was his father-in-law. His air bored, his nose uplifted and his aspect that of one pursuing a subtle odor, Mr. Lloyd advanced into Mrs. Tilney's hallway. Evidently its appointments filled him with distaste, for having glanced about him he was just remarking, "Good Lord! What a wretched hole!" when of a sudden there was a diversion.

Mr. Mapleson was still in the hallway. The instant the doorbell rang he started, and then, had one looked, a quick change would have been seen to steal over the little man's gray, furrowed features. In turn the varying emotions of alertness, interest, then agitation pictured themselves on his face; and now, having for a moment gazed blankly at Miss Beeston, he gave vent to a stifled cry. The next instant, turning on his heel, Mr. Mapleson fled at full tilt up the stairs. He ran, his haste unmistakable, flitting like a frightened rabbit. Then as he reached the stairhead he turned and cast a glance behind him. It was at Miss Beeston he looked, and Varick saw his face. Terror convulsed the little man. The look, however, was lost on Miss Elvira. Having glanced about her for a moment, she leveled at Varick a pudgy yet commanding finger.

"Well, young man," bugled Miss Elvira, "you haven't told me yet what *you* are doing here."

Varick, with a queer expression on his face, turned to her.

"Don't you know?" he inquired quietly.

Miss Beeston didn't. From the time Varick had been a boy in short trousers she had known him. Added to that, he long had been a friend, a close friend, too, of her nephew, crippled David Lloyd.

"That reminds me," Miss Elvira said abruptly, "why haven't you been to see us lately?"

Varick gave his shoulders a shrug. The shrug, though, was deprecatory rather than rude. That somehow he felt awkward was evident. Miss Beeston stared inquiringly.

"Well?"

"Your brother knows," Varick was saying; "perhaps you'd better ask him," when he became aware that Miss Elvira was neither interested in what he was telling her nor, for that matter, listening to him.

Her square, unlovely face raised expectantly, she stood looking up the stairway, and as Varick gazed at her he saw a sudden transformation. The square jaw seemed to grow less square; the bright, inquiring eyes visibly softened, their gleam less hard, less penetrating, while Miss Elvira's mouth, set ordinarily in a shrewd, covert grin, seemed for a moment to quiver. Her breast, too, was gently heaving and Varick, marveling, turned to look.

At the head of the stairs stood Barbara. Her hand on the stair rail, she paused momentarily, staring at the strangers in the hall below. Then a faint air of wonderment crept into her face, and, her eyes on Miss Elvira, she came slowly down toward her.

Miss Elvira's square, squat form was as if suddenly transfigured. For once in her life a rare, indefinable beauty shone upon her plain unlovely features—a radiance that would have startled into wonder Miss Elvira's cronies had they been there to see it. She did not speak. She stood, bending forward, her mouth working, her eyes glowing beneath their shaggy brows.

Bab walked straight to her.

"I am Barbara—Barbara Wynne," she said. "You've come to see me, I suppose?"

Varick, puzzled, looked from one to the other in his wonder. As yet he grasped nothing of what was going on. "Why, what is it?" he murmured to Miss Elvira. By now, however, that lady had forgotten that Varick even existed. With a jab at her bonnet, her hard old face twitching queerly, she suddenly threw out both her hands.

"Come here, girl," said Miss Elvira thickly, her voice cracking as she spoke; "you know me, don't you? I'm your father's aunt—yours too. I've come to take you home."

Late that night, long after the dinner hour at Mrs. Tilney's, the news of what had happened ran from room to room. To say the boarding house was stupefied but barely expresses it. The story sounded like a fairytale.

It was told, for example, how twenty years before, old man Beeston's son, against his father's will, had married an insignificant nobody—a girl without either wealth or position. Disowned and disinherited, the son as well as the woman he'd married had disappeared. It was as if the grave had swallowed them. Which, indeed, had been the case, as both the man and his girl wife were dead. A child, however, had survived them, and that child was Bab. Picture the sensation at Mrs. Tilney's!

"Well, talk of luck!" remarked Miss Hultz, who had been among the first to hear the news. "She can have anything she wants now!" A thought at this instant entering her mind, she gave a sudden exclamation. "Why, she can even have Mr. Varick!" There seemed no reason to doubt it.

In Mrs. Tilney's house, it happened, was one person who did not share Miss Hultz' view. This was Varick himself!

Eleven o'clock had struck and Bab, with her little handbag packed, her face white, had been whirled away uptown in the Beestons' big limousine. Mrs. Tilney, too, had made her exit. Her gaunt face drawn and grim, she sat in her bedroom staring

The 50c Underwear that's knit in the dollar way

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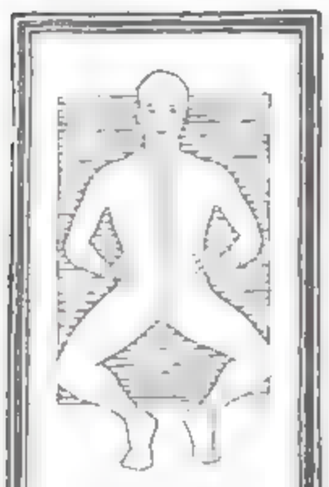

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into the cold, burned-out grate. Its ashes seemed somehow to typify her sense of desolation, of loneliness; for, as she reflected, Bab was gone, Bab was no longer hers. How swift it all had been! How unexpected! However, with that fortitude bred of a long familiarity with fate—or call it fortune if you like—Mrs. Tilney accepted dry-eyed this last gift it offered; and with a sigh she arose and made ready for bed.

Meanwhile, on the floor above, Varick had just knocked at Mr. Mapleson's door. His face was a study. All the color had left it until he was white, ash pale, and his gray eyes were clouded darkly.

"Mapleson," he said thickly, "do you know what you've done?"

The little man gaped. He cringed, starting as if he had been struck. Then from Mr. Mapleson's face, too, the last vestige of color sped swiftly.

"I?" he gasped.

Varick grimly nodded.

"Yes, you, Mapleson! It was you, wasn't it, that had those letters, the ones in that dead woman's trunk? It was you, too, wasn't it, that gave the lawyers the other papers—their proofs?" His voice rasping, he stared at the little man fixedly. "A fine mess, man, you've made of it!"

Both hands at his mouth, Mr. Mapleson shrank back, quivering.

"What do you mean?" he shrilled, and Varick shrugged his shoulders disgustedly.

"Just what I say!" he returned. "You don't know, do you, it was that man, that scoundrel, who ruined my father? You don't know, do you, he was the one who trimmed him in Wall Street? And now you've given her to him!"

Mr. Mapleson stared at him, appalled.

"Ruined? He? Your father?" he stammered brokenly. "Beeston?"

The sweat started suddenly on Varick's brow.

"Don't you know I love her?" he cried. "Don't you know I want her? You don't think they'd let me have her now, do you?"

But the little man did not heed. All at once he tossed up both his hands.

"What have I done?" he groaned. "Oh, what have I done?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Buried Shells

AN ODD problem, which will be encountered all through the fighting territory after the war, is that of guarding against the exploding of shells which buried themselves in the ground without having exploded. In the section of France along the Marne, where the fighting was sharp early in the war and from which the Germans retreated, the peasant farmers already have found this danger to be real. A plowman at any moment may strike a shell that will explode with sufficient force to kill him and his team.

Various solutions have been suggested, but the most promising is one worked out by a French scientist and considered by the Academy of Science. The plan is to go all over the farms with an electrical instrument that will give warning when a mass of metal is near. Such an instrument is an old American invention frequently used in laboratory work. Some modifications of it were adopted by the French scientist to fit it for field use, and his apparatus requires the services of two men.

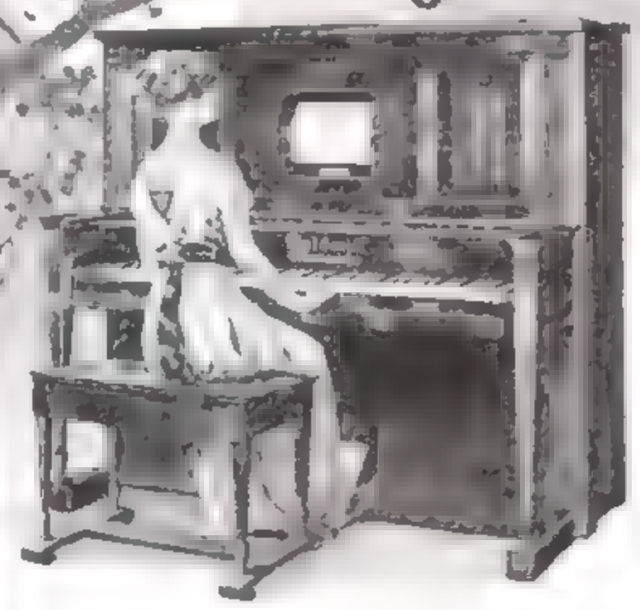
In practical tests on the old battlefields he found that it is possible for two men to explore an acre thoroughly in about one hour, and locate every buried shell near enough to the surface to do any harm.

Absorbing Rays

EYEGLASSES that will shut off heat but will not shut off light are now manufactured by an American glass works. Glowing hot metals and hot masses of melted glass give out heat waves, which have been suspected of causing many eye troubles, though the fact has not been proved and is based largely on the existence of an exceptional number of eye troubles among workers in molten glass and metals.

These heat rays are the infra-red rays, invisible to the eye; though they are like other light waves, but a little longer in wave length. The new eyeglasses permit all the ordinary light waves to pass through, but absorb the infra-red rays. Consequently they appear perfectly transparent to light and yet shut off much of the heat.

As Instinctive as the Song of the Nightingale



The nightingale sings its love instinctively. The eagle shrieks its anger instinctively. Likewise, humans express feeling instinctively. You shout instinctively in victory. You moan instinctively in pain.

WHERE your feeling takes musical form, the degree and exactness of emotion pictured by the music depends upon the ability of the instrument to absorb and express your instinctive longings and desires.

Like the song of birds, the voice of a Sembrich and the piano of a Pachmann, the

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The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

expresses the exact emotion of whoever plays it because it responds to instinct. The instinctive feeling which, if you were a trained musician, would make the piano "talk", makes the Manualo "talk" with identical expression.

In Manualo music, the volume, the accent, the light, the shade, the very style of playing, are controlled from the one place where you are in constant contact with the instrument and where your musical feeling is naturally expressed—the pedals. Every particle of feeling which you instinctively put into the pedaling is instantly and exactly pictured in the music.

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Profit by the experience of the keen automobile and motorcycle manufacturers who are increasing the prestige of their products by equipping the machines they make with "Chain Tread" Tires.

You can buy "Chain Tread" Tires from good dealers everywhere.

United States Tires

Made by the Largest Rubber Company in the World

COMMUTATION: $9.17

(Continued from Page 8)

men jumped and murmured uneasily of bomb explosions.

The annual election of the Harbor Club was approaching—and, as commodore, Mr. Small would be eligible to anything. He was being affable to quantities of people. He was sure that one should be optimistic in this best of all possible worlds and bring a little gift of sunshine to all influential members of the Harbor Club; but he was vexed this particular morning on the train. One Percy Weather had made as though to sit down beside him, and only by turning round and shouting at a member of the Harbor Club, "Looking for a seat?" had Mr. Small got rid of the fellow.

He chatted with his seatmate about the coming club election, giving him every reasonable chance to suggest that Mr. Small run for office. Then, on a hunch—"I always trust a hunch," he often told Mrs. Small—he left his seat and went four cars back to speak to the vice commodore of the Harbor Club about the vice commodore's beautiful wife, beautiful children, beautiful newspaper, beautiful tie, beautiful sunburn. . . . Mr. Small was still lauding the vice-commodorial virtues when the train passed Westborough Junction and the trainmen demanded a second glimpse of the tickets.

Still bearing his message of optimism to the vice commodore, Mr. Small merely mumbled: "No; I won't show my ticket."

"Yes, you will!" said an unfamiliar voice.

Mr. Small stared up with the hauteur of a hatboy. Then he remembered—Conductor Barton inspected tickets only in the forward two cars. It was an ordinary collector who dared address him—a surly youth with black brows and no forehead.

"Show your ticket, I said. You can't work none o' them games on me!"

The vice commodore hastily reached for his commutation. For that reason Mr. Small was the more stubborn. He'd show people he wasn't a coward like the vice commodore—the present vice commodore!

"My ticket was punched up forward by the conductor," he said—"Crosshampton Harbor."

"Well, lemme take a look at it."

"I told you it's been punched. I don't have to show it again, and—I won't."

"You'll show me that ticket or I'll put you off the train. You may 'a' showed it to the conductor and you may not. You never showed it to me anyway."

The collector was young. He spoke with none of the weary suavity of Conductor Barton.

"Oh! You'll put me off the train! You'll put me off the train!! You'll put me off ——"

"You got it right the first time. I'll put you off, I'll put you off, I'll put you off the train. Whathell do you think this is? Think we're speaking a piece together? Show me that ticket!"

Through all the car, surging with the wrath of a superman, brave with defiance to the collector, to the conductor, to the railroad, to the state, to the nation, and to the united armies and navies and revenue services of the entire world, rolled Mr. Small's voice:

"I've showed my ticket once. I won't show it again. That's the end of it! Gwan put me off! Gwan! Put me off the train!"

Mr. Small was conscious that the vice commodore was leaning back in his seat corner, trying to look as though he did not know Mr. Small; that passengers were rising and staring at him; that the collector was making gripping motions with his grease-blackened hands. But it was his moment of glory. Now, for all time, he would stand out as the most prominent citizen of Crosshampton Harbor—defender of all its liberties. He bawled on:

"I've had about enough of your lip, my man. I'll report you to the—to your—to the railroad; and I'll see to it that you lose your job. You ain't fit to be allowed to talk to passengers."

"Oh, gee!" said the collector. A curious expression wrinkled his face. "Would you do that now? I've got a woman and three kids."

"Can't help it." Mr. Small settled into his seat with finality. "You ought to have thought of that before."

"Well, then, all right, bo! Show me your ticket!"

"W-h-a-t?" Mr. Small was aghast. "Say! You fellows just want to see how much us passengers will stand. Well, you've found out now. I tell you for the last time"—his voice rose and rose—"that I will not show you my ticket, not even if I have to lick you. Putting a passenger—inconvenience—unnecessary—see how much stand! Why, if you want to—why don't you put me off the train? Go ahead; just try it!"

"All right," said the collector. "Been waiting till we reached Martinsbridge. And here we are, brother."

Like a steam crane yanking a bale out of a ship's hold the collector's arm whirled down, caught Mr. Small's collar, jerked him out of the seat, ran him stumbling and breathless along the aisle and down the vestibule steps. To the railroad policeman who guarded the repair material at Martinsbridge the collector chuckled:

"Here, Billy, pinch this guy for ——"

"You can't arrest me for not showing ——" from Mr. Small.

"—— disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace and resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty, or whatever it is, and using gosh-awful language and the rest of it—will you?" the collector finished.

"All right, Tim!" said the railroad policeman.

Already the train was pulling out. Mr. Small was aware that faces once near and dear were staring with shocked horror; that fingers which had once signed lemonade checks for him were pointing in scorn; that every window and vestibule door was jammed with gaping people.

The train was gone round a curve and Mr. Small was left alone on a quiet, shabby, unfamiliar plank platform, surrounded by the hovels of a meaningless 'tween-stations town—that is, alone except for a railroad policeman who was advancing on him.

"You can't arrest me," said Mr. Small with severe gentility.

"No; but I'm going to."

"Why, you haven't got a single witness ——"

"Oh, that's all right, Jack," said the policeman, taking Mr. Small's arm with smelly familiarity. "If there's any trouble the collector will have plenty of witnesses when the trial comes up. Come along now, Jack, and don't try any funny business."

Again the art of the historian falters before the fact itself. Mr. Small was fined fifteen dollars and costs in the police court for disorderly conduct and several allied offenses.

The newspapers of the city, of Crosshampton Harbor, of Cosmos Villas and of Mr. Small's home town all reported the affair fully. A certain irreverent paper in the city sent one of its bright young men to interview him. Mr. Small talked at length about his rights as a citizen, a passenger, a clubman, a business man, a father. The reporter did not write a humorous account; he did something worse—he quoted Mr. Small's indignations word for word, so that Mr. Small thought he had been grossly misrepresented.

He threatened to sue for libel. But before he could undertake the suit he was otherwise interested.

Going inconspicuously into the city he saw Mr. Cornelius Berry, the various commodores, and everybody else he knew, reading the newspaper interview with him. They did not seem to see him. He silently showed his ticket a second time after the junction. He heard a snicker. When he reached the office Mr. Woodley, of the firm, called him in and gave him two weeks' notice.

"You've terminated your usefulness here, Small," said the chief. "You can't expect to keep office discipline when the whole office is laughing itself sick at your escapades. You'll instruct the salesclerk how to take up your duties. By the way, I've been looking into your work a little. Let me suggest that on your next job you don't try to make all the girls hate you. It may please you a lot, but we didn't hire you to have fun. . . . You want to learn something about efficiency, man!"

For the first time in his Whittier J. Small life our hero doubted his greatness. That evening as he slid into the train he saw Percy Weather—good old Percy, the one man in Crosshampton Harbor who was worth knowing. . . . For some curious reason he had hardly seen the dear chap for a month. . . . He murmured:

"Sitting here, old man?"

HOBUS

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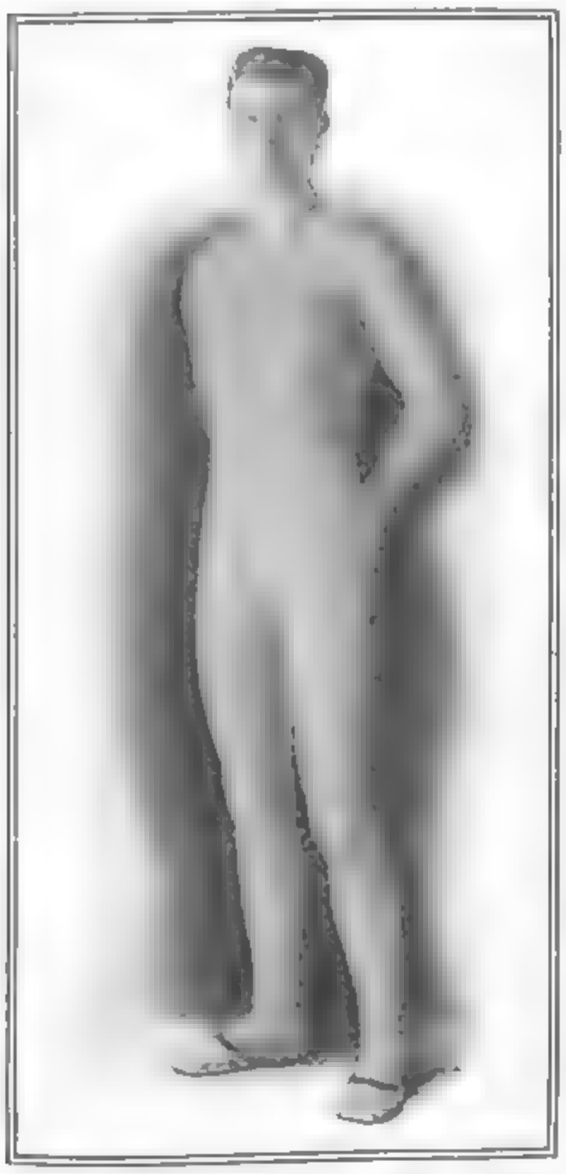
Are you buying underwear satisfaction this Fall or is **Hobus** new to you? If it is you owe it to yourself to learn what it means to button only one button instead of ten, to end forever the discomfort of missing buttons and torn button holes, to enjoy a perfect fitting union suit entirely free from binding, gaping or bagging.



The **Hatch One Button Union Suit** is made for men, women and children in grades to suit every purse and every temperature. An illustrated catalogue describing the complete line will be mailed free upon request to our mill at Albany.

Prices

Men's Suits—$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50.
Boys' " —50 cents, $1.00, $1.25.
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This garment is featured at the best haberdashers' and department stores, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly send your chest measure, with remittance, to our mill at Albany and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

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PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

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Manufacturers
Albany, New York

Barnes Knitting Corporation
220 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Sole Distributor

Mr. Weather stopped and foolishly stroked his straw-colored cheeks.

"Why!" he said—then: "No, by gosh, I'm not." And he marched on.

Mr. Small was in a rage when he reached home. "We will go down to the club to-night," he stated to Mrs. Small.

"Do you think—had we better?" she ventured.

"And why not?—if I may be allowed to venture a question about your high and mighty way of deciding where I can go."

"Oh, I just—I just wondered!"

"Then you can just-wondered about-can't you keep those children quiet for one moment? you can just-wondered about something more profitable; about this boot-sole of a steak, for instance. Do you think that when I come home all worn out I want to look at a steak, or try and eat it? I suppose this is a suffrage steak. By the way, I got fired to-day, you'll be pleased to hear."

At first Mr. Small wondered why a woman tried to get round him by weeping. Then, as she sobbed on and could not get the courage to try to stop, he felt something break inside himself. He knew that all the time he had been blackguarding her he had been wistfully glad that she, at least, would stand by him—not laugh at his arrest. . . . He stroked her hair as though he had not done it for years. His wife wept harder than ever; but in the end they went to the club together, arm cuddling arm.

He had feared that he would be received with silence. Not at all! The club wag insisted on reading the libelous interview aloud, after trying to persuade Mr. Small to read it. The Smalls left early. This time it was Mrs. Small who was volubly indignant and Mr. Small who depended on her.

The next day was the end of the month—time to get commutation. He shoved his $9.17 under the wicket at the city ticket office and demanded, "Crosshampton Harbor; W. J. Small," with the peremptory manner necessary for keeping employees in their places.

The ticket man scratched his head, looked as though he was trying to remember something, reached up for a little book, and turned in it to S.

"Sorry, Mr. Small, but you can't buy commutation," said he.

"What do you mean?"

"What I said. Orders."

"Orders that I can't buy ——"

"Yump. Don't block up the window. I've got my orders—that's all. Commutation is a reduced fare. The railroad doesn't have to sell it—and it doesn't to people who misuse it."

"Why, I can make you sell ——"

"Yes; you can make us sell you first-class fare. You'll find first-class round-trip tickets at the window on the right—Crosshampton Harbor fare, ninety-four cents a round trip. Don't block up the window any more, please."

Mr. Small stormed into the general offices to find out whence came the order that he, Whittier J. Small, could not buy commutation. He did not find out. Apparently the order was self-made—but it was there on the books all right, he was suavely informed by the secretary of the general passenger agent. He stared quietly out of the car window all the way home. That evening he called Mrs. Small "Honey" for the first time in a decade. And he did not entertain her with his theories of how she should manage the kitchen. He listened to her account of the Dorcas Society meeting and even smiled—twice.

The girls in the office of which Mr. Whittier J. Small is now manager say that he is kind and considerate—comparatively.

The Smalls are moving away from Crosshampton Harbor next month. There is too much malaria for the children.

Money Enough

JAKE WELLS, the theatrical and baseball magnate of Richmond, Virginia, was standing in front of one of his theaters waiting to find some one to do a little errand for him. He looked up and down the street for several minutes, trying to spy a messenger boy. At last he saw a negro man shuffling toward him, apparently quite happy and content.

"Say, George," Mr. Wells called to him, "come here a minute. Would you like to make a quarter for a few minutes' job?"

"No, sah," the darky responded without hesitation, "Ah got two bits in mah pocket now."

"Is NOVO POWER any Good for Hoisting?"

Some contractors who have long been wedded to Novo Power for all other work—pumping, air compressing, sawing, spraying—are still in doubt when it comes to hoists.

That is no fault of Novo's.

Mind you—we don't say *all* contractors, for a lot of them are using Novo Hoists and think they are great.

The reason for the prejudice against gas engines for hoisting is a rough one, namely: a lot of gas engines have been tried—and failed lamentably.

For that matter, gas engines failed on other contracting work—until Novo made good.

The ordinary gas engine is anything but a fool proof affair. No more is a steam engine, but the latter is kept running because your high priced licensed engineer and fireman have nothing to do but to tinker with it, whereas any laborer who can chauffeur a wheelbarrow is supposed to be competent to run a gas engine in his spare moments.

We accept just those conditions.

The wonderful success of Novo Power in the contracting field has been won because a Novo Engine is so simple, self contained, automatic and uniformly dependable under roughest conditions of work and weather that it delivers a steady flow of power without expert handling.

But to return to Hoists.

Do you believe for a moment that we would imperil Novo's supremacy in the contracting field by putting out a Hoist that could by any possibility fail to make good?

Remember that 90% of concrete mixers are run by Novos. Would we take a chance on losing that control? Most of the pump manufacturers install Novos as regular power equipment. Could we hold that trade if we brought Novo into disfavor with contractors?

Now see what we claim for Novo Hoists.

We positively guarantee, without qualifications of any sort, that a Novo Hoist will match the work of any hoist driven by any other form of power of equal rated horse power.

If a fifteen horse power steam driven hoist, run by a licensed engineer and fireman, will handle your work, a fifteen horse power Novo Hoist driven by a wheelbarrow chauffeur will handle the work equally well. In winter, it will handle it infinitely better.

And it will do the work at a fraction of the cost.

A Novo Hoist is more portable than a steam hoist. It runs equally well in freezing weather and torrid weather.

It will hold its efficiency under brutal conditions and mishandling better than any other kind of a hoist.

When we say that we guarantee this, we mean that we will take back any Novo Hoist on your sayso that it is not satisfactory.

Your doubts are the fruit of other gas engines' failure. Our absolute confidence in Novo Hoists is based on the 100% performance of thousands of Novo Hoists working under the hardest possible conditions.

Remember
There is a Novo Hoist made for every kind of work from 3 to 15 h. p.

Forget your doubts. Tell our engineering department exactly the nature of your work, let us specify what Hoist to buy and you will get the best and cheapest hoisting you ever paid for.

Send for a complete description of every kind of Novo Hoists in 6-8-10-12 and 15 horse power, single or double speed. Reversible or Non-Reversible.

Assume no limitations let us give you the facts and proofs.

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ERECTOR

The Toy Like Structural Steel

FREE—Write for my new Book which tells all about Erector, the construction toy that solves the boy problem for parents

I will send the Book free—also a free three months' subscription to my boys' magazine, *Erector Tips*, brimful of interesting stories, pictures and announcement of my $3000 prize offer to boys.

Erector is the *only* construction toy with girders exactly like real structural steel. Their interlocking edges enable boys to build hundreds of *big, strong* models. The electric motor (free in most sets) runs many of the models. It's great fun!

Dealers everywhere sell Erector, $1 to $25. Ask to see Set No. 4 at $5 which contains 571 parts and motor, builds 250 models and is packed in handsome oak cabinet.

A. C. Gilbert, President
The Mysto Manufacturing Co.
119 Fox Street
New Haven, Conn.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF IN BLUNDERLAND

(Concluded from Page 15)

and the bankers paid the checks; but the goods simply did not materialize. What happened? A lot of things; and it has not always been a German spy.

It is a well-known fact in the inner circles of New York that one group of buyers have been so dishonest that it is almost impossible to close a bargain with them without a bribe. If it were known, you ask, would they not be tried by court-martial and shot? It is known, and they are not tried by court-martial and they are not shot. If their country was not backed financially by the big Powers she could not obtain a cent of credit with the banks of America; and yet the banks say nothing, because they feel that they are acting as agents for European countries and not as advertisers of delinquencies.

One group of horse inspectors told me they had had the same bunch of no-good horses passed up to them for inspection twenty different times—first in the West, then in Chicago, then in Cleveland, and then in various remount stations round the harbor of New York. The horse dealers were looking for easy marks and did not find them.

Puppets in the War-Order Game

War orders have been a gold mine to the detectives; and it has been better than comic opera to see some of the agencies switch from side to side—for where the honey pot is, there swarm the flies. For instance, one agency realized there would be more money in protecting munition plants for the Allies than secretly getting munitions out for the Germans. It switched and put three hundred men on guard round a large machine plant in a very pro-British city. The factory paid three dollars a man a day to the agency for protection; and the agency paid its men two dollars a day, netting clear three hundred dollars a day; but part of the staff had been pro-German and refused to switch—so you have the crossed wires of half an office keeping German secrets and the other half keeping the Allies' secrets. You can guess how well such secrets are kept. It is a case of bluffing one hand with the other—more Blindman's Buff in Blunderland.

I asked one agent of the largest group of machine manufacturers how the individual factory man would like to see war orders financed.

"At least twenty-five to forty per cent cash payment," he announced; "then five-year notes at five and a half per cent straight from the European Governments. We would, if we could, deal direct with the buying government; for what has caused the terrible delays and hold-ups has been the three-cornered dicker between buyer, banker and seller. Of course war manufacturers are asking high war prices. We have to! Look at the risk! Consider the extra expense of higher wages, shorter hours, hundreds of guards; but the various governments know exactly what they are willing to pay and we know exactly for what we can sell, and to dicker-docker to drive down prices simply means endless delay; and delay means defeat to an army.

"Let me give you an example: When the submarine war began England wanted instantly sixty thousand tons of strong chain to sweep the underseas. The dicker over the price of that chain went on for three months and the difference was only a fraction of a cent a pound—or what would be five hundred thousand dollars in all. The agents undoubtedly thought they were saving the British Government half a million by dickering and delaying to drive the price down; but while they dickered the sinking of a single merchant ship for lack of that chain would have more than wiped out all the saving."

It is current knowledge among war-order people that French inspectors have given less trouble on technical points than the British, and that the Russian and the German have been the most difficult of all the Russian because he has had one hand out behind him for baksheesh; the German because you seldom find him twice in the same place.

For instance, right up to August the Germans protested against the Allies' purchasing munitions in the United States. Right up to September they themselves were buying munitions in the United States not a stone's throw from the plants manufacturing for the Allies. What is the difference between shipping powder out, labeled dynamite, to a neutral port, and shipping powder out, labeled straight powder, to a port in the country of the Allies? Likewise of international loans. German agents protested against the Allies' floating loans in the United States; yet one concern in New York has sold ten million dollars' worth of German Imperial treasury notes to investors in the United States.

If you look at the map of Asia Minor you will see why Germany has an ambition to control an open road from Berlin to the Dardanelles, and from the Dardanelles through Persia. But what has all that to do with Blindman's Buff in the United States?

When a German investigator wished to enter the sacred inside precincts of American army and navy circles, either to court their friendship or keep on the inside of what was doing, he used a Persian diplomat to introduce him to the social mentor—a woman, of course—who passed him up to the sacred select.

And what were the United States Secret Service men doing? They had him tagged long ago and let him pass in to keep him tagged the better. They even let him go ahead with his moving-picture shows.

Of the men playing Blindman's Buff in Blunderland on war orders in the United States to-day no preference can be given nationalities. There is one rich Russian who was exiled to Siberia, hates Russia, and is now devoting himself and his great wealth to German propaganda. There is a Persian officer pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the English. There is an American official pulling wires for the Austrians. There are two disgruntled British officers giving away secrets to the Germans. There are three Germans playing possum in Mexico.

And so they all think they are staging the play when they are really only playing the puppet; and all these are spinning their little spider webs until Uncle Sam's Secret Service gets good and ready to wield dustpan and broom. If I guess the signs bug-death and cobweb swatting and all the rest of housecleaning will come on about the time Congress opens.

A Sincere Searcher

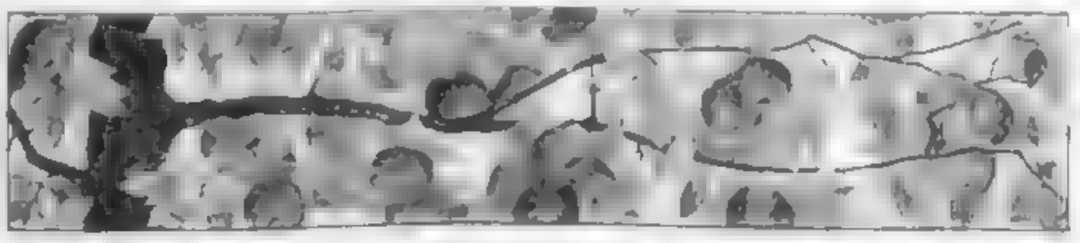
A PROMINENT writer, who likes a drop or two with his meals, goes occasionally to a café on Broadway for luncheon. He makes a point of sitting at the same table whenever possible, so he has become fairly well acquainted with the waiter in charge of that table. This particular café is one of the few in New York where the waiters are colored men.

The other day he slipped into his favorite place and reached for the menu. In an instant the waiter, whose name is Gabe, was hovering over him.

"I s'pose you wants a little Scotch and worter to start off wid?" said Gabe, remembering mighty well his patron's habit.

"No, Gabe," said the writer; "no Scotch to-day. I've finally found the kind of liquor that suits me."

"Well, suh," said Gabe in tones of honest admiration, "you suttinly kep' on twell you found it, didn't you?"



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"Now I can smoke all I want!"

Yes, and he comes up smiling, too. There are no unpleasant after-effects about the Girard cigar. No irritation, no shaky nerves, no "glooms."

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

It is a mild, fragrant real-Havana smoke; made from tobacco actually grown in the *Vuelta Abajo* district of Cuba. And this choice leaf is *mellowed by age alone.*

No wonder the *Girard* is as harmless as it is delightful. And that is saying a whole lot!

All Girard dealers know that this is a thoroughly reliable and satisfying cigar. They know that our 45 years' reputation stands behind it.

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase.

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To *get* the *Girard* and give it a fair trial is all up to *you.* Why not go about it *today?*

14 sizes. 10c straight, and up.

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Smoke five of these Girard cigars, and if you are not satisfied return the remainder and we will refund all your money.

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Sense and Nonsense

On a Silver Basis

IN THE good old days, before revolutions raged with their present frequency, there used to be prize fights at Juarez, just across the international boundary from El Paso, and gentlemen of sporting inclinations from the American side of the line attended regularly.

One sunny afternoon, as the gladiators sat in their respective corners waiting for the tap of the bell, the official announcer climbed through the ropes and, standing in the middle of the ring, addressed the gathering.

"We are now about to have the principal event of the day," he stated, "a ten-round bout between ——"

"Hold on there," broke in a tall Texan; "didn't you advertise that this was to be a twenty-round fight?"

"Twenty rounds, Mex.," explained the announcer without an instant's hesitation, and went right on with his speech.

Breaking It Gently

IT HAPPENED aboard a diner on an Eastern road and the hero of the sketch was the waiter, a coal-black, exceedingly polite person, whose manner alone was proof sufficient that he lived to make life brighter and fairer for his patrons.

"Waiter," said a lone traveler, as he sat himself down at one of the little tables, "bring me grapefruit, hot toast, coffee and two poached eggs."

"Kunnel," stated the waiter, bending forward confidentially and speaking under his breath, "scuse me, suh, but effen I wuz you I'd tek somethin' else this mawnin' fur breakfast. I'm feared I can't reckermend the aigs."

"What's wrong with them—aren't they fresh, or what?" asked the white man.

"Well," said the darky, "they mout be fresh so fur as I knows. But to tell you the truth, suh, we ain't got no aigs to-day."

Sadie's Seat

PAUL WEST, the playwright, was a passenger on a cross-town car in the lower part of Manhattan Island. The car was pretty well filled. An East Sider, accompanied by his lady friend, climbed aboard. The girl took the only seat and her escort retired to the back platform.

At the next corner two exceedingly well-dressed persons, a man and a woman, got on. As they swung and swayed in the aisle, clinging to straps, the man had an inspiration. He bent forward and asked the little East-Side girl to give up her place to his companion.

The youth upon the platform caught the purport of what was going on. He shoved his head in at the door.

"Sadie," he ordered, "youse set right where youse dam' are."

Speeding Up the Ball

THE imperial scientific laboratory at Koutchino, Russia, has discovered that a pitcher can put much greater speed into an old, roughened and slightly lopsided baseball than into a new, smooth and perfectly round ball. It has been found that even a rubber band slipped round the ball would very greatly increase the speed if the ball could be pitched so that the band would always act as a sort of prow on the ball, to cut the air. So far, the discoveries of the Russian scientists on ball throwing are simply interesting rather than practical; but the inquiry is just in its beginning and it would not be surprising if eventually it developed practical suggestions for pitchers.

The business of this laboratory is to study everything relating to wind pressure, particularly as applied to aëroplanes, and this work has led to a study of the way spheres act in the air. It has been proved that a perfect sphere meets with great resistance from the air; but a slight variation from a perfectly round shape reduces the resistance. Thus, a fine wire placed round a sphere in the proper position has the surprising effect of reducing the resistance by two-thirds. A roughened surface was also found to reduce the resistance; and it has been suggested that the Russian studies back up the belief that a smooth golf ball cannot be driven as far as a ball with a roughened surface.

Whisky Ex-Art

AS E. J. BOWES, the theatrical manager, tells the tale, a simply garbed West-Sider walked into one of the handsomest and most ornate of Fifth-Avenue cafés and called for a drink of straight rye. Having drunk, he counted out three nickels upon the bar and prepared to depart.

"Hold on, please," said the gentlemanly attendant; "the price is twenty-five."

"What talk have you?" demanded the patron. "Why, I can get the same brand of licker anywhere on Tenth Avenue for fifteen."

"Probably so," explained the barkeeper, "but you see we do not charge for the whisky alone. We have to charge for all these decorations—for the hangings at the windows, and the furnishings, and the pictures on the walls. That picture yonder cost ten thousand dollars. That's why we have to ask you a quarter for a drink, see?"

"I see," said the West-Sider, staring about him, and out he went.

The next day he returned. He entered slowly, holding one hand across his eyes. He felt his way to the bar and again laid down fifteen cents.

"I ain't lookin'," he stated truthfully. "Gimme some rye."

In the Original

GEORGE ADE was in Germany one summer and met a German professor.

"Mr. Ade," inquired the professor, "have your works been translated into German?"

"No," Ade replied, "they haven't been translated into English yet."

A Hot-Weather Price

CHARLEY MURRAY, who manages sporting events at Buffalo, has a positive gift for expression in telegrama. He keeps in touch with his friends by wire—with his enemies, too, sometimes.

During the midsummer hot spell he organized a boxing carnival. Being anxious to secure for one of his ring attractions Ted Lewis, the English fighter, he sent the following message to Jimmy Johnston, manager of the Britisher:

"Hope the heat has not affected you. Will give two-fifty for Lewis next Tuesday night."

Johnston answered: "Feeling fine. Want one thousand for Lewis."

To which Murray promptly wired back: "I see the heat has affected you."

Sassafras Lore

A CERTAIN Kentucky politician says that when he was a boy in Owen County, on the edge of the Blue Grass District, the local oracle made a habit of sitting in a certain chair against a certain store front on the main street of the county seat town at certain hours of the day, the weather being fair, to answer questions. To him one day came a young farmer, who wanted to know how to rid himself of sassafras sprouts in his fields.

"Well, son," said the wiseacre, "off and on I've give the subject of sassafrack sprouts considerable study durin' the past forty-five years. And here sometime ago I come to the opinion that the only way to git shet of sassafrack sprouts, when they start in to take a place, is to pack up and move off and jest natchelly leave 'em."

Steam Curtains

A SIMPLE and effective substitute for the stage curtains used in outdoor dramatics and pageants has been found in a wall of steam. In the town pageant at Lexington, Massachusetts, the steam curtain made it practicable to have a stage with a front a hundred and eighty feet wide.

At the edge of the stage, on the ground, was a steam pipe, with little holes along the top. When each act came to a close, and the signal was given for the curtain, a valve in the wings was turned, and in less time than it takes to lower the curtain in a theater the steam curtain had shut off the stage from view.

Incidentally the steam curtain gave the opportunity for beautiful color effects at night. Rows of colored lights, placed like footlights, were operated from the wings to make gorgeous colors in the steam clouds.

The Florsheim Shoe

STYLE preferred by men of particular taste, with the comfort of "Natural Shape" lasts, makes The Florsheim Shoe the popular choice.

A Style for Every Taste
$5 to $7
Look for Name in Shoe

"Styles of the Times" free booklet—on request.

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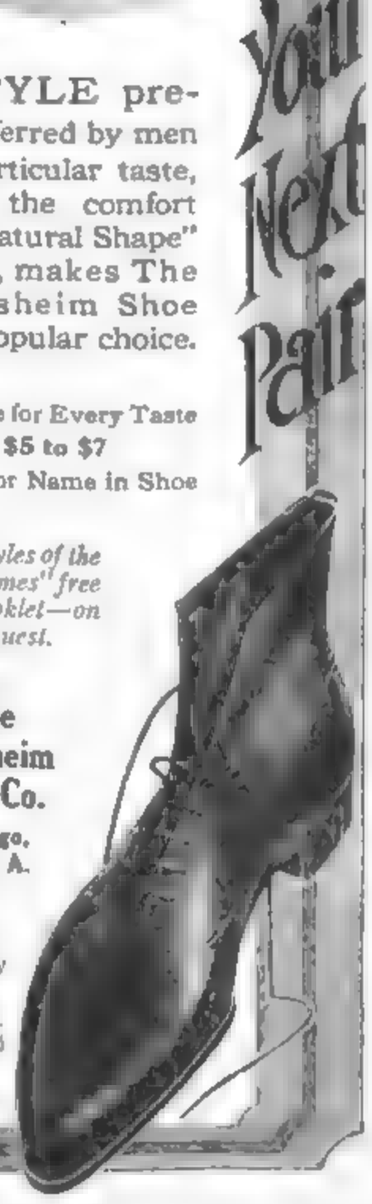

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THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 21)

her husband. He drew her close. She rested her cheek against his shoulder and sighed happily. Neither spoke.

At first Keith's whole being was filled with rage. His mind whirled with plans for revenge. On the morrow he would hunt down both Morrell and Sansome. At the thought of what he would do to them his teeth clamped and his muscles stiffened. Then he became wholly preoccupied with Nan's narrow escape. His quick mind visualized a hundred possibilities. Suppose he had gone on Durkee's expedition? Suppose Mex Ryan had not happened to remember his name? Suppose Mrs. Sherwood and Krafft had not found him? Suppose they had been an hour later? Suppose —— He leaned over tenderly to draw the lap robe closer about her. She had stopped shivering and was nestling contentedly against him.

But gradually the storm in Keith's soul fell. The great and solemn night stood over against his vision, and at last he could not but look. The splendor of the skies, the dreamy peace of the velvet-black earth lying supine like a weary creature at rest—these two simple infinities of space and of promise took him to themselves. An eager, glad chorus of frogs came from some invisible pool. The slithering sound of the sand dividing before the buggy wheels whispered. Every once in a while the plodding horse sighed deeply.

With the warm cozy feel of the woman, his woman, in the hollow of his arm, his spirit stilled and uplifted by the simple yet august and eternal things before him, Keith fell into inchoate rumination. The fever of activity in the city, the clash of men's interests, greeds and passions, the tumult and striving, the sweat and dust of the arena fell to nothing about his feet. He cleared his vision of the small, necessary unessentials, and stared forth wide-eyed at the big simplicities of life—truth as one sees it, loyalty to one's ideal, charity toward one's beaten enemy, a steadfast front toward one's unbeaten enemy, scorn of pettiness, fearlessness.

Unless the struggle is for and by these things it is useless, meaningless. And one's possessions—Keith's left arm tightened convulsively. He had come near to losing the only possession worth while.

At the pressure Nan stirred sleepily.

"Are we there, dear?" she inquired, raising her head.

Keith had reined in the horse and was peering into the surrounding darkness. He laughed.

"No, we seem to be here," he replied; "and I'm blest if I know where 'here' is! I've been day-dreaming!"

"I believe I've been asleep," confessed Nan.

They both stared about them, but could discern nothing familiar in the dim outlines of the hills. Not a light flickered.

"Perhaps if you'd give the horse his head he'd take us home. I've heard they would," suggested Nan.

"He's had his head completely for the last two hours, so that theory is exploded. We must have turned wrong after leaving Jake's Place."

"Well, we're on a road. It must go somewhere."

Keith with some difficulty managed to awaken the horse. It sighed and resumed its plodding.

"I'm afraid we're lost," confessed Keith.

"I don't much care," confessed Nan.

"He seems to be a perfectly safe horse," said he.

By way of answer to this she passed her arms gently about his neck and bent his lips to hers. The horse immediately stopped.

"Seems a fairly intelligent brute too," observed Keith, after a few moments.

"Did you ever see so many stars?" said she.

The buggy moved slowly on through the night. They did not talk. Explanations and narrative could wait until the morrow—a distant morrow only dimly foreseen across this vast ocean of night. All sense of time or direction left them. They were wandering irresponsibly, without thought of why, as children wander and get lost. After a long time they saw a silver gleam far ahead and below them.

"That must be the bay," said Keith. "If we turn to the right we ought to get back to town."

"I suppose so," said she.

A very long time later the horse stopped short with an air of finality, and refused absolutely to proceed. Keith descended to see what was the matter.

"The road seems to end here," he told her. "There's a steep descent just ahead."

"What now?"

"Nothing," he replied, climbing back into the buggy.

The horse slumbered profoundly. They wrapped the lap-robe round themselves. For a time they whispered little half-forgotten things to each other. The pauses grew longer and longer. With an effort she roused herself to press her lips again to his. Then they too slept. And as the dawn slowly lightened the world they must have presented a strange and bizarre silhouette atop the hill against the paling sky—the old sagging buggy, the horse with head down and ears adroop, the lovers clasped in each other's arms.

Silently all about them the new day was preparing its great spectacle. The stars were growing dim; the masses of eastern hills were becoming visible. A full rich life was swelling through the world, quietly, stealthily, as though under cover of darkness multitudes were stealing to their posts. Shortly, when the signal was given, the curtain would roll up, the fanfare of trumpets would resound. A meadow lark chirped low out of the blackness. And another, boldly, with full throat, uttered its liquid, joyous song. This was apparently the signal. The east turned gray. Mount Tamalpais caught the first ghostly light. And ecstatically the birds and the insects and the flying and crawling and creeping things awakened, and each in his own voice and manner devoutly welcomed the brand-new day with its fresh, clean chances of life and its forgetfulness of old, disagreeable things. The meadow larks became hundreds, the song sparrows trilled, distant cocks crowed, and a dog barked exuberantly far away.

Keith stirred and looked about him. Objects were already becoming dimly visible. Suddenly something attracted his attention. He held his head sideways, listening. Faintly down the little land breeze came the sound of a bell. It was the Vigilante tocsin. Nan sat up, blinking and putting her hair back from her eyes. She laughed a little happily.

"Why, it's the dawn!" she cried. "We've been out all night!"

"The dawn," repeated Keith, his arm about her, but his ear attuned to the beat of the distant bell—"the gray dawn of better things."

LXXVIII

AS THE Keiths on the way drove across what is now Harbor View they stopped to watch a bark standing out through the Golden Gate before the gentle morning land breeze. She made a pretty sight, for the new-risen sun whitened her sails. Aboard her was the arch-plotter, Morrell. Had they known of that fact, it is to be doubted whether they would have felt any great disappointment over his escape, or any deep animosity at all. The outcome of his efforts had been clarifying.

The bark was bound for the Sandwich Islands. Morrell's dispositions for flight at a moment's notice had long since been made—in fact, since the first days of Vigilante activity. He lingered in the Islands for some years, at first cutting quite a dash. Then, as his money dwindled and his schemes failed, he degenerated slowly. His latter days were probably spent as a small copra trader in the South Seas; but that is unknown.

Mrs. Morrell—if, indeed, she was the man's legal wife at all—thus frankly abandoned, put a bold front on the whole matter. She returned to her house. As the Keiths in no manner molested her she took heart. With no resources other than heavily mortgaged real-estate property; she found herself forced to do something for a living. In the course of events we see Mrs. Morrell keeping a flashy boarding house; hanging precariously on the outer fringe of the lax society of the times, frowned upon by the respectable, but more or less sought by the fast men and young girls only too numerous among the idle of that day.

Ben Sansome went south. For twenty years he lived in Los Angeles, where he cut a dash, but from which spot he cast

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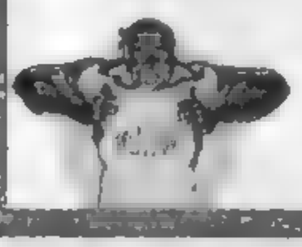

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longing glances back upon San Francisco. He had always a furtive eye for arrivals from the north. One day, however, he came face to face with Keith. As the latter did not annihilate him on the spot, Sansome plucked up courage. He returned to San Francisco. There in time he attained a position dear to his heart—he became an old beau, frequenting the teas and balls, appraising the débutantes, giving his opinion on vintage wines, leading a comfortable, idle, selfish, useless, graceful life. His only discomfort was his occasional encounters with the Keiths. Mrs. Keith never distinguished him from thin air unless others were present. Keith had always in his eye a gleam of contempt—which perhaps, Sansome acknowledged, was natural; but it was a contempt with a dash of amusement in it, and that galled. Still, Ben was satisfied. He gained the distinction of having discovered the epicurean value of sand-dabs.

The Sherwoods founded the family of that name.

Terry, arrested for the stabbing of Hopkins, was at first very humble, promising to resign his supreme judgeship. But as time went on he became extremely arrogant. The Committee of Vigilance was rather at a loss. If Hopkins died they could do no less than hang Terry; and they realized fully that in executing a justice of the Supreme Court they were entering deep waters. To the relief of everybody Hopkins fully recovered. After being held closely in custody, Terry was finally released with a resolution that he be declared unfit for office. Once free, however, he revised his intention of resigning. His subsequent career proved as lawless and undisciplined as its earlier promise. Finally he was killed while in the act of attempting to assassinate Justice Stephen Field, an old, weak, helpless and unarmed man.

If Terry holds any significance in history, it is that of being the strongest factor in the complete wrecking of the Law and Order Party! For with the capture of the arsenals and all their arms, open opposition to the Committee of Vigilance came to an end. The Executive Committee continued its work. Numerous malefactors and suspects were banished; two more men, Hetherington and Brace, were solemnly hanged. On the eighth of August the cells were practically empty. It was determined to disband on the twenty-first.

That ceremony was signalized by a parade on the eighteenth. Four regiments of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, a battalion of riflemen, a battalion of pistolmen and a battalion of police were in line. The entire city turned out to cheer.

As for the effects of this movement, the reader must be referred to the historians. It is sufficient to say that for years San Francisco enjoyed a model government and almost complete immunity from crime.

One evening about twilight two men stood in the gathering shadows of the Plaza. They were old friends, but had in times of stress stood on opposite sides. The older man shook his head skeptically.

"That is all very well," said he, "but where are your Vigilantes now?"

The other raised his hand toward the great bell of the Monumentals, silhouetted against the afterglow in the sky.

"Toll that bell, sir, and you will see!" replied Coleman solemnly.

(THE END)

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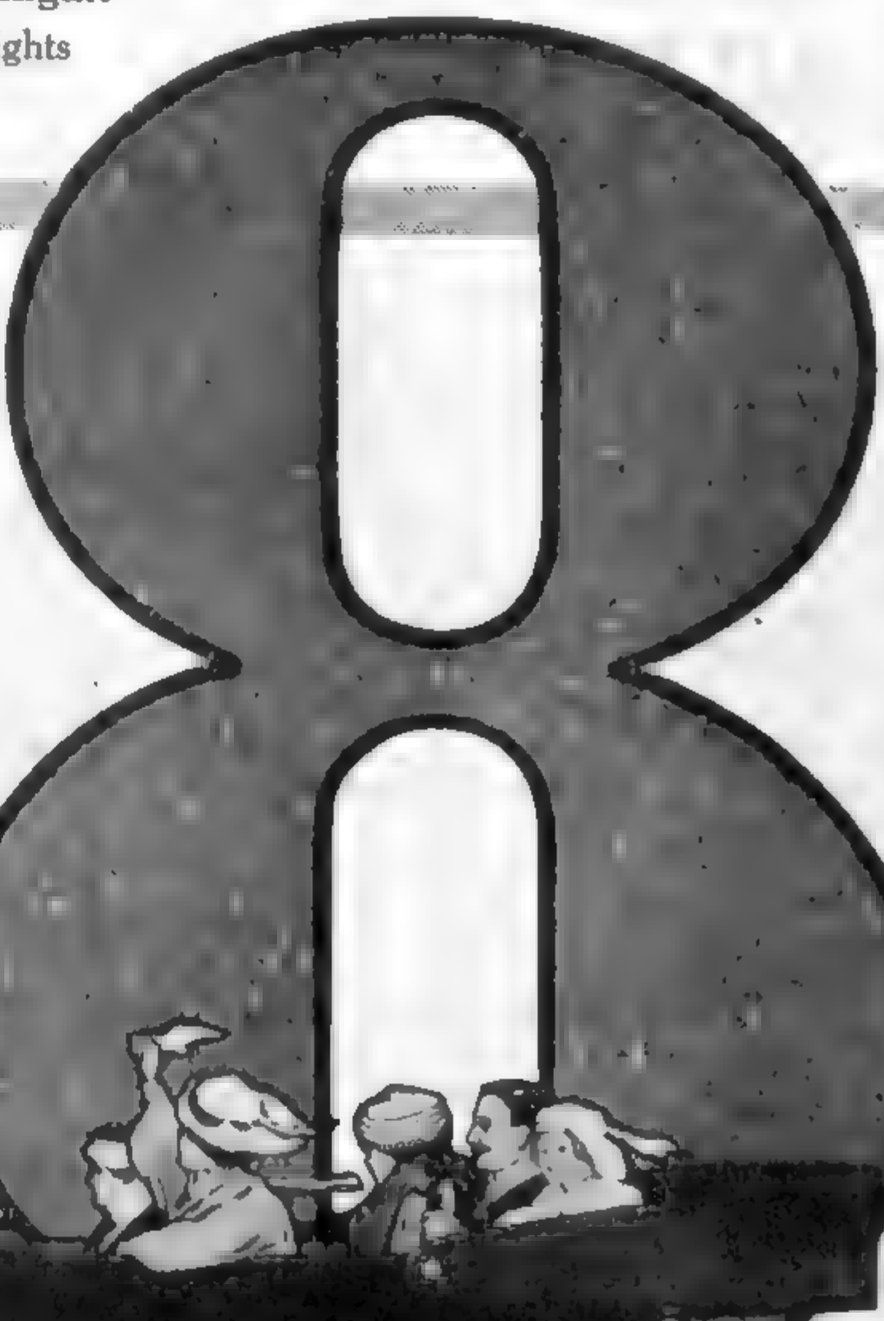

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(Continued from Page 13)

dark I had to get out every little while to make sure we didn't lose the road, which ain't much more than a wagon track over the desert. Of course we had to keep waiting for the team to catch up with us too. So it took us quite a spell to get a couple of miles out of town. Then we pulled off on the sand a ways, and Wiggins and the Mexican got the barrels off the wagon and took out the heads and spilled out about half the stuff. Wiggins is a real good worker. The way he wrastled those heavy barrels round was a caution. By the time we got the barrels all fixed up it was after ten. Well, we waited round there a little spell longer, and then drove over to that lonesome shack where the silver was. When we got near it a couple of men popped up out of the dark and stopped us. Our Mexican spoke to one of 'em and then they walked along beside the wagon until we came to the house. Wiggins told me the ex-soldiers were laying out that way to guard the shack. This shack, you know, has only one door and that goes into the front room; but there's a window in the back room. So we backed the wagon up close to that rear window, judging there'd be less liability of anybody seeing us if we took the silver out that way. Wiggins and I left the car a rod or so away from the shack, and Wiggins got out our bags of gold and went round to the front door. The Mexican with the scar came in with us, and Lopez was inside waiting for us. He struck a match and lit the lamp as soon as the door was bolted."

Mr. King combed down his mustache again with a thumb and forefinger and resumed in his exasperatingly slow, toneless manner:

"Lopez said we should put our bags of gold on the floor in the corner. Then they'd roll the barrels of silver into the rear room, and put the silver into the cement barrels there, and load the cement barrels on the wagon. Then they'd take the gold and we'd take the silver. That seemed fair enough. So we put our gold in the corner, and Wiggins and the Mexican lifted off the rubbish from the first barrel and rolled it into the back room. Of course that let the light from the lamp shine out of the back window. Well, they'd got the second barrel rolled into the back room when a man came running up to the window there, making exclamations under his breath in Mexican. Lopez, you see, immediately blew out the light. Then there was some excited conversation in Mexican between him and the man outside and the man with the scar, and Lopez whispered to Wiggins and me that the guard outside had seen somebody coming toward the shack, and we was to be still and not stir or make a sound; and he and the man with the scar tiptoed into the front room, shutting the door behind 'em. We could hear 'em throwing the junk back in place, and then we heard a knock on the front door.

"About half a minute later there was another knock on the front door. Then it was perfectly still.

"Well, Wiggins and I held our breaths and listened in that back room for two, three minutes; then he whispers to me: 'I don't hear anything, do you?' I said 'No'; and we waited a couple minutes longer, and he says: 'I don't like this; I'm going to find out what's going on.' So he opens the door to the front room and listens a minute, and then whispers, 'Lopez.' I sneaked up to the door myself then, and he struck a match and looked round. Well, sir, Lopez and the Mexican with the scar had gone, and our bags of gold had gone too.

"Well, Wiggins was excited. He says to me: 'What do you make of it? Could it be a plant?' I said I didn't know, but anyway we had the silver. He says: 'But how can we get it across?' Just then somebody pushed the front door open and turned a bull's-eye lantern in our faces, and half a dozen men came into the room. That was the last I've seen of William P. Wiggins, for I just ducked back into the rear room and climbed out of the back window and hopped into the car and beat it home."

"I see," said Lamb with a gentle sigh. "I suppose your sack of gold was full of iron washers."

"No, brass," said the banker monotonously. "They didn't have enough iron washers of the right size at our hardware store here. So you see, far's I'm personally concerned I've got nothing at all against Wiggins. As I said before, my nose is on the grindstone most of the time, and it's sort of hot and dusty and monotonous. To have a real bright, wide-awake lad like that blow in and tell me such a funny story was a real relief. Ain't anything happened in a long while that's sort of freshened me up as much as he did. You see, I know the country between Ortego and here pretty well. Every time I thought of six Mexican patriots trundling three big barrels of silver across that hundred and sixty miles of desert I just had to laugh to myself."

The banker rubbed a freckled hand over his bald head and combed down his mustache with a thumb and forefinger, which seemed to be his manner of laughing.

"Yes, sir," he resumed. "It must have been six, seven years ago that a fat fellow with a wall eye blew in here with a bundle of Roosian bonds. That's the last time anybody's tried to sell me a gold brick, until Mr. Wiggins appeared on the scene. He was real welcome, I assure you. I can't get up to Los Angeles to see a funny show as often as I'd like to, and anybody needs something now and then to freshen him up and tickle him. Of course, as long as he come to me of his own free will and put a nice little piece of business in my way, I didn't feel any conscientious scruples about taking it."

"A piece of business?" Lamb inquired.

"Yes," the banker drawled. "You see, General Garza, the Mexican governor over at Porfirio, is a real good friend of mine. I have more or less business back and forth across the line, and when he can do me a favor he does it, and if I can do him a favor I do it. We get along first-rate. There must have been half a bushel of good silver dollars on top of those three barrels, you see. Mexico being all torn up so, half a bushel of silver dollars don't come a governor's way every day. I knew General Garza would appreciate it, so I told him if he'd just spread a squad of soldiers round that hut and close in at the proper time, he'd make quite a little killing. In such bad times as they're having over there every little helps, you know."

"Did he—ah—get Wiggins' gold too?" Lamb inquired softly.

"Oh, Wiggins ain't as silly as that," Mr. King assured him. "He's a real bright young man. You see, he'd planted a dummy sack under the back seat of the car before I got in. I found the real sack with the gold in it hid under the cushions there when I got back here and looked the car over. The dummy sack he carried into the shack was full of iron washers. I guess he brought 'em with him, or else he'd bought out the stock at the hardware store, which was the reason I couldn't get any. He's a real bright young man. I'm sort of sorry to know his jig is up."

"Do you think they've still got him over there?" Lamb inquired.

"Oh, they've got him all right enough," Mr. King replied. "You see, Mexican criminal procedure, with the country in this unsettled state, is terrible dilatory and mixed up. If General Garza says to a couple soldiers, 'Stick this man in jail,' why they stick him, and he stays stuck until the general gets round to say something else. General Garza asked me the other day if I wanted anything in particular done with Mr. Wiggins the general being a good fellow and ready to oblige me most any way he can, you know—and I told him I thought it would be just as well to let him meditate a while, so when he got out he'd want to move fast and far from Mexico, without stopping to ask any questions or tell any tales. As to Lopez and the other two, being Mexicans, the general won't need to ask any advice."

The next afternoon an automobile crossed the line from Porfirio into Uniontown, with Banker King at the wheel and two passengers on the back seat. A linen robe was pulled over their laps, concealing their hands and wrists. One of them sat in the corner of the seat with bowed head and downcast eyes. His limp shirt was in a shocking state. Evidently it had not been changed for many days, and it looked as though he might have been disporting himself in a pig pen. His face was villainously stubbled over with a coarse growth of beard, and he was hollow-eyed. During the half-hour drive to Royal City he never opened his lips. Nor did his companion speak until

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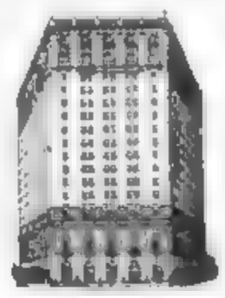

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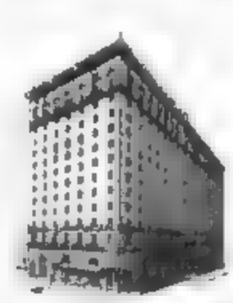

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No matter how busy we get, we never change our policy.

Statler policies are given more fully in the Statler Service Codes a little book you will find interesting; sent free by any Hotel Statler on request.

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO - CLEVELAND - DETROIT

Make this novel test yourself
Lather one side of your face with the shaving preparation you now use; then the other side with Mennen's Shaving Cream, used according to directions. Do not "rub in" either side.
Note on which side the lather is thickest, creamiest; which side proves the easiest to shave; which gives you the quickest shave; which leaves your face least drawn and irritated. Continue to use that preparation which proves to be the best.
This striking test on your own face will prove, better than anything we can say, how superior, how really different, Mennen's Shaving Cream is
Gerhard Mennen Chemical Company
Laboratories: 1410 Orange St., Newark, N. J.
MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM
Send for a trial tube now!
MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

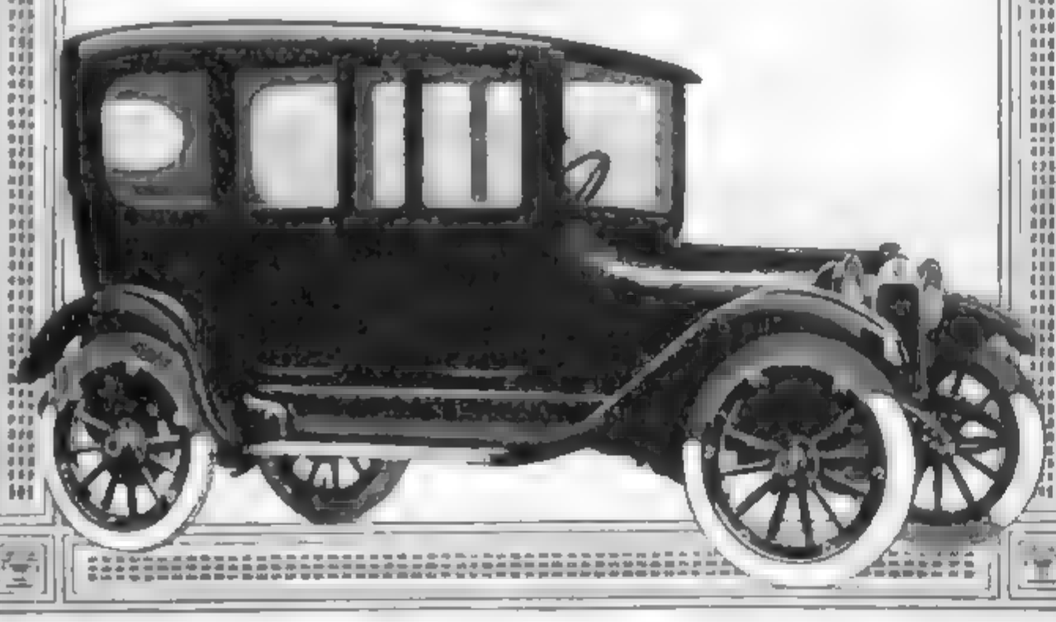
DODGE BROTHERS
WINTER CAR

Comfort and complete protection for the Winter months — then, in the Spring, a quick change back to the standard touring car or roadster.

These tops are well and strongly fitted to the cars at the factory. They are upholstered in cloth, and the appointments are in good taste.

The motor is 30–35 horsepower
The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster, complete, including regular mohair top, is $950
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Banker King drew up beside the railroad station; then the companion said under his breath:

"You'd better fold your arms and turn down your cuffs over your wrists."

When the train whistled all three got out of the car, the dirty and dejected man with his arms folded and the French cuffs of his limp shirt turned down over his wrists.

"Well, young man," said the banker in his toneless voice, "I expect you had a real poor time over at Porfirio; but I really hope you'll have better luck in the future."

When the train was a couple of miles out of town Lamb observed mildly:

"You've missed your calling, Billy. You ought to go in for writing moving-picture scenarios. That business of the ex-soldiers with their barrels of silver in the lone hut, and emptying out the cement at night, and all the rest would make a corking picture."

For a moment young William Wiggins struggled with sullen emotions. Then he looked gauntly up at his companion with a broken spirit and held out his manacled wrists.

"Take these off, will you, old man?" he asked meekly. "I've had enough. That jail was hell!"

Lamb at once produced a key from his vest pocket and took off the handcuffs.

"Well, it's all over now," he said soothingly. "We'll drop off at the junction, and you can get a bath and a shave and some clean clothes and a square meal before the night train."

"Gee! A square meal!" Billy murmured, as though that were something to marvel at.

"I've got your three thousand in my grip," Lamb observed casually after a moment.

Some animation returned to the crushed man.

"You have?" he exclaimed. "Say, how'd you do it all?"

"Oh, I just told him you were a bank crook and I was a bank detective with a warrant for you. You see, I felt sure from your letter that you'd been trying to put over some fool thing at the bank, so I thought that was the best way to go at it," he added mildly.

Billy hung his head again for a moment, then observed with an effort at something like his old self-confidence:

"Well, if I ever try anything on my own hook again I'll stick to American soil."

"Yes, our jails are pleasanter," Lamb replied gently.

The Rain Makers

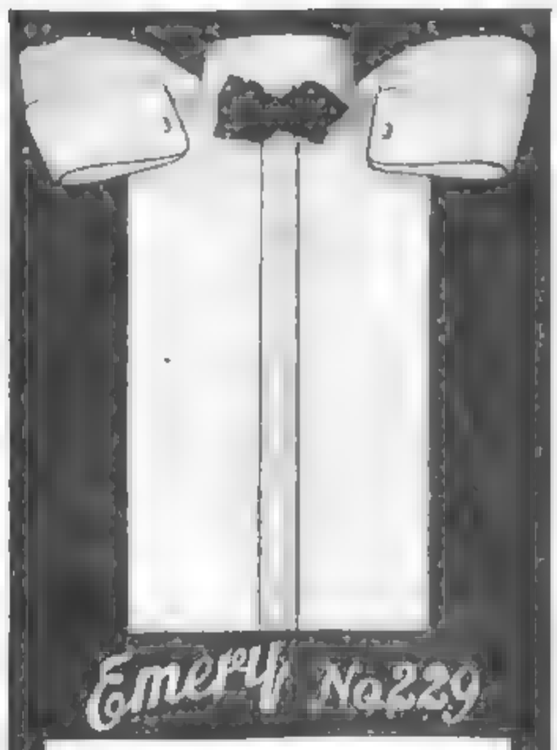
THE professional rain maker has appeared again, this time in New South Wales, Australia, operating with the approval and at the expense of the government, and using a principle that has a certain amount of genuine scientific basis. This rain maker is the wireless expert for the state. His scheme is to send up a balloon to a height of more than a mile, anchor it, and then send up powerful currents of electricity by wires. From the balloon this electricity is to be discharged into the air. He plans to choose a locality where it is known that the air at this height carries much moisture, for it would be useless to try to produce rain in a dry sky.

The theory is that the discharged electricity will bring the particles of moisture together, forming drops, and so making rain. On a small scale this idea is now in use in many industries, such as the settling of dust in cement mills and of soot in chimneys. On a large scale it has been considered as promising by Sir Oliver Lodge, who has urged that it be tried out for rain making but who appreciates that it may prove simply possible, yet not practical.

Telephone Publicity

A TELEPHONE from a demonstrator in a show window to pedestrians on the sidewalk is a novel scheme to attract attention. At his table in the show window the demonstrator has a phone, and a connected phone hangs on the glass outside the window, with a sign reading: Answer the Phone!

When the salesman notices a possible customer interested in the goods in the window he touches a button and the outside phone rings. The pedestrian naturally reads the sign requesting him to answer; so usually he responds and the demonstrator has the chance to interest him further.



An unusual effect in
Black and White
Enthusiastically approved by critical dressers.

Emery Shirt

Style 229.

Fine white cambric, with edges of cuffs and box-plait piped with black

Price $1.50. At *Emery* Dealers

Made with the *Emery* Neck-[illegible] the little tab that lets you slip your collar-[illegible] without trouble. Exclusively on *Emery* shirts

W. M. Steppacher & Bro. Inc., Philadelphia

The MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR
The Heart Of The Heating Plant

Means Even Temperature
Insures Comfort and Health
Prevents Waste Of Fuel
Makes Heating Safe
Saves Many Steps
Is Automatic

The kind of service obtained with the use of [illegible] is an absolute requirement in every modern home

It acts and thinks for you every minute of the day and night, keeping the temperature of the [illegible] wish regardless of outdoor conditions

The standard for over 30 years. Used with any heating plant—old or new—hot water, hot air, [illegible] coal or gas.

Our Newest Feature
The "Minneapolis" Electric Non-Wind Motors

render the motor operation [illegible] automatic—no winding or [illegible] [illegible] by the electric current our direct current motor is used, the power being supplied by four dry cells. With our alternating [illegible] motor the power is [illegible] direct from the lighting current

Write for Booklet

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
2731 Fourth Ave. So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

"If you want long wear with comfort, get Wright's Union Suits

"Take my word for it, Wright's Union Suits will wear you three or four seasons with reasonable care. There is strength and service in every seam, in every strand of the long-fiber Egyptian cotton and fine combed wool.

"While it wears it fits—over every bulge and corner, under the arms, in the crotch. The elastic spring-needle ribbing holds the shape.

"I wear it and I know."

"I've worn Wright's Union Suits for years. I've tried and compared them with every garment on the market. I am not bragging when I say that you are treating yourself to underwear comfort like you never knew before when you step into a Wright's Union Suit. Try one suit and see.

"$2 up at haberdashers'. Shirts and drawers, $1 up."

Wright's UNDERWEAR

WRIGHT'S UNDERWEAR COMPANY, New York City, *Makers of Wright's Health Underwear*

A HAPPY THOUGHT HOLIDAY GIFT
It is easy to have WHOLE nut meats with this new culinary [illegible]

"Krak-A-Nut" Company

The Will of the Majority

Will you be governed in tire-buying as you are in the affairs of the nation—by the will of the majority?

Goodyear sales are greater by a mighty majority than those of any other tire.

As far as Goodyear tires are concerned, America is a nation with its mind made up.

And the individual American mind—in business or in government—is more independent in its action than any other intelligence on earth.

When the people act en masse, as they have in awarding first place to Goodyear, it is not because they have been herded together and forced to a conclusion.

It is because tens and hundreds of thousands of minds, acting separately, have all reached the same tire conclusion.

The farmer, stopping to rest in his fields at mid-day, looks back over his tire experience and says, "Goodyear."

The business man in his office, checking up his tire mileage, says, "Goodyear."

The same mental process is multiplied by hundreds of thousands of minds, in tens of thousands of places—with the same clear-cut Goodyear conclusion in every case.

Think of the power of these pleasant thoughts about Goodyear—rolling like a mighty wave from one end of the nation to the other!

Is it not something greater than salesmanship, and greater than advertising?

This is the force which has created that precious, intangible, invaluable thing called Goodyear reputation.

This is the impulse which renders lower prices on other tires powerless in the face of Goodyear goodness.

Good-will toward Goodyear—that is the open secret of Goodyear sales success.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear
AKRON
TIRES

The triple value of Styleplus

Style–Wear–Economy

Good-looking clothes have become a necessity in America. Style is the custom of the nation. To figure at all in the procession a man must have the appearance of success, of youth, of vigor, of enterprise. His clothes must give him the *look.*

Your American is also shrewd. He demands clothes which are as good as they look. Clothes with the style and the snap that come from *quality all through.* Clothes which fit his pocketbook as well as his person. *Styleplus* clothes—$17!

To be dressed in a suit or overcoat of Styleplus is to have down-to-the-second Style, Style that *stays,* and Style that actually saves you money!

Styleplus Clothes $17

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The same price the world over."

Style—Wear—Economy—this is a rare combination. In fact men who haven't seen a Styleplus suit or overcoat still believe that Style for $17 is an impossibility. The clothing trade believed so. But the world progresses. The standards and the prices of yesterday are not the standards and the prices of today. Yesterday Style was for the man of unlimited purse. But today, by dint of our originality, our scientific economy, our specialization, and our vast output, Style for $17 is so much of a reality that thousands and thousands of well-dressed Americans are wearing Styleplus and calling them "Great!"

Style plus through-and-through quality (all-wool fabrics)
Style plus perfect fit (for every man of every age and physique)
Style plus economy (you save $3 to $8 on each suit)
Style plus guaranteed wear (a written guarantee with every Styleplus)

Styleplus in the Store Window is sure to invite you inside! And *you* will cheer the loudest when you see and try on a Styleplus. One leading clothier in virtually every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, write us and we will refer you to one nearby.

Write for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Inc.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Trade Mark Registered

This is the portrait of Mr. Henry Sonneborn, the founder of this organization.

Look for this Trade Mark on the coat sleeve. It protects you against substitution.

Copyright 1915 by Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

OH, YOU BONEHEAD!

(Continued from Page 18

"Try the bluff passes; and if they don't work give 'em your onside kick." That's what I told him.

It was our ball on our own twenty-five when my messenger went in. We had three minutes to play. Joe called a fake pass play and I thought Bix was goin' to get away, sure; but he stumbled and tackled himself after he'd gone ten yards.

Then the onside kick, and it worked better than I ever saw it. Joe sent the ball just far enough for Bix to get it on the dead run, and he was off down the field like a shot. If he'd been fresh Smith couldn't have stopped him with a lasso. He was actually past Smith once and there was nothin' between him and the goal; but he'd played himself out, poor boy, and he couldn't make a finish. Smith nailed him from behind on their eight-yard line and they went down together like a ton of brick. And Bixby didn't get up.

They carried him off the field and he was ravin' like a wild man. He was tellin' 'em he'd scored and the officials had robbed him. He started cussin' me out, but I didn't have time to listen—I was too busy givin' my order to the kid that was to take his place.

"Tell Joe Number 91," I said. "Don't forget it! Number 91! Number 91!"

There we were, on their eight-yard line, with a minute to play. Old 91 would score just as sure as taxes!

Pelham was scared stiff. They were ready to be licked and that's the play that would do it. Their defense was drawn in, 'cause we were so close up and 'cause they didn't think we had anybody to run their ends, with Bixby out of it.

The kid dashed in and gave Joe the dope. We lined up, and all of a sudden Joe dropped back to his kickin' position. That wasn't 91 and I saw there was somethin' wrong. But what could I do? I started on the field myself, and then I started to send in another sub. But it was too late! Joe, standin' back there on the eighteen-yard line, called for the ball and shot another drop kick square between the posts!

Don't say a word! You can't say anything I didn't say. I was out there among 'em myself when the next kick-off was caught, but it didn't make any difference. Time was up before a play could be started, and then I got Joe. Right in front of my team and part of Pelham's, I gave it to him:

"You bonehead!" I yelled. "You boob! You blockhead! You're smart, are you? You're the bright boy in your class, are you? You ignorant bum! Why don't you study arithmetic, you poor numskull! Where did you learn that six was more than seven? Who told you that three and three was eight or nine? Four points behind and you drop kick! Why didn't you take the ball and run back to your own goal? Why were you in there if you didn't know the game? Go into the gym and drown yourself in the shower! Get out of my sight before I murder you!"

The Pelham team were hollerin' at him too. And you ought to have heard the crowd!

"Oh, you bonehead!" they were yellin'—Pelham, Leighton and everybody.

There's no use describin' what came off in the gym. Poor Bixby was still off his nut, but the rest of 'em hopped into Draper as though they'd cut his throat. And they were as much to blame as he was. When they heard the signal they should have stopped him; but they didn't think of that, and I couldn't think of anything. All I could do was rave.

The kid I'd sent in with the orders established his alibi right off. He'd done his duty. Joe admitted it. Joe said he was rattled and thought 91 was one of our drop-kick signals; that he got it balled up with 19.

"How could you do that?" I barked at him. "How could you think I'd tell you to drop kick, with the ball on their eight-yard line, a minute to play, and the score 7 to 3 against us?"

"I lost my head," said Joe.

"Impossible!" said I. "You couldn't lose what you never had."

Pretty soon Bixby came to. He asked for the score and we told him. We told him what had happened, and he lit into Joe pretty near as hard as I had.

Reporters generally miss the important details of a football game, but not a one of 'em missed Joe's boner. There were whole columns about it. The Pelham papers went to it strongest, 'cause Joe'd been showin' up their track team for two years and they loved him like a snake.

I'll give you the wind-up in a few words. Nobody saw Joe from the time he left the Pelham dressin' room till a week after the Marshall game, which wound up our season and my career as coach at Leighton. Marshall beat us by the narrow margin of 40 to 0.

Joe'd gone home, and he'd gone home intendin' to stay; but his people felt so bad he couldn't stand it. They got him to promise that he'd finish his senior year. So back he came to Leighton.

I ducked out right after the season was over, but I heard all about Joe. He didn't even last through the semester. There were some fellas in college decent enough to treat him as though nothin' had happened. There were others who couldn't resist the temptation to get back at a boy who'd outshone 'em in athletics and scholarship and everything else. They kept pestering him and they finally had him so he was cuttin' classes to keep away from 'em. He lost that smile of his. He also lost some of his good habits. And he lost the girl.

I've figured since that she wasn't worth keepin' if she'd quit under fire like that; but naturally Joe couldn't see it that way. The worse your girl treats you, the better you like her. That's how I've got it doped. Anyway, that's how it worked on Joe. It was the finisher for him.

I'm keepin' a line on him yet and the latest report is hopeful. He's still mopin' down in that burg in Iowa, but he's showin' occasional signs of life and smilin' once in a great while. I won't get a good night's sleep, though, till he's all over it. I'm afraid that won't be for a year or two more. I wrote him a letter that I thought might cheer him up. He never paid any attention to it.

I wrote the girl a letter too. I told her it was my fault—that Joe had pulled the play under orders; but she didn't fall for it. She wrote back that she was grateful for my interest and appreciated my motives in tellin' her what wasn't true. The break between her and Joe, she said, had nothin' to do with football. She'd just decided that they weren't suited to each other. Some bunk, eh? A hero was what she was after, and I hope she gets one that'll make her wish she'd stuck to Joe—not wishin' her any bad luck.

Don't think I haven't been punished for my part in it. I've told you that I couldn't sleep, thinkin' about the poor kid; but I haven't told you about the pannin' I got from Murphy, Leighton's track coach.

I went back there the followin' spring as a favor to Chandler, my successor. I went to give him the dope on his material. I was lookin' for him in the athletic office when I bumped into Murph.

"Hello, Murph!" I said, but he didn't even look at me. I stepped right in front of him. "You're certainly cordial!" I said. "Can't you say anything to a man you haven't seen for six months?"

"I can say plenty," he answered, "but I don't b'lieve you'll like to hear it."

"Sure I will!" said I. "Go ahead and shoot."

"All right," said Murphy; and he sailed into me. I can't remember his exact words, but they were somethin' like this:

"I s'pose you're proud of what you've done to my track team. I s'pose you're glad you've broken it up. But I don't care about that. What I do care about is your breakin' up that boy's life. You coaxed him into football and he made it possible for you to scare Pelham with a team that Pelham ought to have licked 50 to 0. You found out the boy was a star and you used his ability to the limit. If you'd trimmed Pelham he'd have got a little credit, maybe, and you'd have hogged most of it. And, without him, you'd have felt like forfeitin' the game. Your team showed what he was worth to it when you played Marshall with him gone, and got licked 40 to 0.

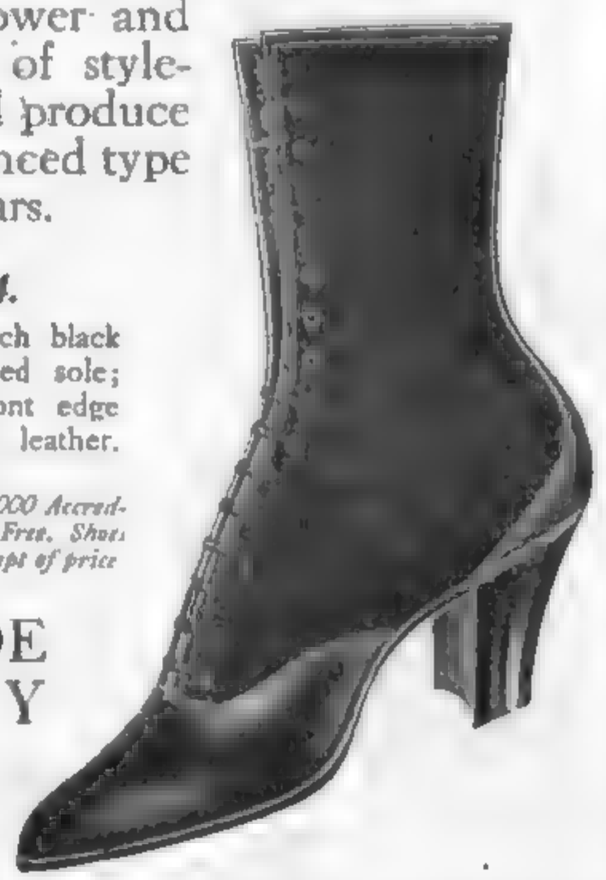
"You gave him orders to drop kick on first down whenever he got within their forty-yard line. He carried out your orders and you called him a bonehead. You say that he ought to have used judgment, and yet you knew he was just a kid, twenty years old, and that he'd never played in a real game of football before.

"You wanted to make the world think you were a wizard. You saw a victory over Pelham right in your grasp, and you could

The New "*Sylph*" Pattern
The Very Latest Fashion

STROLL along Fifth Avenue, New York, and you will see this *ultra-smart "Sylph" pattern* on the best-dressed women of society who pay $15 to $20 to a custom bootmaker.

Only Regal manufacturing efficiency, collective purchasing power and world-knowledge of style-requirements could produce a shoe of this advanced type to sell at four dollars.



PLAZA—$4.

Black calf vamp; 8-inch black cloth top; close-trimmed sole; backseam, top and front edge faced with black calf leather.

100 Exclusive Regal Shops and 1000 Accredited Regal Agents. Full Style Book Free. Shoes sent prepaid by Parcel Post on receipt of price

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270 Summer Street
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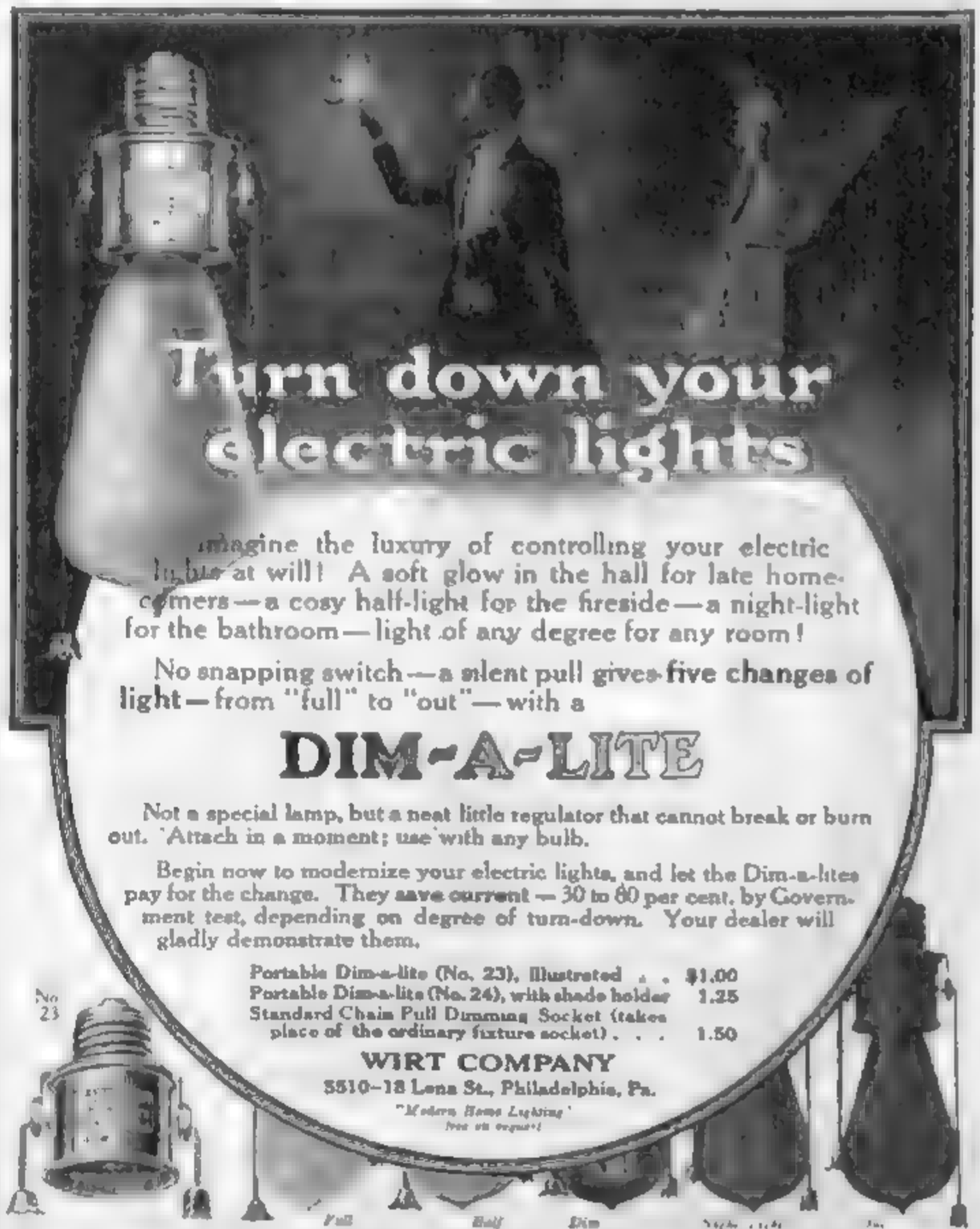
Turn down your electric lights
Imagine the luxury of controlling your electric lights at will! A soft glow in the hall for late home-comers—a cosy half-light for the fireside—a night-light for the bathroom—light of any degree for any room!
No snapping switch—a silent pull gives five changes of light—from "full" to "out"—with a
DIM-A-LITE
Not a special lamp, but a neat little regulator that cannot break or burn out. Attach in a moment; use with any bulb.
Begin now to modernize your electric lights, and let the Dim-a-lites pay for the change. They save current—30 to 60 per cent, by Government test, depending on degree of turn-down. Your dealer will gladly demonstrate them.
Portable Dim-a-lite (No. 23), Illustrated . . $1.00
Portable Dim-a-lite (No. 24), with shade holder 1.25
Standard Chain Pull Dimming Socket (takes place of the ordinary fixture socket) . . . 1.50
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"Modern Home Lighting" free on request
No 23
Full
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Off
Fully Guaranteed Five Years

ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

YOU should know the difference between Underwear that is *tailored* to fit—Athena Underwear—and Underwear that is *stretched* to fit. Athena Underwear fits the figure as a glove fits the hand. Special features:

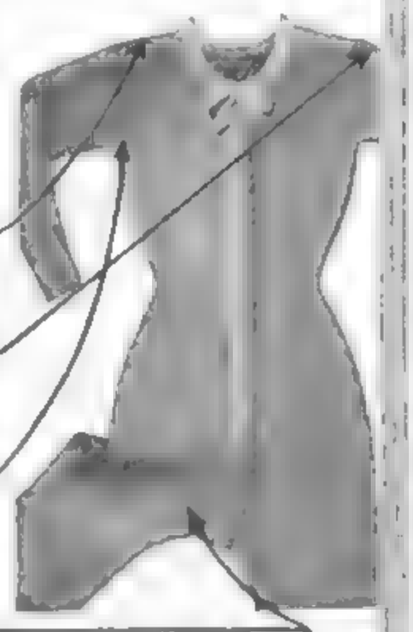
All Athena Garments are made with greater fullness in the front than in the back, to allow room for bust.

Low-necked, sleeveless suits, shoulder-straps held comfortably in place, never slipping down over shoulders.

Sloping shoulders, with no wrinkling under the arms.

Perfected shoulder stays which prevent stretching across the shoulders and hold the sleeves in place.

Armholes curved and sleeves set in to hang in a natural position.



Patented seat consisting of an extra plait, so fitted on either side that it gives just the necessary fullness, without needless cloth to fold or wrinkle.

The three-cornered gusset is so shaped and placed that it prevents any strain at the thigh, thus insuring longer wear.

Athena Underwear is sold and advertised by leading dealers

Manufactured by
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
CHICAGO

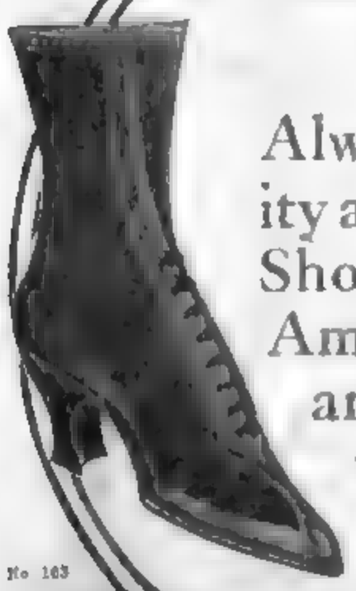
WITHOUT SPENDING MONEY

Christmas is like "Hamlet without the Melancholy Dane"

You can earn yours by looking after the local renewals and new subscriptions of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Let us tell you about it.

Agency Division, Box 137 THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

LA FRANCE



America's Best

Always a leader in style, quality and comfort, LA FRANCE Shoes are this season All-American in every style-touch and appearance-idea.

You'll be prouder than ever of your favorite footwear.

No 163

TO DEALERS:

There are a few towns where La France is not now sold, because we have not yet arranged for an agency with the right dealer. Our connections are so exclusive and permanent that we sometimes have to wait for the right man. It might be you.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO., Makers, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

almost hear the people sayin' what a wonderful man you were to win with nothin'. Then you lost in the last minute of play and it drove you insane. I'm givin' you the benefit of the doubt when I say you were insane. I certainly hope you weren't in your right mind when you called Joe those names.

"The trouble with you football coaches is that you expect too much. You forget that your players are just boys, hardly out of their teens. You want a kid twenty years old to think as much football as you yourselves, and you've been studyin' and teachin' the game for fifteen years. And if the kid doesn't learn in one short season all you've learned in fifteen years you call him a bonehead and ruin him. Do you call it sport to shove more responsibility on to a kid than a grown man should be asked to bear, and then jump all over him when he fails? What's a football game compared with a boy's career! When you called him a numskull you were talkin' to the wrong party. You should have been lookin' in a mirror!"

That's all I can remember of it, and that's plenty. Pretty near everything he said was true, and I knew it. He left me without sayin' good-by, and I beat it out of town without seein' my successor. I wanted to get away somewhere and think.

I did think, boys, and I thought hard. The more I thought the worse I felt. I was mighty sore at myself when I got up home again; and I figured maybe I'd get a little sympathy if I told my wife the whole story. Course she knew how we'd lost that game, but I'd never given her the dope about Joe's finish. She sure was sympathetic—for Joe.

"Poor young kid!" she said. "If I didn't think you were sorry I b'lieve I'd leave you."

So you can see why I shook hands with Dickie on Saturday instead of scoldin' him. He was disobeyin' orders, but he thought he was doin' somethin' brilliant. He fooled everybody but the other team, and he cost us the game; but I'm goin' to need that fightin' spirit of his against Doane next Saturday. And you just watch his smoke!

A Floating Battery

THE Atlantic Ocean, combined with a power yacht launched in New England, has made a record in size for electric batteries. The electricity this battery generated did not harm anybody, but the yacht, which cost several hundred thousand dollars, was on the scrap heap in five months.

There was no intention to make any record, but simply to try out a new idea in yacht construction. However, the essentials for an electric battery were present and Nature started in to treat the combination as a battery from the very moment of the launching.

Two different metals in a solution of chemicals is the simplest form of a galvanic cell and there are many combinations of metals and solutions that will do the work. In operation one of the metals will be eaten away rapidly and an electric current starts. In this case the hull of the yacht was made of two metals that would serve for battery elements and the salt water made a satisfactory chemical solution.

The owner of the yacht had planned a long cruise to seas where it might be impossible to find facilities for cleaning the ship's bottom of marine growths; so the bottom was designed to resist the accumulation of those growths. An alloy of nickel and copper was selected and the bottom of the ship was made of plates of this metal. The rudder frame and some other parts under water were made of steel, and by mistake a few steel rivets were used in the plates. The inner framework of the vessel was of steel. Thus the alloy and the steel parts supplied the necessary elements for a battery.

It was suspected that some trouble might arise from the combination but a few experiments did not show the danger. Accordingly the yacht was completed and launched. One day a few weeks later a stream of water shot into the ship through a hole where a rivet had been. A new steel rivet was put in and in a few weeks this was also eaten away. Later, in dry dock, it was discovered that all the steel parts under water were more or less destroyed. Then it was understood what had happened.

It would have been possible to make repairs with the alloy or to cover the steel parts with zinc, and so stop the dangerous part of the galvanic action. However, bulge water would still attack the steel frame in the hull and make the strength of the yacht a doubtful quantity.

WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN

serve your guests with something "just a little different." Next time let it be FRENCH MEAT-TREAT, one of the ninety-eight varieties of

FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS
THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
Made in Milwaukee

delicious for sandwiches—dainty entrées—kalter-aufschnitt, or, served hot.

French Meat-Treat is one of the varieties prepared in sanitary tins—the others are *English—Banquet—Social Meat Treats* and *Quality Frankfurts.*

And there are dozens more "not in tins."

If your dealer does not sell these Meat Treats, write us, and we'll tell you how to get them.

FREE: Send for our booklet, "Suggestions," containing new recipes for entrées, sandwiches, hot dishes, etc.

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. H-G Milwaukee, Wis.

RETAILERS: Write for "Frank-News," the magazine on profitable delicatessen

BROKERS: Write

The Shoe That Wins

Here's the fastest, finest basket ball shoe made. J. R. Klawans, manager and coach of the Illinois Athletic Club Team, National A. A. U. Champions of 1912-13-14, says: "They are the best shoes I have ever seen for basket ball—the only shoes that will hold a man up on a slippery floor."

"GRIP-SURE" BEACON FALLS TOP NOTCH

Basket Ball Shoes

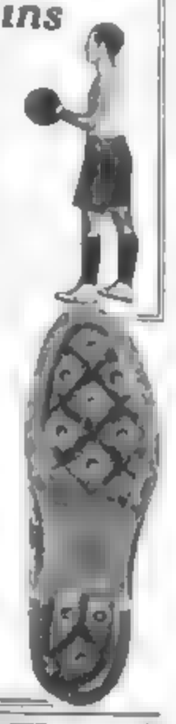
The patented soles are pure red rubber—full of life and springiness. Very flexible, yet heavy enough for strenuous usage.

Non-Slip Soles

These corrugated, suction-cupped soles grip the boards firmly and make the wearer sure-footed. Snug lacing to support the ankle muscles.

If your dealer does not carry the [illegible] and booklet free.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co.
Beacon Falls, Conn.



The Mechanical Man

He who knows the correctness of principle and of design, installs and endorses the

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Automatic Water Heater

[illegible] and entirely automatic. [illegible] installed. Steaming hot water for the bath, the laundry or the kitchen at any hour of the day or night. Interesting literature on Hot Water mailed upon request

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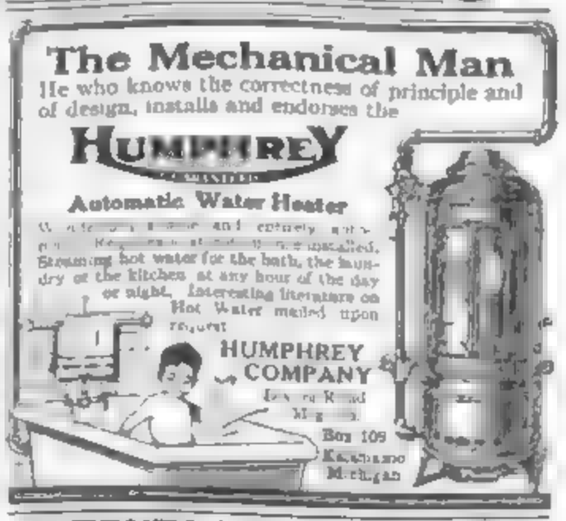

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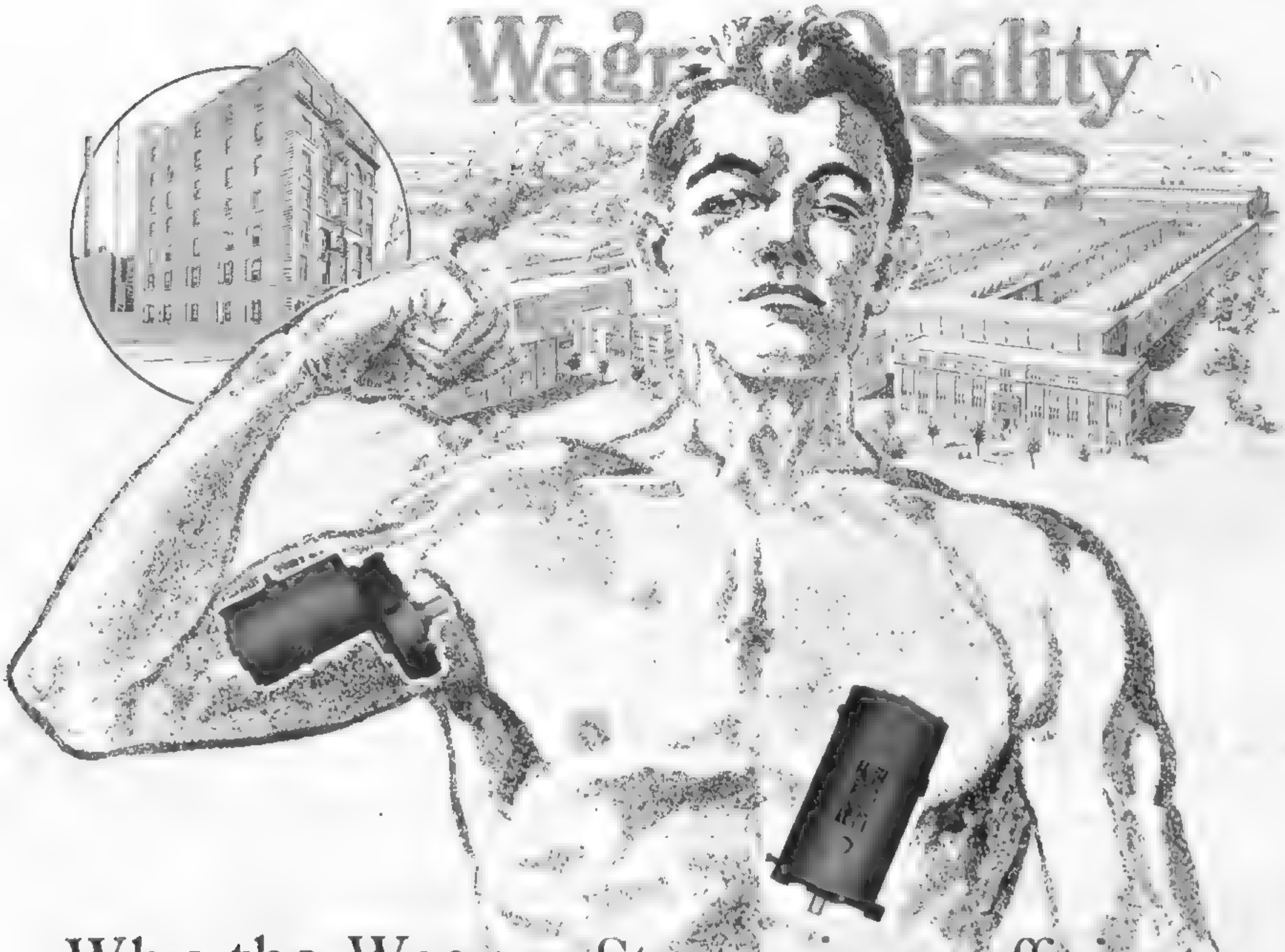


Why the Wagner Starter is so efficient

The vitals of an automobile starter are the motor and the generator. The motor is the right arm that does the cranking; the generator, like the human heart, produces energy and sends it through the system. How well these two function, determines how well the starter does its work.

The Wagner Starter

The Starter that is built to order

is so wonderfully efficient because it is made by experts who have, for a quarter century, been making the highest quality motors and generators.

Wagner achievements in the development of electrical machinery are a certificate of ability to build starters which has no parallel. Judge the Wagner Starter by the other Wagner, Quality products:

Wagner Singlephase Motors

The Wagner Co. developed the Singlephase motor, and were for years practically the sole manufacturers of this wonderful motor. They are today recognized as leaders in the Singlephase field

Wagner Silent Motors

Perhaps the most wonderful of all Wagner achievements is the discovery of a way to build motors which are silent in operation. The Wagner Co. is now prepared to build any type of Wagner motors to operate silently.

Wagner Transformers

The Wagner Co. built the first 10,000 volt transformer, which was in good operating condition after 18 years' use. The Wagner Co. also built the first 40 000 volt transformer, and is in a position to build transformers up to 150,000 volts in almost any sized unit desired

Wagner Polyphase Motors

The starterless type, originated by the Wagner Co., combines heavy starting torque with low current demand. An ordinary line switch is all that is needed to start it. In case of line failures, this motor will resume operation when current is restored without attention or excessive current demand.

Wagner Generators

They will safely withstand the sudden shocks of the inevitable occasional short circuit. Wagner Generators will keep the voltage normal under the worst possible conditions of loading

Wagner Rectifiers

The Wagner Co. was the pioneer in the development of the alternating current vibrating type rectifier for charging ignition and lighting batteries.

Wagner Unity Power Factor Motors

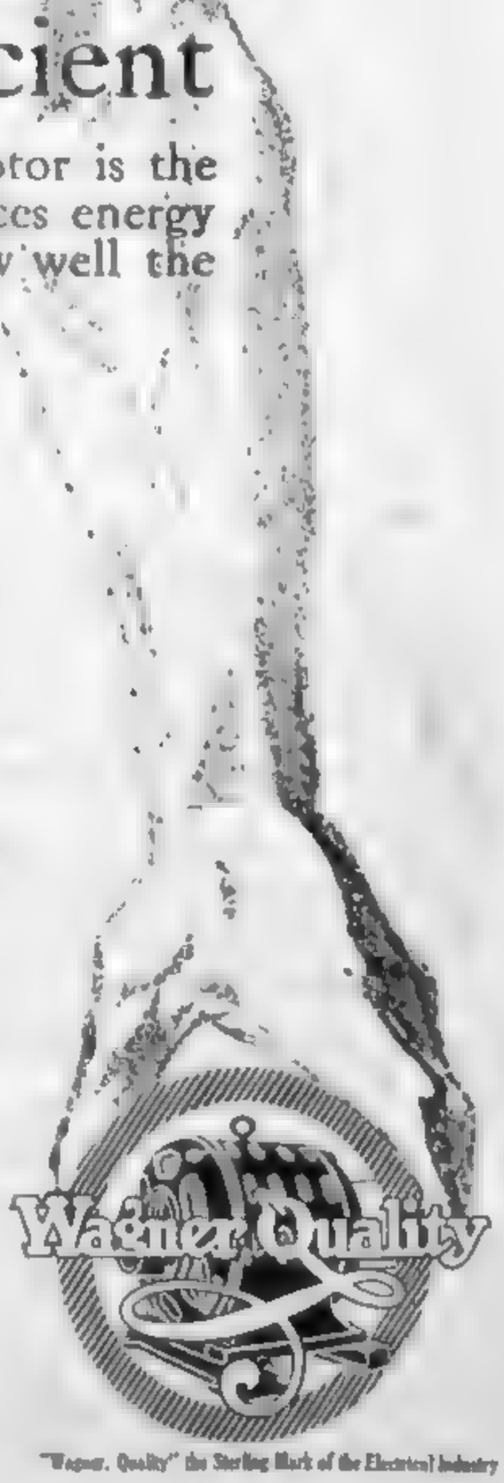
This is another Wagner achievement. Through the small current draw of this motor, more horse power load can be carried on a generator than can be carried where other types of motors are used.

Wagner Converters

The self-starting, single phase converter for changing the usual alternating current supply to direct current for battery charging and motion picture projection arcs, was developed by the Wagner Co.

Wagner Instruments of Precision

The Wagner Co. made the first alternating current indicating instruments in America, and have held a leading position in the development of instruments of precision. Wagner indicating instruments are standard of the world.



"Wagner, Quality" the Sterling Mark of the Electrical Industry

More about the Wagner Starter is told in our booklet, "The Starter That Is Built To Order." A copy is yours for the asking. If you are interested in getting "Wagner, Quality" in electrical machinery communicate with the nearest Wagner Branch, or the

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Factory Branches and Service Stations: Boston, Springfield, Mass., Minneapolis, New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Montreal, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Syracuse, Detroit, Buffalo, Chicago, Toronto, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle

Selling Agencies: St. Paul, New Orleans, Sioux City, Salt Lake City, London, Eng.

At left, Model 34,
5 passenger touring car,
$1385; with Sedan top, $1560

At right, Model 35,
7 passenger touring car,
$1495; with Sedan top, $1670
Wire wheels extra

A roomy, stylish limousine at an extra cost of only $175

The Haynes detachable top is designed as *part* of the car—not merely something added. It *fits* without rattles or squeaks. Makes your car more beautiful and distinctive than ever.

Don't put your Haynes "Light Six" away for the winter. It harms your car to store it. Paint gets dull—tires lose their life—parts get rusty. Enjoy your

HAYNES "LIGHT SIX"

all winter long. You need the benefits of motoring even more in winter than summer. Conveyances are crowded—homes are hot and stuffy—but there's lots of fresh air inside the well-ventilated closed body of the Haynes "Light Six" with thorough protection against wind, sleet and cold.

You can get the detachable Haynes Sedan Top at the time of purchase or you can get it separately. You'll agree it's a wonderful value for the money and a mighty wise investment.

The Haynes "Light Six" with closed body makes winter driving as comfortable as summer—and it's just as easy, too. Step inside, pull the starter button and your engine is humming, ready to go. Cold weather has no effect upon it.

You have forty horsepower available right at the rear wheels always under your control by moving the throttle lever. That is guaranteed. The Haynes "Light Six" has gone through axle-deep mud all summer—it goes just as easily through the snowdrifts in winter.

Now's the time to order your Haynes "Light Six." Be sure to get a demonstration before you buy any car. If you don't know the nearest Haynes dealer, write us for his name; we'll be glad to tell you.

Model 34—5 passenger touring car, $1385, with Sedan top (illustrated at left), $1560
Model 34—3 passenger "So-Sha-Belle" Roadster, $1485; with Sedan top, $1685
Model 35—7 passenger touring car (illustrated at right), $1495; with Sedan top, $1670
All prices f. o. b. Kokomo, Indiana
CATALOG WITH COMPLETE SPECIFICATIONS ON REQUEST

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, 40 South Main Street, KOKOMO, IND.

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Let us send you express prepaid all books, introductory lectures, regular lesson assignments, instructor's lesson [illegible] UNLESS YOU ARE SATISFIED [illegible] for free examination. You [illegible] in any way. This will enable you to see how easy it is

Study Law at Home
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[illegible] encouraging [illegible] like that given by leading [illegible] without loss of time from your [illegible]

Our Graduates Pass Any
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We are [illegible] authorized under the laws of the State of Illinois [illegible] degree of LL.B. We have [illegible] on record a large number of LaSalle graduates who [illegible] and [illegible]. We guarantee to coach free of extra charge any student failing to pass [illegible]

GIVEN Complete Course in Public Speaking

[illegible] by Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, A.M., LL.B., LL.D., President [illegible] College of the City of New York. Without [illegible] and [illegible] you can [illegible] Your ability to [illegible] will be developed [illegible] course will enable you to [illegible] with ease and [illegible]

Send No Money

[illegible] we will send you [illegible] and our [illegible] free book. Inside [illegible] you will find [illegible] and [illegible] Then [illegible] all your tuition [illegible] or [illegible] Address [illegible]

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. G 957, Chicago, Ill.

$1 DOWN

A few cents a day (payable monthly) will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes [illegible] Play where you pay. No [illegible] room is needed. Can be [illegible] dining or [illegible] Playing [illegible] Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. standard. Cues, balls, etc., free.

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

[illegible] scientifically made and adapted to the home expert play. The rubber cushions are the Burrowes Imperial [illegible] Cushion. Cannot [illegible] anything better made. Prices of tables from $12 up.

FREE TRIAL

Write for illustrated Catalog, containing free trial offer, prices, terms.

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Get This New Toy!

It is Already Delighting Thousands of Children

The kiddies everywhere think it the best toy they've had yet. It is a child size model of the famous

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Electric Cleaner

[illegible] resembling [illegible] Has [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Save $8.00 on Either Chair By Writing Us Today!

Send No Money!

Merely write on postal, "Without obligation, mail me FREE Book and Credit Slip" —sign your name and address, drop in mail box and—"We'll do the rest." But before explaining, let us tell you a little about

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

As beautiful and artistic as money can buy—chairs that never fail to excite admiration and envy.

But *comfort* puts Royals in a *class by themselves.*

Some say ten minutes in a Royal is as restful as sixty in bed.

Complete relaxation—that's the secret! Drop into a Royal, "Push the Button," the back reclines to any angle, locking in that position when button is released. Every inch of your body is relaxed—supported. No cramped, tensed positions. A newborn feeling of comfort just steals all over you. You rest as *never before on an Easy Chair!* And a disappearing foot rest perfects the comfort.

Durable—and fully guaranteed—operated by a simple, trouble-proof device that is noiseless, hidden and absolutely reliable.

You will need another Easy Chair soon. Why not get one with all these *extra* comforts—you pay no extra! You pay less if you buy a Royal now.

No. 1 Special
Regular $32.75 Value Now $25.75

A big, handsome, massive, comfortable, [illegible] leather cover, brass feet, sliding shoes. $1 additional discount if you [illegible] credit slip when you [illegible] $24.75

No. 2 Special
Regular $23.75 Value Now $16.75

A low, deep, den chair—made in Fumed [illegible] $15.75

Add $1.50 to this price West of Denver. Easy Payment price slightly higher.

Here's Our Big Offer

"Push the Button-Back Reclines"

Note the two specials on the right—two of our latest, most stylish designs. At *regular* prices the greatest chair values ever offered. But now to further introduce Royals, we offer these Specials for a limited time at a big price reduction. On either one bought at once, you save at least $7. But to still further reduce this—

Write for Our Free Booklet—

Save $8 in all. On receipt of your name and address we will send free book and name of dealer showing Royals. Also, we will send a credit [illegible] for $1 which, presented to dealer, will be accepted as $1 discount SHOULD YOU [illegible] This does not involve you in any obligation or responsibility whatever. If you *don't* use our Credit Slip, you needn't return it. If you do use it, you get the maximum benefits of our offer. Write for booklet now.

Genuine Royal Easy Chairs have the name Royal stamped on the Push Button, like cut.

ROYAL CHAIR CO.
502 Chicago Street STURGIS, MICH.

Put it on Your Heater SAVES COAL—SAVES FUEL

[illegible] applied on stove, [illegible] whether burning coal or gas [illegible] where you want it. Maintains a [illegible] down.

THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

[illegible] Jewell Mfg. Co. 30 Clark St., Auburn, N. Y.

SALESMEN A Company of national [illegible] wants aggressive typewriter, adding machine, cash register, computing scale or check protector salesmen, or those who believe they can sell high-grade office specialty.

An Unusual Opportunity For You

Over 100 men now earning excellent incomes. Many good territories open. Write for our attractive proposition and proof of what our men are making.

John Price, Mgr., 450 Fourth Avenue, New York

Salesmen Wanted If you are a high class, live wire specialty salesman and want to [illegible] National Organization on a live wire proposition and have good record with references, City or Country work, strictly commission, write S. H. Hanford, Box 71, East Ave. Station, Rochester, N. Y.

Start Your FORD From the Seat

Start your Ford from the seat every time, in the coldest weather, when others fail, with a SANDBO Two Compression Starter [illegible] all others [illegible] Simply engage clutch, [illegible] last two inches of motion pointed [illegible] no matter how cold. Improved positive release in case of backfire. Price, $14.00. Write

$14

Agents Dealers Wanted

SANDBO STARTER CO., 29 Sandbo Bldg., Rock Island, Ill.

$40.50 Credit to You is the grand introductory allowance on this new high grade, 42 key fully visible, silent Woodstock $100.00 typewriter. No money with order, ten days' free trial, express prepaid, balance payable 10c a day, $3.00 per month. Ask for [illegible] fare, also for plan by which you can earn one and what hundreds of satisfied users say.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Box 291, Woodstock, Ill.

SEALPACKERCHIEF

Rip open a SEALPACKERCHIEF Handkerchief in its *sanitary, sealed package.* You'll note (1) Its fine material; (2) Its accurate hemstitching; (3) Its snowy whiteness and soft-laundered smoothness ready for use.

Packages for Men and Women containing

1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 3 for 50c, 1 for 25c.

On Sale in the Good Shops

Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF which name appears plainly on each package and see that the seal is unbroken.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO. New York Chicago St. Louis, San Francisco

turned toward the big school in the city. It seems to me that such girls are missing a great opportunity for helping country communities. They are two fine, healthy, country-trained girls, trying to educate children with semi-rural surroundings in schools which are forced to conform to city school models; while New York City is working on a plan to transport her children out into the country every day to get education from just such surroundings as those which the Ackerman girls ignore! Maybe the school authorities make them do this, and perhaps they have to be inefficient to hold their jobs; but even so the situation is the same.

The trouble is, teachers prefer to stay in town where they can have more pleasant associations outside of school. I'll admit that most of our conventionally miseducated girls feel more at home in town than in the country, but it isn't the fault of the country; it's the fault of their education and of the farmers who retire and take their educated families to town. Fairview neighborhood isn't what it was when all the old settlers' sons were here. Tenant farmers on the whole don't do a community much good. If they were the right sort they wouldn't be tenants very long. They move on from place to place, robbing the soil of all the fertility they can force out of it, raising their families any way at all, and contributing nothing to the community.

I am afraid my readers may think that I regard rural life in America as a total loss with no insurance; but that would be a mistake. There is a great principle in human affairs, as in physics, that action is equal to reaction and in the opposite direction. After the Revolution comes the Restoration; after the Republic the Monarchy; after Napoleon the Bourbons; after the Bourbons the Republic again. A reaction is already setting in. The rural districts will be redeemed, I believe, and rural life will win back the people as a whole-life proposition, instead of a status to be fled from as soon as the fetters of necessity are knocked off.

The Future of Fairview

The county-agent movement—we're just in the midst of getting it started in Fairview—will show country people how to be happy though farming. The new kind of rural school, which is coming in so fast, will bring up a generation of children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord who has given them the most interesting lot of things to learn and do in the country that exist anywhere in the world. The new kind of rural church will make more of the text, "Consider the lilies how they grow." Some writer has said that our grains are modified lilies; but whether that is the fact or not, I suspect that the Lord meant all plants, including corn and beans and potatoes, when He mentioned lilies.

The telephone will help, and so will better machinery, and coöperation among the farmers in working out their various problems; and the motor car will do more than anything else. For the motor car gives good roads, and command of a dozen towns, while city residence gives you only one.

I think, in other words, that Herman Lutz, John Ackerman, the Raymonds, the McAllisters, the Livermores and all the others who have retired from Fairview went at the wrong time. They mistook the twilight before sunrise for the glooming fall of night. The days of the pioneers are not over. Neither are the times which call for missionaries "far out upon the prairies" and in the farming districts generally. We must grow our pioneers and our missionaries, as we grow our crops, right on the spot—and in the Fairview district we are doing it.

I may be a little uplifted, as Old Man McAllister used to say in his Scotch way, by what took place in the little auditorium of our new schoolhouse last evening. We had a moving-picture show, a lecture, a meeting of our Fairview Club and a supper. Frank Wiggins, the teacher of the school, the county agent and all our new people who are helping us to remake our neighborhood life were there—everybody and his wife and children—and John Ackerman came out from town.

"Abner," said he, "I'm going to bring Eliza out to the next meeting. And if we can persuade her to force me to move back to the farm, it will be all right with me."

That's the nearest I ever knew John Ackerman to come to an admission that he had been wrong.

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10c—Sizes 15c

SAVES

Time—Ready cooked—instantly available for preparing many dishes

Trouble—No [illegible] soaking, no picking, no bones

Money—Nothing but fish—no bones—no waste—no spoilage.

B & M Fish Flakes are caught in the deep cold seas [illegible] cooked—slightly salted—placed in parchment-lined containers. Not a speck of preservative used.

They are certainly good in **Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder.** Sold by most grocers. If not at yours, send his name and 2c stamp for [illegible] Our recipe booklet, "Good Eating," free for the asking.

Burnham & Morrill Co.
2 Water Street, Portland, Me.

Grind Wheat Into Money

Let us tell you how hundreds are making surprising [illegible] profits by relatively small investment grinding wheat into flour with this truly marvelous

"Midget" Marvel

Self-contained Roller Flour Mill. We'll send you their own letters as proof that you, too, can make these profits milling flour. This marvelous "Midget" Marvel mill is

A Money Maker From Very Start

a complete flour mill all in one case [illegible] very little power [illegible] 12, 25 and 50 bbl. [illegible] Write [illegible] for free book, "The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill," terms, [illegible] etc.

Anglo-American Mill Co., Inc.
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Owensboro, Ky.

This Book Free

Start Your Ford In Zero Weather

NEVER mind if it's too cold to get a mixture. Squirt a few drops of gas into your Red Head Priming Plugs and "br-r-r-m-m-m" hums your engine on the first turn.

Red Head

Priming Plug for Fords

do the work of regular plugs every day of the year and start your Ford in zero weather.

Price $1.25 each or $5 a set of four with useful [illegible] about copper gas can free. At garages, auto-supply, hardware and implement stores, or direct from us.

Emil Grossman Mfg. Co. Inc.
Bush Terminal Model Factory 20
Brooklyn, N. Y. U. S. A.

Other Red Head Spark Plugs Types

PRIMING CAN FREE

The New Silverine Pens

do away with the annoyance of the corroded, scratchy common pen. Absolutely saves money because it lasts longer.

FREE!

We are giving this handsome [illegible] red and [illegible] gross. If not at your dealer's write us [illegible] Price, [illegible] $1.50, 30 days' [illegible] We pay postage on receipt of order.

C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N. J.
Makers of Hunt's Round Pointed Pens

A man bought a run-down farm for $1680.

He painted the house, made a good lawn, planted some trees and shrubs, built up the fields by a good rotation of crops, and in four years, when the place was on a paying basis, sold it for $8000.

This man, who makes a business of raising farms as a crop, tells how he does it in this week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

5 Cents a Copy
$1 a Year

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

57

HEINZ

FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES

FOODS · SAUCES · RELISHES · CONDIMENTS

PURE · CLEAN-MADE · APPETIZING

The Home of the Fifty-Seven

A group of buildings constructed around a series of open courts which permit the free access of air and sunlight from all sides. The walls without and within are of impervious materials, easily kept clean. All the sights are attractive. All the odors are delicious. It is the spotlessness and the invitingness of the careful housewife's kitchen, enlarged.

HEINZ
Mince Meat
The choicest selection of everything good—prepared in the "Heinz way," which means so much.

HEINZ
Plum Pudding
Very rich materials prepared with the finest quality of candied fruits, used in generous proportions. Light, wholesome, delicious.

People who have eaten

HEINZ Spaghetti

COOKED READY TO SERVE

With Tomato Sauce & Cheese, Italian Style

generally pronounce it the most delicious and appetizing luncheon or dinner dish among all the fifty-seven good things Heinz prepares for your table.

It comes in tins of convenient size for family use, already cooked, and only requires heating by placing the can in boiling water for a few minutes before opening. If you try it once you are unlikely to trouble much with cooking spaghetti at home.

HEINZ
Preserved Sweet Pickles
Gherkins and mixed pickles and preserved in a rich, sweet liquor made of fine old malt vinegar, granulated sugar and aromatic spices.

HEINZ
India Relish
A delightful, appetizing, sweet pickle relish prepared from finely chopped vegetables, highly spiced. Serve with meat dishes.

THE HEINZ MAIN PLANT
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Nature-Made "Confections"

for children who crave sweets

Raisins, mother, are one of Nature's most healthful and *best foods*. And they satisfy the "sweet tooth" in the most *effective* way.

For raisins contain *pure grape* sugar, and are wholesome, *concentrated nutriment*—digestible, and *slightly laxative*.

Let the little folks have raisins in *California Raisin Bread*—a new and better raisin bread, made from a special recipe.

Here's bread that's lavishly supplied with big, meaty, tender, plump, delicious *Sun-Maid Raisins*—raisins with the seeds extracted—raisins made from luscious grapes.

And here's *true economy* in food.

Let the grown-ups have it, too. See how they like this *better, tastier* bread.

Don't let your people go without it. Try it—note the flavor. Serve this bread, that's both *good* and good *for* you, every day.

Look for a label bearing the words, "California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins."

California Raisin Bread

Made With SUN-MAID RAISINS

IS SOLD BY YOUR BAKER OR GROCER

You will like this raisin bread because it is made with this kind of raisins

Price not over 15c per lb.

Compare These Foods With Raisins

A pound of lean beef contains 580 units of energy. A pound of eggs contains 720, a pound of milk 325, mutton leg 905, sirloin steak 1530. Yet a pound of raisins contains 1635 units—more energy than in any of these common foods.

And there are many charming dishes to be made with raisins. Why not serve more of this fruit-food?

We'll send you a book containing these recipes *free* for your dealer's name and address on a postcard. Send the card now. Learn by return mail how to use raisins and cut down your living cost.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO., 1015A Madison St., Fresno, Calif.
Membership, 6000 Growers

Ask Grocers for SUN-MAID Brand—for Household Use

Sun-Maid Brand raisins are choice, tender California white grapes—sun-cured in the open vineyards.

The process of curing is done by Nature alone—no artificial methods are employed.

The cost is the same as for common raisins.

Three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted); Seedless (made from seedless grapes); Cluster (on stems, not seeded). Ask your dealer for the "Sun-Maid" brand. Learn how good these raisins are.

Raisins are Nature's Confections—GOOD for Little Folks

Enjoy Log Cabin Syrup with *every* meal

With golden-brown wheat cakes, of course. Wheat cakes are an American institution, just as the fondness for the old-fashioned flavor of pure maple is an American characteristic.

And fried mush, or hominy!—two more characteristic American dishes. How wholesome and healthful they are for young and old—and how splendidly good they taste with Log Cabin Syrup.

Use Log Cabin Syrup with your waffles, your French toast, on breakfast cereals—eat it and enjoy it. Serve it with tea biscuits at supper or breakfast. Let the children have all they want and as often as they want it—with their bread and butter or in the pure, delicious candies you can make with it.

TOWLE'S LOG CABIN
CANE AND MAPLE SYRUP

Log Cabin Syrup pleases every user—especially those who have about given up ever again being able to find a really good syrup. With so many different kinds of things being sold in the average grocery it is hard to know just what syrup to choose. Hereafter let it be easy for you. Simply remember the log-cabin-shaped can—and see that you get it. Log Cabin Syrup is never sold in any other kind of package.

Sold in 10c, 25c cans and larger sizes in all parts of the world.

Send for this book of sixty-seven maple recipes—it's FREE

You ought to enjoy more maple dishes in your home. Maple is probably liked by more people than any other one flavor. Whenever you have a hard time thinking "What to have" for lunch or dinner, you will find good ideas in this book of "Log Cabin Recipes." It contains some of the most original and delightful desserts you can imagine. They are easily and economically prepared, too. Tells how to make delightful candies, salads and frozen dainties. Simply send us your name and address on the coupon, mentioning your dealer's name—and the book will be sent you without charge.

If not carried at your grocer's send us 10c for a can today

Log Cabin Syrup has a very extensive sale in all parts of the country. It is sold in gallon, half-gallon, twenty-five and ten cent cans. If it happens that your grocer does not carry it, send coupon with ten cents and we will be glad to send you, prepaid, a regular ten-cent can, so that you can judge for yourself its quality and flavor.

The Towle Maple Products Company
St. Paul, Minn.
122 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Offices: 42d St. Building, N. Y. City

NOTE to reader: *Address envelope to our nearest office. Be sure to send for the FREE booklet, whether or not you send ten cents for the can of Log Cabin Syrup.*

The Towle Maple Products Company
St. Paul, Minn.
122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Offices: 42d St. Building, N. Y. City

Put an X in squares to indicate wishes.

[ ] Kindly send me your book "Log Cabin Recipes."
[ ] Enclosed is ten cents, for which please send, prepaid, regular ten-cent can of Log Cabin Syrup.

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Does he carry Log Cabin Syrup?_____

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